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LIFE

OF

LORD CHANCELLOR CAMPBELL

VOL. I.

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LIFE

OF

JOHN, LORD CAMPBELL

LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR OF GREAT BRITAIN

CONSISTING OF A SELECTION FROM HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY, DIARY, AND LETTERS

23429

EDITED BY HIS DAUGHTER

THE HON. MRS HARDCASTLE

IN TWO VOLUMES—VOL. I.

With Portrait

LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET
1881

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PREFACE.

MY FATHER'S words alone have been used in the composition of the following pages. The materials in my hands consisted of an Autobiography, begun in 1842, the year after he left the bar, and carried on at intervals to the year 1847; a Journal, in which he made occasional entries from 1847 down to the year of his death; and a series of letters to his Father and his Brother from the time he left Scotland, at the age of eighteen, till the respective deaths of his two correspondents. From these sources I have endeavoured to form a complete narrative, using the Memoirs or the Letters according as each seemed to tell the story best.

My chief difficulty has been to make such selections and omissions as were necessary to keep the work within reasonable limits; and if, at first, these may seem to have been exceeded, it should be remembered that my Father lived till he was nearly eighty-two, without having had one day of retirement or idleness; that from the time he came to London, in the year 1798, he began to watch and to record

political events; and that for the last thirty years of his life he was constantly employed in important public duties.

All remarks or comments of my own I have avoided, feeling that it would be unbecoming in me to bestow either praise or blame upon my Father, and beyond my power to pass any judgment on his professional career. I trust, however, that these volumes may present something like an adequate picture of his unwearied industry, his faithful devotion to duty, and, at the same time, of the geniality and tenderness which distinguished his private life, and made him beloved by all who belonged to him.

MARY SCARLETT HARDCASTLE.

54 QUEEN'S GATE TERRACE:
December 1880.

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LIFE

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LORD CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER I.

SEPTEMBER 1779—MARCH 1798.

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Autobiography.

New Street, Spring Gardens: October 27, 1842.[1]

CHAP. I.

IN a few fleeting years my existence will probably be known only to my immediate descendants, but they will be pleased and they may be improved by knowing the particulars of my career, however little lustre it may confer upon them. For their amusement and instruction I sit down to write this simple narrative.

According to immemorial usage, I must introduce my own life and adventures with some account of my ancestors.

Our branch of the Campbells claims to be sprung from Donald, fourth son of Archibald the second Earl of Argyll,

[1] My father began to write this Memoir the year after he had left the bar to become Lord Chancellor of Ireland. He was at that time out of office, having resigned with Lord Melbourne's Government in August 1841.—ED.

CHAP. I. that distinguished chieftain who commanded the van of the Scottish army in the battle of Flodden and there fell with his royal master (Sept. 9, 1513).

This Donald entered into religion, and, through the intercession of the head of his clan with Cardinal Wolsey, was appointed by Pope Leo X. Abbot of Cupar in the county of Angus. His vow of celibacy seemed an insuperable objection to our claim, but I have clearly ascertained that before he became a monk he had been a soldier, and that having been married he left behind him legitimate issue. In the parish church of Bendochry in the county of Angus there is to be read the following epitaph:—

'Sub hoc sarcophagi monumento celeberrimus ac summæ dexteritatis vir, Magister Nicolaus Campbeil de Kethik conditur, nepos quondam serenissimi Comitis de Argyll ex venerabili Patre Domino Donaldo Campbeil Abbate de Cupro qui obiit Anno Domini 1587. Ætatis suæ 70.'[2]

From this Nicholas Campbell of Kethik (as we assert) was descended George Campbell my great-great-grandfather, who was ruined in his circumstances by joining in a bond as surety for his chief the first Marquis of Argyll, beheaded at the Market Cross of Edinburgh in 1661 on a false charge of having been implicated in the death of King Charles I. My ancestor's lands were judicially sold, and with the wreck of his fortune he retired into the county of Fife, where he became owner of the small estate of Baltullo in the parish of Ceres, and of a house in the ancient city of St. Andrews, in which he resided till his death. After settling in Fife he was called Chamberlain Campbell, but how he came by this designation I know not. The link connecting him with the Campbells of Kethik depends on family tradition. The rest of the pedigree is clearly proved by written documents still extant.

The Chamberlain's eldest son John took the degree of M.A. at St. Andrews in the year 1677 and gained the highest honours of that University, which then continued to enjoy a considerable portion of the literary splendour it had

[2] There is another monument in the same church to David Campbell, another son of the abbot, designated 'de Denhead.'

CHAP. I.

acquired under the illustrious Buchanan. But he was of an indolent disposition, and, without engaging in any profession, he married a lady of good family but with no fortune, and contrived to live on the scanty means left him by his father. These, such as they were, he transmitted undiminished to his son George, my grandfather, who, though likewise distinguished by his love of literature, was remarkable for his imprudence, and, dying young, left his family in great poverty.

The eldest son was the Reverend Dr. George Campbell, minister of the Established Church of Scotland in Cupar, Fife (my father), who, without other patrimony, was indebted to his father for an excellent education and a dying admonition that his descendants, although reduced in the world, should recollect the race from which they were sprung, and should try to regain the position in society which had been held by their *forbears*. So much for my paternal line. I confess I have misgivings about our descent from the *Abbot*, knowing well from my experience in pedigree trials how easy it is, giving one link, for the claimant to trace himself up to Alfred, Charlemagne, and the Greek Emperors.

But in the maternal line I can really and strictly and *optimâ fide* deduce my origin from the kings of Scotland. My mother was a Hallyburton,[3] descended from the Barons of Hallyburton. Sir Walter Hallyburton, her lineal ancestor, in the year 1440 was created a peer by the title of Lord Hallyburton, having married a daughter of Robert Duke of Albany, Regent of Scotland and first prince of the blood. The Hallyburtons are mentioned in Sir David Dalrymple's Annals in the lists of those killed or taken prisoners in the battle of Halidon and in the battle of Durham; and they were a considerable knightly family in the time of the Bruces, although they were not ennobled till their alliance with the royal dynasty of the Stuarts.

They did not always show due respect for the rights of

[3] This, like other proper names of ancient families, has been spelt in a great variety of ways, Haliburton, Halliburton, Halyburton, Hallyburton, &c.

CHAP. I.

the Church, but they redeemed themselves by resolutely joining in raids against the English. The Merton branch being involved in a dispute with the Abbot of Dryburgh in the reign of James V., the matter was referred to the King, who by his decree arbitral dated at Stirling, May 8, 1535, thus pronounces judgment:—

'Whereas We having been advised and knowing the said gentlemen the Halliburtons, to be leal, and true honest men, long servants unto the said Abbeye for the saide landis, stout men at armes, and goode borderers against Ingland: We doe therefore decree and ordain that they shall be repossess'd and bruik and enjoy the landis and steedings they had of the said Abbeye, paying the use and wonte: and that they shall be goode servants to the said venerabil Father, like as they and their predecessours were to the said venerabil Father and his predecessours, and he a good master to them.'[4]

A junior branch of the Hallyburton family which had been long settled in the south of Scotland ended in an heiress married to an ancestor of Sir Walter Scott. The illustrious poet and novelist in the full blaze of his literary fame was very vain of his connection with the noble family of Hallyburton, procured himself to be served heir to this line of his ancestors, quartered the arms of Hallyburton on his shield, and printed a genealogical memoir, which distinctly shows my mother's pedigree and our common descent from this ancient stock.

My cousinship with the 'Wizard of the North,' had it been a little less remote, I should have considered my chief family distinction, however clear the evidence might have been of my being a direct lineal descendant of MacCallum More. I have often read with admiration the passage in Gibbon's memoir of his own life showing his passion for literary fame:—'The nobility of the Spencers has been illustrated and enriched by the trophies of Marlborough, but I exhort them to consider the "Faery Queen" as the most precious jewel in their coronet.'

[4] *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, by Sir Walter Scott. Introduction, p. 188.

Although I can truly say—

> Of gentle blood, part shed in honour's cause,
> Each parent sprung,

yet in my early days I derived no credit or assistance from ancestry or relatives. I was born in obscurity, and had to struggle against penury and neglect. My paternal grandfather, having sold the estate at Baltullo and the property at St. Andrews which had come to him from the first of the family who settled in the county of Fife, died nearly insolvent while my father was still a student at the University of St. Andrews. The young man, however, had gained considerable distinction as a scholar, and stood high in the estimation of Principal Tullideph and Principal Murison, the heads of the two colleges in the University. Upon their recommendation he was appointed private tutor to the son of Campbell of Carwhin, the heir presumptive to the earldom of Breadalbane. After passing some time with his pupil at Armaddy in the Highlands, he accompanied him to Westminster School, and lived several years with him in a house in Smith Street, Westminster, which was pointed out to me by my father himself when in advanced years he visited me in London, and which I cannot now pass without emotion. This residence of my father in the southern metropolis, I think, had a considerable influence upon my own character and destiny. While I was yet a child, sequestered from all the world, he used frequently to excite my curiosity and inflame my imagination by accounts of what he had seen and heard when visiting the Courts of Westminster Hall, and attending in the two Houses of Parliament. I remember being particularly struck with his narrative of the riots which took place on the imprisonment of Bras Crosbie, Lord Mayor of London, by order of the House of Commons, and of his having been present when the leader of a mob, coming up to the King's carriage, shouted out, 'George! Where is the Lord Mayor? Give us up the Lord Mayor.'[5]

[5] This occurred in 1771 in consequence of Bras Crosbie having committed a messenger of the House of Commons to prison for arresting one Miller, a printer, without the order of a magistrate.—ED.

CHAP. I.

My father was frequently at the house of the Earl of Breadalbane, who laudably took a lively interest in the education of his successor, and at this distinguished nobleman's table he met the most eminent men who then flourished. It was probably from this intercourse with the best society that my father acquired the polished manners for which he was remarkable. While in London he paid great attention to the correct pronunciation of the English language, and so far succeeded that an Englishman who had visited Cupar when he was settled there as minister afterwards said to me, 'his dialect compared to that of his parishioners was like pieces of gold among copper.'

In the year 1774 he left his pupil, then prepared for the University; but an intimate and affectionate intercourse was kept up between them, and subsisted when the Westminster School boy had become Marquis of Breadalbane and master of Taymouth Castle.

My father soon after his return to his native country took orders, and was inducted into the living of second minister in the collegiate charge of Cupar, in the county of Fife. The stipend did not then exceed 80*l.* a year without manse or glebe. With this slender income he soon married; but my mother was considered an heiress, having a fortune of 1,500*l.*[6] She had received the very best female education which Scotland could then afford, and, as I often heard, was celebrated for the grace with which she danced the *ménuet de la cour*. But she was likewise distinguished for her piety, and I can myself testify that to inculcate the principles and precepts of religion upon her children was her chief care in life and in death.

My parents occupied the house next to the Bell Inn, at the corner of the street which crosses the Eden from the Edinburgh road. In this house was I born on the 15th day of September, 1779, in the midst of a tremendous

[6] Near seventy years afterwards our family had an 'accession of fortune' by the death of a cousin of hers of the name of Hallyburton, who died intestate, and we received about 4,000*l.* as next of kin by virtue of Hallyburton blood.

hurricane, memorable for having blown the pirate Paul Jones out of the Firth of Forth, after he had landed and attacked several noblemen's houses and had caused the inhabitants on both shores to fly to arms.

I was the third child of my parents, the eldest being a daughter, afterwards married to the Rev. Dr. Gillespie, Professor of Humanity in the University of St. Andrews; and the second, my dear and only brother, now Sir George Campbell of Edenwood, ever united to me by ties of the tenderest affection and the warmest friendship. Four daughters followed to add to our pleasures and our poverty.

An augmentation to the stipend was granted by the Court of Session; in a few years Sir Robert Preston, the incumbent of the first and more lucrative living, dying, my father succeeded him; and during the French war he received the emoluments of Chaplain to the Breadalbane Fencibles, through the favour of his former pupil, the duty in those lax times being done by a deputy. Though keeping clear of debt, he had a constant struggle with the severe evils of penury, and it was only by great self-denial and good management that he was able to educate his children.

I was very sickly in my childhood, and I had a narrow escape when attacked by the measles, which long afflicted me with weakness in my eyes. I was nursed with much tenderness by my mother, whose favourite (probably from more wanting her aid) I was supposed to be. I am anxious likewise to commemorate the kindness of a faithful domestic, Mary Bruce, who lived in the family from the time of my parents' marriage till all their children had been reared, who was a second mother to us all, and the recollection of whose fidelity, devoted attachment, and amiable qualities now fills my aged eyes with tears of tenderness and gratitude. There is only one thing which I have to regret from my connection with her, which is an occasional uncontrollable dread of the *supernatural*. She was not only a firm believer in *ghosts*, but when not engaged in the active discharge of her duties she could hardly think or talk of anything else. Her mother and several of her friends had seen ghosts, and although I do not think she had ever

CHAP. I.

seen one herself, she was often under the apprehension of one appearing to her should she be left in a dark room, or approach a churchyard at night. Notwithstanding the caution she received to abstain from ghost stories in the nursery, she constantly entertained us with them, and she told them with such conviction of their truth and such impressive effect, that I well remember being afraid to look round the room lest a spirit should become visible to us. The consequence has been, that though theoretically a disbeliever in all supernatural appearances since the beginning of the world, except where a miracle was to be worked for the special purposes of Providence, and though in company and in the daytime I laugh at the credulity of others, sometimes, when left all alone about the midnight hour, I cannot help a feeling of *eeriness* or superstitious dread coming over me; and if when I am in this state of mind the wainscot cracks or a mouse stirs behind the hangings or the clock strikes twelve, the hair of my head bristles up and I expect some inhabitant of the world unknown to stand before me.

From the same instructress, probably, I was, when a boy, a firm believer in witches. There actually lived a reputed witch in our town, Tibbie Ritchie by name:—

> For mony a beast to dead she shot,
> And perished mony a bonny boat,
> And shook both meikle corn and bear,
> And kept the country side in fear.[1]

One of my infantine illnesses was imputed to a spell she had cast upon me, because my father had offended her. However, she afterwards made me amends by foretelling that I should become 'a great man.' When wandering in the fields all alone, being a boy of seven or eight years old, I found a swarm of bees upon the bough of a tree, and no one could discover from whose hive the bees had swarmed. Being induced to creep into a 'skep,' they were carried home to our garden, were pronounced my property, and were the foundation of my future wealth. Upon this occasion Tibbie Ritchie prognosticated that 'I was to fly to a great distance

[1] Burns's *Tam o'Shanter*.

like a bee, and to bring home much honey of my own making.'

I have no recollection of any lessons in reading being given to me, and I have been told by my parents that they had never any trouble in teaching me. From that early age I had a great delight in books, and I devoted much of my time to them. My reading has often been very ill-directed, but if it has not made me the scholar and the philosopher I might have been, it has supplied me with never-failing occupation, and has lent a charm to my existence in every stage of my progress.

When about seven I was sent with my brother to learn Latin at the grammar school of Cupar, then kept by a cruel pedagogue of the name of Gray. There was a tradition among the boys that the lady whom we knew as his wife had produced a child to him when a student of divinity, which, though born in wedlock, came into the world too soon after the nuptial benediction had been pronounced, and according to the strictness of Presbyterian discipline had for ever cut off the hope of his 'wagging his head in the pulpit.' In consequence there was a cantilena, which had probably been handed down through many generations of boys, and was occasionally repeated in a feigned voice behind his back, or written in a disguised hand over his desk:—

> Oh! my fate sinister. Oh! my fate sinister!
> Jeany's eyes so bright and bosom so white
> Have spoiled me for a minister!

From this disappointment, or some other cause, he applied the *ferula* or *tawse* with unmerciful severity, and although my brother was by no means slow or idle or mischievous, it was discovered that the right-hand cuff of his coat was actually worn away by the frequent application of the instrument of punishment.[8]

Et nos ergo manum ferulæ subduximus, but I suppose on account of my tender years I escaped more easily. The

[8] My brother, who (and who alone) has seen this Memoir, observes, in mitigation of Gray's cruelty, that he himself was 'mischievous,' trying to make himself a little hero by defying the *tawse*.
Hartrigge, October 1846.

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old system of speaking Latin in school was here still kept up, and I well remember that when I wished to leave the schoolhouse, I was obliged to go up to the master and say, 'Licetne mihi exire?'

Gray being not only cruel but careless, there were heavy complaints against him, and he was at last removed from his office by the provost and bailies of the borough, the patrons and trustees of the school. He was succeeded by a remarkable man of the name of Bayne, *paucarum literarum* but *acerrimi ingenii*, an enthusiast in the cause of learning, and gifted with the faculty of inspiring a love of learning in others. While apprentice to a shoemaker he had contrived to pick up some knowledge of the Latin language at a parish school, and this he improved by a short residence at a Scotch university. He was then himself appointed schoolmaster in a country parish, and here he acquired such fame by his assiduity and success in teaching that he was elected as successor of Gray to the dignified situation of head master in the grammar school of the county town. I was his favourite pupil. He took infinite pains with me, and he bestowed extravagant praise on my parts and proficiency. He called me affectedly his 'Leetle John,' and he talked of 'Leetle John' as a prodigy. I did learn from him Latin and English grammar very thoroughly, and he cherished in me a love of labour and a desire for distinction. But from his imperfect education he was sorely deficient in *quantity*, and from this deficiency I have since constantly suffered and shall continue to suffer to my dying day. In England Latin quantity is considered the test not only of acquaintance with the Latin language but of liberal breeding; and for general estimation a man had better be guilty of a bad action than mistake a short syllable for a long, or a long for a short. Wherefore it has been always with fear and trembling that I have ventured on a Latin quotation at the bar or in Parliament, and I have often suppressed quotations which were very appropriate from a dread of a mistake in *longs* and *shorts*, well knowing that the chance of *éclat* was nothing to the ridicule I should incur if I tripped.

However, I flatter myself that I have never been found

out in a false quantity, and have thus been more fortunate than Edmund Burke or Sir James Mackintosh. Burke's *magnum vectĭgal* is known to all the world. I have been told that Mackintosh speaking in a debating society on his arrival in London said, '*Non omnis moriar, multāque pars mei Vitābit Libitĭnam.*'

From Bayne's instructions I have often felt a great superiority over Englishmen in the grammatical knowledge of their own language. It is marvellous to me how this is neglected even now at Eton and other public schools. The consequence is that you find men of liberal education in England, who would faint away at such a mistake as 'magnum vectĭgal parsimonia,' making the verb agree in number with the last preceding substantive, without considering whether it is really the nominative to the verb—telling you that 'the love of riches are very pernicious,' and that 'the sanctions of morality is often forgotten.' I am afraid a native of Scotland hardly ever becomes master of all the copiousness and all the niceties of English; but being taught it as a foreign language, he generally learns it more grammatically than those who have not had early warning against *patois* and provincialisms.

Till this time I suppose I had not been above a mile from Cupar, and the only society I had ever seen consisted of a neighbouring minister and his wife who might pay us a visit, or the family of the squire of the parish by whom we children were occasionally asked to tea, and whom I approached with greater dread and admiration than I have since done the august personages at Buckingham Palace.

One great advantage arises from early seclusion and obscurity, that there is much excitement and enjoyment from new scenes as they are disclosed. I remember my extreme delight when as a child I first visited the city of St. Andrews, and, being led down the 'Butts Wynd' to the 'scores,' the ocean in a storm was pointed out to me. On crossing the Tay the view of Dundee expanded my mind to all I could conceive of magnificence. But when I at last walked in the High Street of Edinburgh I found how childish my notions had been, convinced that I had now

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seen grandeur which could not be excelled by London, Paris, or Rome itself. It was likewise in my favour that I became gradually acquainted with the different ranks and classes of mankind. The son of a prince, reared in a palace, looking down at once from a great elevation, sees all life on the same dead level and of the same leaden colour, having nothing to excite curiosity, and deriving no enjoyment from the sense of vanquished difficulty.

My earliest recollection of eloquence arose from a sermon delivered by my father in 1788 on a day of thanksgiving appointed by the Church of Scotland to celebrate the anniversary of our deliverance from slavery and prelacy by William III. 'Think not we mean this day to brand with infamy the name of Stuart.' Such was the beginning of his address, which, while it strikingly described the benefits which Scotland had derived from the Revolution, was throughout characterised by a spirit of Christian charity. The public event of oldest date which I call to mind was the general illumination of the town of Cupar in the following year, upon the recovery of George III. from his mental malady. Its brilliancy delighted me, but I still recollect my terror from the squibs and crackers which were let off round the bonfire at Cupar Cross.[9]

A few weeks after I had completed my eleventh year (November 1790), I was sent to the University. This would formerly not have been thought strange in Scotland or in any part of Europe. Bishop Burnet began to study at the University of Aberdeen when he was only ten years old,[1] and at fourteen took his degree of A.M. Universities were seminaries where the course of scholastic education was begun and finished, and we ought not to be surprised to hear that corporal punishments were inflicted on the students. Volumes have been written as to the nature of the *Cœteraque ingenio non subeunda meo*,[2] but those who

[9] See Cowper's poem 'On the Queen's Visit to London,' March 17, 1789.

'One Georgian star adorns the skies,
She myriads found below.'—Southey's *Cowper*, vol. x. p 16, 17.

[1] Life of Burnet, prefixed to his *Hist.*, p. vi.

[2] Milton, *Elegiarum Liber*, i. 16.

have so zealously vindicated the fame of the poet from the supposed stain of being whipped at Cambridge should recollect that he was sent thither at fifteen, and that youths older than he then was are now liable to the same discipline at Harrow, Eton, and Westminster.[3]

My brother and I went to college at the same time, each with a bursary or exhibition, his of 20*l.* a year, mine of 10*l.*; sums which must have gone a great way towards our expenses during the session of six months. The faithful Mary Bruce at first accompanied us to St. Andrews, cooked our dinner, cleaned the small room in which we read, and made the bed in which we slept together. Our lodgings were in the house of a Miss Bell, sister of the Rev. Dr. Andrew Bell, who, although the son of a barber, was the founder of the Madras system of education and so liberally endowed the Madras College in his native city. We attended only the Humanity and Greek classes. The former was taught by Dr. John Hunter, an excellent Latin scholar and the most acute grammarian with whom I have ever conversed. He had a knowledge of prosody far beyond what is usual in Scotland, and he published editions of Horace and Virgil which have been mentioned with applause even at Oxford. But his expositions of the general principles of language were chiefly to be admired. His favourite text-books were Harris's 'Hermes,' and Horne Tooke's 'Diversions of Purley,' and he commented upon the theories of these subtle dialecticians with such perspicuity and force as to make them intelligible and interesting to all his pupils.

The Greek Professor, Henry Hill, was a very different

[3] The following is an extract from the records of the University of St. Andrews for the year 1791:—'Nomina incorporatorum in Collegio Sancti Salvatoris et Sancti Leonardi coràm Revdo. Do. Dr. Georg. Hill Collegio Sanctæ Mariæ Theologiæ Professore atq. Universitatis Rectore.

'Nos ingenui adolescentes nomina subscribentes, sanctè pollicemur nos religione reformatâ perseveraturos preceptoribus obsequium debitum exhibituros atque hujus Academiæ Andreanæ emolumentum et commodum quantùm in nobis est procuraturos ad quemcunque vitæ statum pervenerimus.

'Feb. 17, 1791.'

Here follow the names, among which is written, in a round, boyish, almost childish hand, 'Joannes Campbell.'—ED.

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person,—zealous enough to communicate the little he knew, but ignorant and shallow. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the Latin language had been cultivated with great success in the Scotch Universities. Buchanan's Latinity, whether in verse or prose, is exceeded in purity and vigour by that of no modern author; and the collection entitled 'Deliciæ Poetarum Scotorum' shows that the art of correct and elegant Latin versification had been generally diffused in Scotland. But for some reason Greek literature has never taken root in that country. When I was a boy it was not taught at the common grammar schools, and the Greek professors at the universities had to begin by teaching their pupils the letters of the Greek alphabet. There were, to be sure, two Greek classes; one for mere beginners, and a second for reading and lecturing on Thucydides and Sophocles. My first winter I did not get beyond Æsop's Fables. I made a little more progress under Hill in subsequent sessions, but if I had not diligently applied to the language some time after I left him, I never should have been able to read the Iliad and Odyssey so as really to enjoy them in the original. These divine productions I can delightedly peruse with a slight occasional assistance from the Latin translation at the bottom of the page, although I must confess that I have never been able fully to master the tragedians, and that in the mysteries of the Greek measures I have hardly been initiated.

The session terminating in the beginning of May, my brother and I returned to our father's house at Cupar, and again attended Bayne's school. We now gave ourselves immense airs of superiority, and 'Leetle John' was in favour no longer. When we had a piece of English to be turned into Latin, I remember our great sport was to find out from a true classic some very cramped or seemingly very bald expression and introduce it into our theme, and when the offended pedagogue indignantly struck it through with his pen, or hinted at the ferula, to confront him with the original from which it was taken and to proclaim his ignorance to the school. Only one instance now lives in my memory. 'The undertaking was easy' my brother translated 'nec in difficili fuit

inceptum,' which being denounced as barbarous was justified by the authority of Livy.[4]

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My studies were then interrupted by a severe illness which lasted for several months, and it was only from the unremitted care of my dear mother, who watched by my bedside day and night, that I recovered. With great difficulty I was conducted in a carriage to Largo, on the shores of the Firth of Forth, where I soon gained strength. I remember in one of my first airings being shown the house in which Alexander Selkirk, the original of Robinson Crusoe, had resided, and in which his musket was still preserved by his family.

This was the crisis of my constitution. I have ever since enjoyed almost uninterrupted health. I cannot much regret my sickly boyhood, as to that I ascribe my preference of the pleasure of reading to boisterous exercises and the sports of the field.

I was sent back to St. Andrews. My brother and I, instead of being in lodgings in the town, had now rooms, or rather a room and a closet, in St. Salvator's College. There was dinner in the hall only for bursars or exhibitioners on the foundation, and we dined with other students at an ordinary at sixpence a head. The dinner was plentiful if not elegant. The abundance of fish and the cheapness of butcher's meat and poultry in those days furnished a table at a price which now seems ridiculous. We were from necessity very temperate or rather abstemious, having nothing to drink stronger than 'twopenny' or small beer, and very little pocket-money for occasional indulgence. But once or twice a month we had a *booze*—a meeting in the evening of eight or ten young men who sate down to punch and continued drinking and singing to a late hour. Once a session there was an extraordinary meeting of this sort called a '*Gaudeamus*.' 'Tipping' being unknown or unpractised as far as we were concerned, to enable us to sustain such expenses we used sometimes to stay away from the ordinary and dine on dry bread, so that the saved sixpences might enable us to 'keep up a genteel appearance' without getting into debt. The *teetotal* system now gaining ground is certainly infinitely

[4] *Livy*, b. i. c. 65, sub finem.

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preferable to the habitual soaking of port wine or whisky punch; but I cannot help thinking that an occasional *booze* has a favourable tendency to excite the faculties, to warm the affections, to improve the manners, and to form the character of youth. Of course it is understood that excess is to be avoided, which is not only contrary to morality but inconsistent with true enjoyment.

During the second session, in addition to the Greek and Latin classes, I attended the lectures of Professor Barron on Rhetoric and Logic. He was a man of considerable eminence. He had written a treatise 'On the Philosophical Construction of the Plough,' much admired in its day; and during our disputes with America he published a pamphlet on the 'Colonisation of the Ancients,' showing how much more handsomely we have done by Virginia and Pennsylvania, cherishing and *protecting* them, than Athens by Naxos or Corinth by Syracuse, which were abandoned to *free trade* and independence as soon as they were founded. Lord North conferred upon the author of the contrast a pension of 100*l.* a year. This must have been about the time that Hardinge, who was made a Welsh judge, brought forward his famous argument to show that the Americans really were represented in Parliament, 'as all the grants of land in America were to be held by the manor of East Greenwich in the county of Kent, and therefore the knights of the shire for Kent represented all the Americans.' It must be confessed that our dispute with the colonists was not very skilfully conducted in argument or in the field. But destiny had decreed that they should be independent, and the day of final separation had arrived.

I have preserved the printed synopsis of Barron's lectures, which were very much after the manner of Blair's, and certainly constituted an excellent course of criticism and *belles lettres*. In logic he was not very profound. He was bitter against Aristotle, and attempted to ridicule the syllogistic mode of reasoning. 'What then is this wonderful syllogism? Is there any charm in the name? Does it dispel the mists of error and present truth in her naked majesty to the mental eye?' He then went on with a dis-

paraging explanation of *major* and *minor* propositions, and attempted to show that though the syllogism might be a weapon powerful, if skilfully wielded, to assail an opponent, it is utterly worthless in philosophical induction.

The next year I attended the Moral Philosophy class, taught by Professor Cook. He made use of Hutcheson's Moral Philosophy for a text-book, which he greatly darkened by his comments. Each lecture began with the words 'Our author now comes.' Whatever I know of the subject I owe to subsequent private study, for Professor Cook was not at all attended to by any of his pupils. Their great occupation was to play him tricks. Strange noises were heard in the class-room, while all present looked silent, grave and unconscious. In winter large patches of snow were fixed to the ceiling over his pulpit just before he entered it. These, when he was looking up to account for the descending drops of moisture, loosened by the increasing warmth, fell in a heap and almost suffocated him and 'our author.' On one occasion entering the class-room, he actually found his place occupied by a donkey clad in an academical robe, with Hutcheson lying before him. But this brought on threats of inquiry and expulsion, and for the rest of the session we were contented with staying away or taking a novel with us to read during the lecture. Yet Cook out of his lecture-room was not only a good-natured but rather sensible man, and he must have had considerable reputation, for many youths belonging to wealthy families in England were sent down to board in his house for the benefit of his tuition while they were attending the University. I cannot find that any of them rose to such eminence as Lord Melbourne, the pupil of Millar at Glasgow, or Lord John Russell, the pupil of Dugald Stewart at Edinburgh.

From the second year I was supposed to be attending the mathematical class. Vilant, the Professor of Mathematics, was prevented from teaching by ill health. His place was supplied by a very able assistant, Dr. James Brown, afterwards Professor of Natural Philosophy at Glasgow. Mathematics, however, were in very low repute, and it was not thought at all disgraceful entirely to neglect them. I did

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get over the Ass's bridge and mastered pretty well the first six books of Euclid, trigonometry, conic sections, and algebra as far as quadratic equations; but here ended my regular progress, and whatever I got beyond was *raptim et sparsim*. I was, however, a great favourite of Dr. Brown, and he often had me to drink tea with him and kept me talking with him to a late hour in the night. To him I am chiefly indebted for my political principles. My father, though generally very moderate and rational, when the French Revolution broke out, violently took part with Burke and the alarmists, Brown was a very determined Liberal. He foresaw a new era of happiness to France, and even imagined that our institutions might be peaceably improved after the same fashion. With all my admiration of the ancient republics I never at any time thought that a republican form of government was adapted to our territory, population and habits, but I early imbibed, and I have steadily preserved, a predilection for the popular part of our constitution and an ardent zeal in the cause of civil and religious liberty.

In the spring of the year 1793 our family was plunged into the deepest affliction by the death of my beloved mother, leaving seven children behind her, the youngest not more than six months old. She had suffered from a long and painful illness, and some weeks before her death her physicians had despaired of her recovery. I remember my brother and myself being sent for from St. Andrews to see her, and my anguish at beholding her altered looks, although I was not fully aware of her danger. In taking leave when we were about to return to St. Andrews, she must have known, though we did not, that she was to see us no more. We were made to kneel at her bedside. She kissed and blessed us: and the last words I ever heard her pronounce now vibrate on my ear: 'Farewell! and oh! be good.'

In about a fortnight after, a servant came to fetch us to attend her funeral. I remember the beginning of my father's letter to us announcing the event:—

'My dear Children,—I hope you will show proper firmness and submission to the will of God, as I strive to do,

when you know that your blessed mother is relieved from suffering and is now a saint in Heaven.'

Our meeting was heartbreaking, but we supported ourselves with some sort of composure till the funeral. This the customs of the country did not permit him to attend. My brother and I were chief mourners. According to Presbyterian rule no funeral service was read, but never was there a more solemn scene. The coffin was let down into the deep grave. I seemed not to know that I had lost my parent till then, and not to be conscious till then that she was to be separated from us for ever. But when I heard the 'moulds' strike upon the coffin, and saw the grave filled up and the green sods rolled over it, my heart died within me, and a sense of desolation overwhelmed me such as I have never since experienced. I did not then shed a tear, but when I was led home I had some relief by throwing myself into my father's arms, and abandoning all effort to control my grief. She was a woman of rare virtues. She was devoted to her duties as a wife and a mother. She nobly struggled with the narrow circumstances in which she was placed, and by her good management and good taste she contrived even to throw an air of elegance and comfort over our humble dwelling. Her piety was exemplary, and she left on my infant mind deep religious impressions, which intercourse with the world may at times have impaired, but which leisure and reflection are able to revive, and which I hope may prepare me to meet my summons from this world as becomes a Christian. 'May I die the death of the righteous, and may my last end be like hers.'

My father remained fondly attached to her memory and never married again.

Soon after my mother's death my father ceased to reside in Cupar, and moved to Carslogie House, about a mile and a half from the town. This dwelling was formed out of an ancient fortalice which had belonged to the Clephanes of Carslogie for twenty generations. I had a room assigned me scooped out of a wall of immense thickness, and here I took to miscellaneous reading with extreme ardour. But I

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invariably found that at home I could not cultivate any pursuit requiring steady, vigorous and regular application: 'Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.'

This year my father, being a member of the General Assembly, carried me over with him to Edinburgh, and I was present at several great debates in this our Scottish Convocation. Dr. Robertson, the historian, having retired from the chief direction of the Church, had been succeeded by Dr. George Hill, Principal of St. Mary's College, St. Andrews, and I was gratified by hearing several speeches from him coming up to any idea I could then form of oratorical excellence. He was a very extraordinary man, and from his silver voice, impressive manner and subtle powers of debate, would have been listened to with applause in the House of Commons in its best days.

I had very early begun to study oratory. In my third session at St. Andrews I became a member of a debating club called 'The Philosophical Society.' We met weekly to discuss some question in morals or politics. Two were appointed to support the affirmative and two 'to impugn.' I recollect keen debates on 'Whether Brutus was justified in killing Cæsar?' 'Whether democracy is a good form of government?' 'Whether man is a free agent?' 'Whether Queen Elizabeth was a good sovereign?' 'Whether free trade is beneficial to a state?' In this last debate I took part for free trade, and recollect gaining applause by an alliterative sentence which I thought very fine. Somehow or another it became necessary or expedient to denounce the ironmasters who, by combination a short time before, had raised their commodity to an extraordinary price: I described them as a set of men 'whose hearts were as hard as the metal they manufactured and monopolised.'

I rather regret that I did not afterwards practise more in debating societies. Though they give rise to a great deal of bad and flippant oratory, I believe upon the whole they teach both to think and to express thought. I have known several eminent debating society speakers who failed in public life, but I do not believe they would have succeeded better if they had never belonged to a debating

society, and I could mention Lord Brougham and others who have derived great advantage in the real war of words from this previous drilling.

From the time that I went to college I regularly read the *Edinburgh Courant* newspaper, and I have now a lively recollection of the public joy on Lord Howe's victory of the 1st of June, 1794, and of the horror caused by the execution of Louis XVI.

My fourth session at college was attended with very little improvement. The chief business ought to have been in the natural philosophy class, but this was then taught by a certain Dr. Forrest, who had travelled all over Europe, and was a very gentlemanly man, but had very little science and was incapable of communicating the little he possessed. He could not command the attention of his pupils unless when he had some amusing experiments to exhibit. But he proceeded in his course through dynamics, hydrostatics, acoustics, &c., ending with astronomy, and showing us an orrery which some former chancellor had presented to the college.

I had now finished the curriculum which entitled me to a degree of A.M. But academical degrees for students had fallen into desuetude at St. Andrews. The degree of A.B. was wholly unknown. The degree of A.M. was conferred as a matter of course (certain fees being paid) on any one applying for it who had been at college four sessions, but was only applied for by the most idle and ill-conducted who could not obtain certificates from the professors of their having attended the classes to enable them to enter as students of divinity, or to prove that they had gone through a philosophy curriculum at a university on any future occasion when proof of this fact might be material. I had my certificates from all the professors in rather flattering terms. Some years afterwards I took my regular degree of Master of Arts when I had been transferred to England and it was creditable to add A.M. to my name.

Considering that I had not yet reached my sixteenth [5]

[5] He had not completed his fifteenth year. His fourth session had ended May, 1794.—ED.

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year, my stock of knowledge was not inconsiderable, and Frenchmen or Germans would have thought I was more advanced in mental cultivation than an English boy in the fifth form at Eton. Yet I have ever regarded with envy the foundation laid at great schools in England of solid and exact learning. I have had to labour under a deficient store not only of classical but of scientific acquirements. I have since struggled hard to supply the deficiency; but I entered the lists by no means on equal terms with an Oxford first classman or a Cambridge wrangler. I had, however, what was more valuable than mere academical proficiency, an unextinguished desire to excel. When my father first brought me to be matriculated at St. Andrews, he pointed out, translated and explained to me the motto in the public hall of disputation, where degrees were formerly conferred :—

Αἰὲν ἀριστεύειν καὶ ὑπείροχον ἔμμεναι ἄλλων.

This advice from his father to Diomed when departing for the Trojan war made a deep impression on the son of the minister of Cupar when first leaving the parental roof. I have always since *done my best*, and I have never been accused, or long accused myself, of idleness or apathy.

My brother being destined for the medical profession, now became a pupil of Dr. Govan, a distinguished physician in Cupar, who was an accomplished classical scholar, was well acquainted with modern languages, and had made the grand tour as travelling tutor to Sir William Alexander, afterwards Chief Baron of the Exchequer in England. This accomplished son of Æsculapius, according to the custom of the times, kept an apothecary's shop in which the medicines he prescribed to his patients were compounded and any stranger might buy an ounce of Epsom salts. Behind the shop was a room for study to which I frequently resorted, and I recollect my mind being much opened by some anatomical works which I here met with.

But I was intended for the 'ministry.' This was my father's wish, in which at this time I entirely acquiesced. I was pleased with the thought of becoming, like him, a great

popular preacher, and I anticipated that I might one day reach the dignity of Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

According to the rules of this venerable establishment no one can be a candidate for orders till, after having finished his philosophy course, he has been four years a student at a divinity college or hall. The following winter I was sent to St. Mary's College, St. Andrews, appropriated exclusively to the study of theology and Hebrew. I was only sixteen [6] and most boyish in my appearance. Though by a sudden and unexpected shoot I afterwards sprang up to the respectable height of five feet ten inches, I was then very short of stature for my years, and I had gone by the derisive sobriquet of *Joannes Gigas*, or 'Jack the Giant.'

I attended lectures on divinity and biblical criticism by Principal Hill, who, for Scotland, was a profound Greek scholar, and who had, more than any teacher I ever knew, the faculty of rousing and fixing the attention of his hearers. Dr. Wilson, who had been Professor of Hebrew with some reputation, and had published a grammar of that language repudiating 'points,' had become Professor of Church History; but though he now and then gave us an entertaining disquisition, he was by no means deeply read in the Fathers, and would not submit to the labour of composing a systematic course of lectures—being very different from a predecessor of his whom I remember seeing when a child. This professor lecturing in Latin, his first lecture was entitled 'De rebus gestis ante mundum conditum,' and he brought down ecclesiastical history to the last preceding General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church.

Professor Wilson was famous as a *bon vivant* and a jester. Like Dartneuf, he had a great passion for a pie, not of ham but of pigeons.[7] The story ran that on one occasion he had sat opposite to a huge pigeon-pie at dinner, and that, his plate being about to be removed, among the *débris* of bones

[6] He was only fifteen.—ED.

[7] 'Each mortal has his pleasure: none deny
Scarsdale his bottle, Darty his ham-pie.'
Pope's *Imitations of Horace*, book ii. sat. i.

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scattered over it, there was an entire pigeon discovered which he had overlooked, and which he proceeded to devour. He said that he preferred 'Baxter's[8] works' to all the divines in the world.'

I began the study of Hebrew under Dr. Trotter, who taught the language according to Wilson's grammar without the 'points,' which he concurred in denouncing as a modern corruption of the text of the Old Testament. I advanced so far as to be able to read and translate the Psalter with some facility, and to marvel at the wondrous simplicity and baldness of the language, but I never made any real progress in it, and never was at all initiated in the kindred dialects. Not having afterwards made any private efforts in oriental learning, I can now hardly distinguish all the letters of the Hebrew alphabet.

The divinity students in rotation read a chapter of the Bible and offered up a prayer of their own composition in the hall of St. Mary's College morning and evening. I well recollect my trepidation when my turn came round; but I did not break down. I was greatly petted by George Cook, now a D.D. and leader of the moderate party in the Church of Scotland against Candlish and the *Nonintrusionists*. He was of greater standing and a good many years older than me, but he invited me to drink tea with him and walk with him, and he conversed with me freely on all the most noted questions which have arisen in morals and theology. I had for fellow-student of my year Dr. Thomas Chalmers, afterwards deservedly famous as an orator and an author, but he was then singularly unformed, and gave not the slightest foretaste of his future eminence.

I cannot recollect any other contemporary at St. Mary's who rose to fame except Dr. John Leyden, the poet and orientalist, who was at St. Andrews as tutor to a young man of fortune and attended lectures with us. He certainly possessed the most astounding energy, and, if his career had not been prematurely cut short, it must have been very brilliant.

[8] In Scotland a baker who takes in pastry to be cooked in his oven is called a 'baxter.'

My chief companion was Thomas Duncan, now Professor of Mathematics at St. Andrews, a very diligent student, and with a fine talent for English composition. He devoted himself to science all his life, but he has never made any discoveries in it, and he has never published anything beyond a synopsis of his lectures for his pupils.

There was a debating society at St. Mary's for sacred subjects. I was at first blackballed, whether merely from my youth, or from having petulantly offended some of the members, I never knew. A foolish fellow of the name of Murray, who very likely was the cause of my *disgrazia*, said to me, 'While you bear it like a man, I hope you will feel it like a man.' I felt resentment more than humiliation and, although I was soon after admitted without knowing that I had been again proposed, I never entered with any spirit into the proceedings of the society.

At the end of the session there was set me by the Principal a text on which I was to deliver a sermon by way of exercise in the hall the following winter: 'All living things wait upon Thee, and Thou providest food for them in due season.' I was desired to read Ray and Derham, and illustrate the goodness of the Deity by the manner in which animal life is sustained.[9] I laboured the subject very diligently during the vacation, and composed an essay which gained me no small credit when read aloud before the professors and students. For one sentence I was indebted to Tom Duncan: 'Every leaf bears insects which quaff the delicious juices spontaneously supplied for their use, and spend their days in luxurious indolence.' The rest of the sermon was all my own, including a sentiment which was much applauded by Professor Wilson, 'that we ought to be

[9] Extract from the St. Andrew's University Calendar:—'Every Student (in St. Mary's College) is required to deliver six discourses, viz., a Latin exegesis, a homily, a critical exercise on some portion of the original text of the New Testament, a critical exercise on some portion of the original text of the Old Testament, a lecture, and a popular discourse; and it is expected that every Student will deliver his first discourse during his second session at the latest, and the remainder of his discourses at such periods as may enable him to deliver the whole of them before the end of January of the last session of his course.'—ED.

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thankful that man is not, as he might have been, fed like an oyster, unconscious of his nutrition, but that in addition to all the intellectual pleasures given to us from the exercise of reason, the preservation of the individual is converted by a kind Providence into a never-failing source of enjoyment.'

My second session as a student of Divinity had little else to distinguish it. I lived in a wretchedly cold room in St. Mary's College, and dined in the hall at two, a professor presiding. Our fare was very plain, and the professors were suspected of dining more luxuriously at a later hour. We had soup and cold meat for supper after eight o'clock prayers. I remember an assistant butler who always attended very devoutly till he heard the King prayed for. He considered this a proof that the service was nearly over, and that it was time to put supper on the table. Off he then ran, and we found our repast ready when we had said 'Amen.'

I occasionally engaged in a game at golf, for which the Links at St. Andrews are famous. Although never an enthusiast in this or any other game, I think it is much superior to the English cricket, which is too violent and gives no opportunity for conversation. Reading was my great occupation. My theological instruction was confined to the lecture in the hall. In my room I read a great deal of profane history written by Fielding and Smollett, as well as by Hume and Robertson. If my reading had been as judicious as it was ardent, I might have laid the foundation of a reputation for knowledge equal to that of Hallam or Macaulay.

The subject of my next exercise was 'the conversion and character of St. Paul.' During the ensuing vacation I read a great deal upon the subject, and I wrote a discourse which, if it were preserved, I believe I could now peruse with satisfaction. I dare say it was chiefly taken from West on 'the Conversion of St. Paul,' and Paley's 'Horæ Paulinæ.' Having established the authenticity of Paul's history by Luke, and the genuineness of his Epistles, I worked the argument that being neither impostor nor en-

thusiast he must have had a divine mission to propagate the Gospel.

The delivery of this in the following session, and my general regular conduct, so far ingratiated me with Principal Hill that he recommended me as private tutor to read with the only son of Mr. Craigie of Glendoick, a great laird in the Carse of Gowrie, and son of Lord President Craigie, a celebrated Scotch lawyer. At the end of the session I accompanied the youth to Glendoick, there to pass the summer with him. I was treated on the footing of a visitor and companion of the young laird, and I passed my time most agreeably. I now for the first time had a pair of top boots, of which I was exceedingly proud. I had a more defensible pleasure in exploring the beauties of the surrounding scenery on the banks of the Tay. I well remember the enthusiasm I felt when I first beheld the town and Inches of Perth. On another occasion, walking by myself to the top of a high hill, I all of a sudden had presented to me the great valley of Glenmore, with the ancient castle of Glamis, one of the few Scotch fortalices which do not painfully remind us of the former poverty of our country. My pupil and I made a visit to Glasgow to see a relation of his, who was then Lord Provost of that city. His lordship had a most beautiful daughter, whose opening charms first informed me I had a heart; but the impression was transient, and did not prevent me from relishing the new objects of curiosity and the lovely scenery which were open to me. Young Craigie was of an inert temperament, and I could not get him from the streets of Glasgow, where he loved to lounge. I went all alone on an excursion to Lanark, Paisley, and Hamilton Palace, and on another to Dumbarton Castle and Loch Lomond.

Our visit being over, young Craigie and I returned home by Airdoch, where travellers cannot avoid seeing the most perfect Roman encampment remaining in the world. I regarded it with deep interest, but my companion walked over it with stupid indifference.

I had this summer an exegetical exercise, which was to prove by passages from Scripture that our Saviour, the

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second Person of the Trinity, acted as the Creator of the world. This was greatly beyond my depth, having hardly any Hebrew and not very much Greek. The distinction between Jehovah and Elohim I was unable properly to explain, and I found that it would be impossible for me ever to acquire much fame as a divine, though I hope I should have been contented to perform the humble and important duties of a parish priest if they had been cast upon me.

The following winter I returned to St. Andrews and still read as private tutor with young Craigie. The better to enable me to assist him, I again attended the lectures in St. Salvator's College, and I applied to mathematics more diligently and successfully than I had ever before done.

Hitherto, whatever my secret aspirations might be, I had no prospect before me except of being a Presbyterian minister. There was a small country parish among the moors of Fife called Cameron, of which the incumbent was old and the patron a friend of my father. Here it was thought I might have the good luck to be early located:

This was my position in the spring of the year 1798, when there came to the St. Andrews professors an application for a tutor for the son of Mr. Webster, partner in the great West India house of Wedderburn and Webster in Leadenhall Street. The appointment was offered to me, and I was eager to accept it; but my father hesitated long before he would trust me, so young and inexperienced, at such a distance from home. At length he consented; all the terms were arranged, and I bade adieu to the University of St. Andrews after a residence there of seven years.

The parting from my father and sisters at Carslogie was very tender and pathetic, as if I had been setting off to circumnavigate the globe, or to settle at the antipodes. My father loaded me with good advice and caresses, and my sisters hoped I would often write to them and give them an account of the King and Queen.

At Edinburgh I recovered my spirits in the company of my brother, who was then preparing to take his degree as M.D. I passed a most agreeable week with him attending the lectures of Munro, Black and Hope; and from what I

saw of the University of Edinburgh, I thought with regret of the superior opportunities of improvement which I should have enjoyed there.

A journey to London was in those days considered a very formidable undertaking. I was to perform it by the mail coach, which had been recently established and was supposed to travel with marvellous velocity, taking only three nights and two days for the whole distance. But this speed was thought to be highly dangerous to the head, independently of all the perils of an overturn, and stories were told of men and women who, having reached London with such celerity, died suddenly of an affection of the brain. My family and friends were seriously alarmed for me, and advised me, at all events, to stay a day at York to recruit myself. I thought only of the new world which was opening to me. I was impatient to behold it, and I boldly took my place all the way through to London.

I have never wanted courage to engage in any adventure or enterprise within my reach. When a little boy living with an uncle at Ancrum, near Jedburgh in Roxburghshire, I expressed a desire to be taken to see Melrose Abbey, about twelve miles off. I was told the distance was too great. The fame of this ruin, though then unsung by Walter Scott, had laid hold of my imagination and I was resolved to see it: so I slipped off by myself, walked there all the way and back again, scaling to boot the Eildon Hills, cut three out of one in a night by the wizard Michael Scott. I came home, having 'seen fair Melrose aright,' and brought away with me an image of it which afterwards enabled me to appreciate the minute accuracy as well as the poetical beauty of the description of it in the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel.'

CHAPTER II.

MARCH 1798—JANUARY 1800.

Journey to London—Goes to Mr. Webster as Tutor to his Son—Debate in the House of Commons on the Slave Trade—First Letters to his Father and Brother—Writes for the 'Oracle' and the 'Annual Register'—Five days' Ramble—Proposes to become a Lawyer instead of a Scots Minister—Engagement with the 'Morning Chronicle'—Leaves the Websters.

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IN the month of March 1798 I took leave of my native country and entered into the great theatre of the world. I was only eighteen years old, and according to the course adopted in England (which I do not condemn) I might have been still at school, considering whether the following October I should go to the University of Oxford or the University of Cambridge. As things turned out it was a great advantage to me to have been *caught* so young. I had then no distinct prospect except of a return to Scotland and the calling to which I was originally destined; but I began to have a presentiment that some more brilliant career might open to me.

During the journey I was entirely occupied with the new objects which presented themselves to my view. When told that I was actually across the border I had the sensations which belong to a man who for the first time finds himself in a foreign land. As such England had always been treated in my hearing, although the whole of the United Kingdom is now considered one great city. My father enjoyed much distinction from having visited London; he was probably the only man in his parish who could boast of this exploit, and he used to be listened to when relating what he had seen as Marco Polo might have been among the Venetians when describing the capital of China.

I had for fellow-travellers two college companions, Robert Adamson and George Gillespie, who were going to embark for Calcutta in the service of the East India Company, and were both fated to die far from their friends and home. We were very merry, forgetting all that was painful in the past, and looking for nothing but pleasures to come.

I was much struck by the scenery of the Tyne; and York Minster came up to all I had heard of the glories of the Cathedral of St. Andrews before it was burnt down by Knox. The rest of the journey was rather uninteresting to us children of the mountain and the flood. At last, after passing a third night in the mail coach, we perceived by the immense rows of brick houses through which we were passing that we were approaching London; and after rattling over stones for a mile or two, we were set down in the yard of the Bull and Mouth inn, near St. Paul's.

Having breakfasted, we sallied forth on foot to take a view of this wonderful city. Nothing so much astonished us as its noise. For the smoke we had been pretty well prepared by the appearance of 'Auld Reekie,' but, though omnibuses then were not, the din of the continuous rows of coaches, carts, waggons and drays moving in opposite directions actually stunned us, and we concluded that as to hear in the midst of it was impossible, we should in vain try to speak. When we got beyond Charing Cross we had a little relief, and we could express to each other our sense of the magnificence of the squares at the west end of the town and the beauty of the Serpentine and Hyde Park.

My companions had to present themselves at the India House, and I was to find out the residence of Mr. Webster, on Clapham Common. Thither was I carried by the Clapham stage, and I was installed in my new office. Mr. Webster was a very good-natured but not very wise man, and I soon discovered that he had not much authority in his own house. *Madame* was mistress in everything. She was young, beautiful, gay and fond of admiration. My pupil was a boy of about nine or ten years of age who had been taught to read English pretty well, but whom I was to initiate in the first rudiments of Latin.

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I had no particular grievance to complain of, and I believe I was treated with all the consideration that could have been reasonably expected; but I found my situation from the beginning very irksome, and it became more and more unbearable. The company frequenting the house consisted chiefly of West India merchants and East India captains, and the conversation turned on the price of sugars, the rate of freights, and the trifling gossip of the day. One interesting person I remember meeting, Sir John Wedderburn, who with his father had been 'out in the '45,' and whose father, having held an office under the Pretender, had been hanged, beheaded, and quartered on Kennington Common. Being asked whether he were not of the family of Lord Loughborough, then Chancellor, he replied, 'The Chancellor is of mine,' and I believe that Sir John was the true chief of the Wedderburns. He still bore the title of baronet, though it had been forfeited on the attainder of his father; but at the death of this *soi-disant* Sir John there was a fresh grant of the baronetcy to his son Sir David.

I went frequently to London, where I was kindly received by friends of my father; by Mr. Knox, an American merchant from Cupar; by Dr. John Gray, likewise from Cupar, who had been in the profession, now obsolete, of travelling tutor, who had repeatedly made the grand tour with young English noblemen, and who on the recommendation of Lord Fortescue, his last pupil, had been made Secretary to the Lottery, with handsome apartments in Somerset House; and also by Dr. William Thomson, who had been at college with my father, and who, residing in London as an author by profession, had gained some notoriety by the 'History of the Man in the Moon' and other political satires. At the house of this gentleman, in King Street, Westminster, I saw a good deal of literary society, and my ambition was inflamed to become an author myself. At Thomson's suggestion I wrote an essay in support of a legislative union with Ireland, a measure then projected after the suppression of the Rebellion. Some parts of this performance were praised by him, but others so severely criticised that I committed the whole to the flames. Thomson became editor of the 'Annual

Register,' and I afterwards wrote for him some articles in the historical department, which were printed and which I have since read without a blush.

My father's great boast was that he had seen Garrick, and I eagerly went to the theatre. It is not so great a boast to have seen John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, but they exceeded any notion I had formed of histrionic excellence, and I suspected, though unjustly, that the preference to any departed actor could only be given by the 'laudator temporis acti.'

I was wretched until I had been in the House of Commons. A motion of Mr. Wilberforce for the immediate abolition of the slave trade stood for the third of April. It was expected that all the great speakers on both sides would take part in the debate. I obtained a member's order for the gallery, and presented myself at the door of the stairs leading to it at ten o'clock in the morning. There was a tremendous rush when the door was opened. I was lucky enough to get a front seat, while many were forced into the 'slave ship,' a passage behind the clock where there was only standing room and the heat and pressure were insupportable.

This was the most memorable day of my life. The time passed away quickly in conversation respecting the coming debate, and with jests upon those who were voluntarily suffering all the horrors of the 'middle passage.' At length distinguished members began to come in and take their places; and what were my sensations on seeing before me men of whom I had heard and read and thought so much, but whom till very recently I had never hoped to behold!

Now was the most splendid era in the history of the House of Commons, and this debate was one of the finest ever heard within its walls. If Peel, the best performer we now have, had then risen to state officially the result of the papers laid upon the table respecting the importation of negroes and the price of colonial produce, he would have done it clearly and he would have been respectfully though coldly listened to; but if he had attempted such eloquence as I heard from him last session in the peroration to his

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much applauded speech on the income tax, he would have been laughed at or coughed down.[1] 'Business talents' we now have, but real fine speaking is gone for ever.

At five Wilberforce rose and the deepest silence prevailed. He was heard with a mixture of admiration and reverence. His genuine sincerity, his perfect disinterestedness, his devotedness to the cause, his exalted tone of morality, his deep religious feelings, gave a solemnity and sacredness to his manner which, united with his persuasive reasoning, his playful imagination, his easy elocution, and his musical voice, carried enthusiastic conviction and rapturous delight into the breasts of all present who were uninfluenced by sordid motives for countenancing the traffic; and dismay, shame, and almost remorse, into the hearts of those who, from a love of private gain or a dread of injury to the public from loss of commerce, had steeled themselves against the dictates of reason and humanity.

Mr. Bryan Edwards, the author of the 'History of the West Indies,' followed, and, as the advocate of the planters and Liverpool merchants trading to Africa, contended that the opposition to the slave trade was founded on ignorance and fanaticism. He was answered by Mr. Canning in one of his earliest and happiest effusions.

After Henry Thornton and several inferior speakers had shortly addressed the House, up rose Pitt himself, and delivered a most splendid oration in favour of immediate abolition, which he declared was not less imperiously required by the interest and safety of the West India islands than by the obligations of morality. No one while listening to his fervid eloquence could then question his sincerity, but there is no longer a doubt that he was insincere, and that he was merely playing the game which he thought the most skilful as minister and leader of a party, to denounce the traffic which he was resolved to uphold. Notwithstanding the strong leaning of the Court and a certain section of the aristocracy in its favour, he might have carried the abolition

[1] This refers to Peel's great Budget speech in 1842, when from the deficient state of the revenue, as left by the Whigs, he boldly proposed a temporary reimposition of the income tax.—Sept. 1860.

at any hour had he been so inclined, and his hostility was afterwards proved to be colourable by his encouraging the employment of British capital in the importation of slaves into the captured colonies. As long as he lived and ruled the trade went on with increasing energy, and with multiplied miseries to its victims.

Sir W. Young boldly insisted on the necessity of continued importation to keep up the stock of slaves in our West India islands, and asserted that the negroes were happier there than in their own country.

Charles Fox then sprang upon his legs, and in glowing colours exposed the horrors and the impolicy of the trade: But the finest part of his speech consisted in sarcastic insinuations that his great rival was insincere. He highly eulogized Pitt's speech and declared that on no subject discussed in Parliament since he was minister had he displayed more strikingly his powers of reasoning and eloquence. 'Measures which posterity would condemn and which were reckoned of very doubtful policy by the present generation he had been able to carry by overwhelming majorities, no one connected with his government venturing to hint disapprobation. How happened it then that all his reasoning and all his eloquence and all his influence produced no effect in the cause of unhappy Africa?' After a lapse of more than forty years the conclusion of his speech is fresh in my recollection. The Bishop of London had recently made a complaint that the *ballet* in the Haymarket was sometimes not over till past twelve o'clock on Saturday evenings; and there had been petitions to Parliament which had received some countenance praying for a prohibition of all travelling on the Lord's day. 'There are among us men who would make a law that the curtain at the opera house shall fall every Saturday night before twelve, and who would shut themselves up in the house the whole of Sunday, professing it a sin to take a walk in the fields to admire the beauties of nature and to adore the bounty of Providence, and who at the same time palliate, vindicate and vote for this odious, cruel, demoralising, unchristian traffic in human flesh. Your little exterior observances so far from being a substitute for true piety will be an aggravation of

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the wrongs you commit, as showing that you consummate your guilt by hypocrisy, the deepest, the blackest, the most odious vice by which the human character is debased.'

Mr. Windham concluded the debate with a specimen of his ingenious, quaint, chivalrous, sophistical style of speaking, by which I was often afterwards amused without being convinced. He admitted that negro slavery was a bad thing, almost as bad as the state of the French under the republic, and he wished that it never had existed: but the question was whether immediate abolition was the cure? 'We must not suppose that evils are always to be remedied by the mere reversal of what had caused them. If a man were pitched from an attic window into the street, you could not set his broken limbs by tossing him up again.' He was really actuated by the dread of innovation which in the progress of the French Revolution was so strong as to induce Burke to defend secret imprisonment in 'the King's Castle' the Bastille, and Gibbon to deprecate the abolition of the Inquisition in Portugal.

The motion was lost by a majority of four, the amount of which was probably arranged by George Rose, the Secretary to the Treasury, with a view of saving the slave trade and keeping up the hopes of the abolitionists and the credit of the Minister.

After hearing this debate I could no longer have been satisfied with being 'Moderator of the General Assembly.'

However, I exerted myself to the utmost for the improvement of my pupil, and I continued with him for nearly two years; at the end of which time, if he was rather deficient in longs and shorts, he was well acquainted with the principles of grammar, he had a good notion of composing in Latin prose, and he could read and be amused with Ovid's 'Metamorphoses.'

Mr. Webster purchased a fine country house at Shenley Hill in Hertfordshire, where we spent the following summer. Mrs. Webster, wishing to take a lead in fashionable life, induced her husband to rent a splendid mansion at the west end of the town, first in Bruton Street and then in Upper Grosvenor Street. She did not think it genteel that her

son's tutor should sleep or eat in the house, and to my great satisfaction lodgings were taken for me in Conduit Street, my appointments were increased that I might provide for my own board, and unless during the hours of study I was entirely my own master.

[From the time that my father came to London he kept up a regular correspondence with his father in Cupar and with his brother, then studying in Edinburgh. Most of his letters have been preserved, and from them we learn the particulars of his life during his early years. The following letter was written about a month after his arrival in London and a few days after the debate on the slave trade.—ED.]

Clapham Common: April 10, 1798.

My dear Father,—How happy am I to hear at last that you are all well! It is exactly four weeks to-day since I received your last letter. I have been several times in London, and have paid very agreeable visits to my friends there. I saunter about everywhere, and I believe I have seen everything accessible which is worth seeing in this vast metropolis. I have been in St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the Tower, &c. I find my way as easily in London as in Cupar, Fife. I have an excellent plan of the town which I consult always before I leave Clapham, and carry along with me.

I went to the theatre on Monday to see Mrs. Siddons in Isabella, and was infinitely delighted with her. I doubt whether Garrick ever was so great notwithstanding all you say of him.

I had afterwards rather a disagreeable part to play. Returning home soon after twelve, I rang in vain for admittance, and was obliged to walk back to London and take refuge in the Hummums, Covent Garden. There is no danger of being robbed near London as there was in your time. The roads are all lighted and guarded, and I have walked home repeatedly after dark without any molestation.

It is impossible for me at present to attend a master for reading English. The distance from town is too great to

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allow me to go there, and no one of eminence lives near us. I have been labouring under a mental indolence since I left you, but I now begin to get the better of it. The following plan I now mean strictly to follow:—Be dressed by seven. Study languages and mathematics till breakfast. Thence till twelve composition. Then begin my pedagogic duties. At half-past one I go out and walk till three. Then comes another lesson. Dine at four. English and geography between five and six. Walk till seven. Tea. Read English till nine. Supper. I return to my room about ten and amuse myself with lounging books till I am sleepy and go to bed.

Clapham Common: June 6, 1798.

My dear Brother, . . . I am not at all sorry that the application for the living of Legerwood failed. I take it to be in the most dreary part of Scotland, and at all events I have not the most distant desire to be settled as a minister for six or eight years to come. Not that I have any aversion to the pastoral office. On the contrary, the more I see of the world I am the more convinced of its vanity, and I am more fully persuaded that there is as much happiness to be enjoyed in a manse as in a palace.

Last Thursday I saw the London and Westminster Light Horse Volunteers reviewed by the King on Wimbledon Common. There are about 600 in the corps—all gentlemen of fortune, and their horses would all fetch at least 100 guineas apiece. There were, it is said, 5,000 carriages on the ground, and I can swear there were as many as would reach from Kinghorn to the banks of the Tay.

Shenley Hill, Herts: August 9, 1798.

My dear Father,—The family left Clapham on July 10, but I was left behind in Surrey for a fortnight. During this time, except thrice when I went to London, I saw not a human being with whom I could converse. But with books I do not feel solitude, and the days rolled on neither unpleasantly nor unprofitably. About a week after I received your last I went to your old friend and classfellow Willie Thomson and asked him to give me some work. He expressed

himself in a very friendly way, and said he would be very happy if I would write for him. He gave me some books to review, and desired me to compose an essay as a specimen of my ability. I have sent to him this morning my review of the books and thirty-five quarto pages closely written upon 'The Necessity, Practicability, and Advantages of a Legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland.' You shall hear of their fate in my next. If I were asked like Solomon what I most covet, I should answer, a good English style.

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35 Warwick Street, Golden Square: November 22, 1798.

My dear Father, . . . Since I came back to London I have had an offer of a reportership to a newspaper. I rejected it without hesitation, although I should have had a very good salary. This is a mode of life which I shall not embrace without necessity. I have become acquainted with Peter Stuart, editor of the 'Oracle,' and have engaged to write an article in his journal which he calls 'Novelties of Literature,' a review of all the new publications. I intend to be very industrious this winter, for the sake of my mind rather than of my purse. . . .

Warwick Street: November 28, 1798.

My dear Father, . . . I have procured several literary engagements to exercise my pen. I have undertaken to review books and translate French newspapers for the editor of the 'Oracle,' and have made a more serious arrangement with Willie Thomson. I received a note from him last Saturday, desiring me to call upon him. When I went, he told me he had been engaged by the booksellers to write the historical part of the 'Annual Register' for the year 1792, which was still in arrear, and that he wished me to assist him. He assigned me the History of the French Colonies in the West Indies during that period, and I have promised to furnish him with a chapter on this subject in a fortnight. I shall have to do little more than abridge Edwards's History of St. Domingo. I interrogated him about my former compositions, of which he had taken no notice. He said that, though abounding in

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errors, they showed considerable reading, judgment, and acumen, that my reviews would do very well, but that what I had written on the Irish Union was not calculated to strike the public mind. This critique, although severe, was not more so than I expected or deserved. By employing me now he shows that he does not think my faults incorrigible. My opinion of myself becomes lower and lower every day. I have no longer the most distant hope of ever composing with elegance, or of making any figure in the literary world. I can only wish for some retreat where I might employ myself in writing sermons and fattening pigs, where I might live and die unknown.

Warwick Street: December 16, 1798.

My dear Brother, . . . My attention is always occupied with some literary pursuit, and I have never felt a moment's *ennui* since I came to town. I live very economically. I dine at home for a shilling, go to the coffee-house once a day, fourpence; to the theatre once a week, three and sixpence. My pen will keep me in pocket-money. I this day begin a job which I must finish in a fortnight, and for which I am promised two guineas; but, alas! Willie Thomson paymaster! He owes me divers yellowboys already. I go no farther than to write the history of the last war in India for him till he pays me all. I have given up, foolishly I believe, my engagement with the 'Oracle,' the office of historian being more noble than that of newspaper critic and translator.

Warwick Street: April 1, 1799.

My dear Father, . . . I shall never get on in this town, and the sooner I come back to you the better. I am condemned to perpetual neglect and obscurity. Did I cringe and flatter and fawn, I should certainly be noticed, however indifferent my character and however despicable my talents. But I am proud as well as poor, and I must ever remain neglected and obscure. One way my foolish fancy once suggested to me by which I might raise myself from the ground, but experience has dispelled the illusion, and I find that I am as little qualified for literature as for everything else. I

am reconciled to the galling truth, 'Vivendum et moriendum est mihi ignoto.' My ambition now is to find some secure retreat, where forgetting and forgotten I may spend the *curriculum vitæ cœlo datum* in gloomy peace and desperate contentment. I have some thoughts of setting out in search of such a retreat 'Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around;' but if you can procure me a living in the Kirk of Scotland, you will save me the trouble of crossing the Atlantic.

No. 18 Warwick Street, Golden Square:
April 2, 1799.

My dear Brother, . . . I am about to leave London in a fortnight. Whither I shall then go I am perfectly uncertain; Mr. and Mrs. Webster and the family return to the country, but it appears extremely improbable that I shall accompany them. I may probably return to Scotland immediately. I might contrive to make my bread in London pretty well, I believe, but from many considerations I imagine it will be more prudent to 'arise and go to my father.' It will be a little mortifying, to be sure, to revisit Caledonia as poor, obscure and dependent as when I left it. All is for the best.

I suppose you are now attending the medical classes at Edinburgh. Since I wrote you I have attended two meetings of the 'Lyceum Medicum Londinense.' Visitors are allowed to speak. The first night they were discussing the subject of 'fever,' and, after hearing all the different theories, I rose to propose a new one which would have completely overthrown the Cullinian, the Brownonian, and the Sydenhamian, but unluckily at that moment the clock struck eleven and the society dispersed. Next night I had no desire to speak upon the question, but wishing to hear the opinion of this learned body upon the constant intermission of my pulse, I made the fellow who took me in state my case to the society. Some said it proceeded from an ossification of the valves of the heart, some from debility, some one thing, some another; but I was happy at last to hear from one fellow that an irregular pulse was by no means uncommon, and that it had been proved by

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several physicians to be the case with at least one man in thirty. . .

Shenley Hill: May 23, 1799.

My dear Father, . . . You will be happy to learn that I am here in high health and spirits.

I intended to make a pedestrian tour, chiefly that I might visit the celebrated city of Oxford. Having left London on Saturday morning with my staff in my hand, I had just passed Turnham Green when I was overtaken by a gentleman's servant in livery driving a handsome gig with a saddle horse tied to it. 'Going down this road?' 'To Windsor.' 'I'll give you a cast so far if you please, for I goes to Oxford. Master went down last night.' 'To Oxford! For how much will you take me with you?' 'Five shillings, your honour.' At the end of the first stage I got the gig to myself. You can form no idea of the figure I cut, or the respect paid to me. When I stopped at an inn, four or five waiters surrounded me to receive my commands, and no sooner did I approach a turnpike than the gate flew open and I passed without paying, the toll collector saying, 'Your servant will pay, I suppose, sir.' I slept that night at Henley, and reached Oxford next morning to breakfast.

Having with much delight viewed many colleges, halls, libraries and churches, I bade adieu to this famous seat of learning, overwhelmed by its exterior grandeur, but with no respect for its antiquated institutions.

I thought I had left myself daylight to walk to Thame, a distance of only fourteen miles, but owing to the roughness of the chalky road, darkness closed upon me while I knew not how far I might be from my destination. I lost my way, was caught in a thunderstorm, and met with strange adventures, which will amuse the public when they read my 'Five Days' Ramble.' At last I reached my inn, and was consoled by a blazing ingle and a good supper. I had been rather agreeably excited by the novelty and romance of my situation. 'Misfortune is not always unhappiness.'

Next day I had a delightful walk to Buckingham. The view of a noble river winding through a picturesque and highly cultivated country made me think of the Eden and

its *pascua læta*. I thought that I was never more to encounter difficulties in this life. But you must now suppose me setting out from the 'White Hart' at Buckingham about seven o'clock on Tuesday morning, while a hurricane blows and a deluge descends. Till I reached Woburn I was pelted by the pitiless storm. Then it cleared up, and I was rewarded by seeing the Duke of Bedford's house, park and gardens, among the finest in England. On I pushed to Leighton, where they were holding a great cattle fair, and thence to Dunstable, which I at last reached, much fatigued and exhausted. Here I thought all my troubles were over, but, alas! they were only beginning. The inns were so crowded, or my draggled appearance was so much against me, that none of them would admit me. Having in vain tried the 'King's Head' and the 'Blue Boar' and the 'Three Pigeons,' and the 'Plough' and the 'Bell' and the 'Sugar Loaf' and the 'Swan,' I was proceeding for St. Albans, when in the suburbs I spied a house with a cock erected before it as a sign. It looked most desolate, but here I was glad indeed to obtain a night's lodging. I believe it is a resort of thieves and poachers, but I safely escaped from it early next morning, not however without paying an extravagant bill. The weather was again beautiful beyond conception and, had my feet not been blistered, I should greatly have enjoyed the walk. About two miles from Dunstable I was overtaken by the Liverpool stage-coach on its way to London. I joyfully mounted the box, and thus travelled through St. Albans to Ridge Hill, within a short distance from the house in which I am now writing to you.

Thus by a little energy did I successfully complete my tour,—improving an opportunity for acquiring knowledge, and snatching from destiny five days of happiness.

Shenley Hill: June 8, 1799.

My dear Brother, . . . I have again some hopes of a translation. Meanwhile I am trying my hand at a poem upon 'The Art of Flattery.' I had not been inspired by the muses since the time I wrote 'Carslogie, a Pastoral,' till one day lately when the phrenzy seized me, and I wrote fifty lines

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before I rose. I sent it to Cupar. Our father allows it no merit, partly, I believe, from the apprehension that leaving the Church I may become a poet. I am satisfied that this is not my path to immortality; but I write verses for two reasons—first, as a pleasant pastime; secondly, as a method of improving my style in prose.

10 Upper Grosvenor Street, London:
December 11, 1799.[2]

My dear Father, . . . If the renunciation of my scheme of abandoning the Church be the only price of your forgiveness, I fear I shall not soon cease to mourn under your displeasure. I am the more enamoured of my scheme the more I consider it. My fancy is not heated to such a degree that I do not see many and formidable obstacles to its execution; but I am firmly convinced that they are by no means insurmountable.

Those who struggle with the greatest difficulties at first are finally the most successful. You know how poorly off Tom Erskine was while a student. Mr. Pitt was obliged to pawn his chambers in Lincoln's Inn before he was called to the bar. You did not know perhaps that Billy was a lawyer. Burke, and half the statesmen who have flourished in England, had previously studied at an inn of court. The great advantage of a knowledge of the law is that, besides enabling you to enter a most lucrative and honourable profession, it fits you for a thousand other situations, to fill which without it you would have been incapable. Some people could be extremely happy with a country kirk in Scotland. I am no longer of the number—not from any dislike to obscurity, but from a horror of inaction. When I am employed I am happy. When I am idle I am miserable. Now, I never exert myself without absolute necessity, and I find no pleasure in feeding pigs or shelling peas. As a country minister, therefore, I should be the most miserable of human beings, and not improbably should at last become completely deranged. As a reporter, and after-

[2] The letter in which Mr. Campbell first communicated to his father his scheme of studying the law cannot be found.—ED.

wards as a lawyer, I shall be obliged to be busy every hour of the day, and shall have no time to indulge in gloomy and distressing reflections. In Scotland I should be nearly cut off from the streams of Helicon; in London I have only to kneel down and drink my fill. I shall pass my life in the centre of the republic of letters, and by unwearied assiduity may perhaps obtain some of its honours. It is folly to think that happiness consists in tranquillity and ease. Man was made to be active. A busy life is more exposed to suffering, but it certainly enjoys a greater surplus of felicity. The peaceful lake is often choked with weeds and putrid from stagnation. The waters of the mountain stream which foams amidst rocks and dashes over precipices are ever limpid and sweet; it fertilises and adorns the country through which it flows. . . .

[His father appears to have granted a reluctant consent to his scheme of remaining in London to study law, and in the Autobiography we have the following account of an engagement with the 'Morning Chronicle' which enabled him to carry out his purpose.—ED.]

. . . . My resolution was fixed by an offer now made to me. At St. Andrews I had been acquainted with Robert Spankie, considered by far the cleverest man of his year, afterwards Advocate-General at Calcutta, a Queen's Sergeant and Member of Parliament for Finsbury. He was then editor and part proprietor of the 'Morning Chronicle' newspaper along with Mr. James Perry, who by his talents, honour, consistency and gentlemanly manners had conferred great credit on the newspaper press. I had renewed my acquaintance with Spankie on coming to London, and had now formed an intimate friendship with him. I was pleased with his political essays, which were admirable, and I was still more pleased with his wit and pleasantry, which afterwards secured to him the reputation of being the most agreeable companion in the profession of the law. Having stated my views and difficulties to him, he undertook to get me an engagement to contribute to the 'Morning Chronicle,' which would be entirely compatible with the study of the law, and

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which would permit me more freely to devote myself to it than if I were to depend on more precarious sources of income.

I left the Websters on very friendly terms, and I continued to visit them and to be treated by them with kindness. Mr. Webster within a year afterwards died, and his widow contracted a second marriage with a gentleman of the name of Douglas. They afterwards consulted me about their affairs when I was rising to eminence at the bar, and I had the satisfaction of being of considerable use to them. The son was sent to a public school, entered the army, married a daughter of the Earl of Mountnorris, and became Sir James Webster Wedderburn.

CHAPTER III.

JANUARY 1800—AUGUST 1802.

Takes Lodgings in Tavistock Row, Covent Garden—Departure of his Brother for the East Indies—Trial of Hadfield—First Visit to Scotland—Return to London by Sea—Moves to Stanhope Street, Clare Market—Enters at Lincoln's Inn—Takes Chambers in Lincoln's Inn—Reports Parliamentary Debates—Administration of Mr. Addington—Excursion to Margate and Brighton—Preliminaries of Peace with France—News of his Brother—Trial of Governor Wall—Treaty of Amiens—Contest for the County of Kent—Proposal to visit Paris.

London: January 16, 1800.

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My dear Father,—I now write to you for the last time from Upper Grosvenor Street. Before you receive this I shall have entered upon the office of reporter to a newspaper. 'Rash, headstrong, ungrateful boy,' you will say, 'is this the return you make me for all my kindness?' Judge me not unheard. I were a wretch indeed if, after the letter which you wrote to me, I should take any step I believed you would disapprove. High as my opinion was of your liberality, generosity, affection and tenderness, and great as were my own filial reverence and piety, upon perusing your last letter your character rose in my esteem, and my veneration and love fell little short of idolatry. As I folded it up, I vowed in a fit of enthusiasm that it should be the constant study of my life to render myself worthy of such a father. This object I fear I shall never be able to attain, but I trust that its attainment will not be retarded by my conduct in this affair. I did not take the decisive step till, convinced of its propriety myself, I was also convinced that had my father been upon the spot, he would have sanctioned it with his unqualified approbation.

Notwithstanding all you have said, the plan of studying

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law possesses many charms for me, and this is the only way I can ever possibly carry it into effect. Since you are so decidedly against the project, I shall not enter at the Temple for some months, but I can by no means prevail on myself to abandon it, and if I find myself comfortable in my new situation, I fear I shall not long be able to resist the temptation of trying my luck in the lottery of fortune. I must enter upon business, no doubt, with great disadvantage, being so completely friendless, but I shall have an opportunity of studying in no respect inferior to those who are allowed two or three hundred a year by their friends.

Practice at the English bar depends by no means so much upon family interest as at the Scotch, and whoever distinguishes himself is sure of employment. Those who have powerful connections no doubt have a much better opportunity of displaying their talents, but if they are dull or dissipated no interest however great can push them on. They must yield to those who, joining attention to talent, have shone into notice notwithstanding the seemingly impenetrable fog in which fate had enveloped them. For one who can enter into any other advantageous line of life with a probability of success, I think it would be folly ever to think of becoming a lawyer,—the chance is four to one that he fails; but though I fail, I shall have the consolation to reflect that I have sacrificed nothing by the fruitless attempt. There certainly is a chance of my succeeding, and why should I not try it, when, though I am unsuccessful, I shall be exactly *in statu quo* I should have been had I never made an attempt?

3 Tavistock Row, Covent Garden:
February 17, 1800.

My dear Father,—I begin to feel less forlorn than I did the first week after my brother left me, and I dare say that after I am a little habituated to the business I shall be as happy in my present as I could be in any other situation. I have got a couple of rooms, for which I pay only nine shillings a week. Of course the air I breathe is pretty poetical, but it is the purer for that. I generally dine at a house where my dinner and drink cost me two shillings and two pence, yet I find it

the cheapest house in London. I never think of supper. My great desideratum is eligible society. When my business is over, perhaps about seven or eight o'clock, I feel very much at a loss how to pass away the evening. I hate to drink with a parcel of dissipated reporters, and I hate to return to my cold, dreary apartment. My inclination to enter upon the study of law is by no means diminished by having attended a term at Westminster Hall. Notwithstanding the severe shocks my vanity has of late sustained, I still think I could make a better figure than many who are reckoned first-rate lawyers. I one day lately consulted my friend Mr. Gray upon the subject, and the cold, the phlegmatic, the timid John Gray said that he thought the plan very rational, and that I was uncommonly well cut out to succeed at the bar. I must however in fairness tell you that I had just before been flattering him highly about a pamphlet he has recently published on the Irish Union.

I am extremely obliged to Jess[1] for her inquiries about the state of my linen, &c. She supplied me with such an excellent stock before I left Scotland, that I shall not need any more for a long time to come. I was extremely sorry that George's sudden departure prevented me from sending anything to her and the rest of the girls. . . . God bless you all.

3 Tavistock Row, Covent Garden: May 29, 1800.

My dear Father,—I embrace the opportunity of Mr. Wilson going down to Scotland to send you George's miniature.[2] It has been daily bedewed with my tears since it came into my possession, and I surrender it to you with reluctance. You would receive a letter from him dated on the 23rd, when the vessel was under way. The wind has since been favourable, and he is now far from the shores of England. I must suppress my feelings on this occasion, lest I should add to the poignancy of yours. We should all consider that

[1] His eldest sister.

[2] Mr. George Campbell had obtained an appointment in the Medical Service of the East India Company. After passing some weeks in London he had embarked on board the 'Lady Jane Dundas,' at Portsmouth for Calcutta.—ED.

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in proportion as it is bitter for us to part with him on account of his good qualities, we have the greater chance to see him soon return independent, virtuous, and happy. Let us be of good cheer and trust in God.

Perry told me a few days ago that he meant to raise my salary considerably, and that he would give me as soon as I pleased a draft for the difference between the increased salary and my original allowance since the time I entered with him. This is certainly very handsome. As soon as I get the money I shall send you down *de quoi* to pay the balance due from George to the paymaster of his regiment.

I have time to add no more. My tender love to my sisters.

Thursday evening, quarter-past five o'clock.
June 26, 1800.

My dear Father,—Hadfield is acquitted.[3] I am this moment come from attending his trial. The defence was interrupted by Lord Kenyon, as it evidently appeared that the prisoner when he fired at the King had been completely deranged. He has now come to his senses, but will be confined for life. I have got a great part of the trial to write out, and must on that account make this note extremely short. . . . The postman's bell rings.—J. C.

London: July 7, 1800.

My dear Father,—I sit down to write you a few lines, though very few they must be, as I am obliged to go to the House of Commons in half an hour. I had determined to dedicate yesterday forenoon to the task of giving you a full account of my present views, but just as I had taken the pen into my hand, I was summoned to the office to translate French papers. . . . I intend to leave London on Sunday July 27. Till within these few days I had firmly resolved to walk down, but the excessive heat of the weather, the large expense I should be put to, and the delay it would occasion in my arrival at Cupar (no one of which I can at

[3] Hadfield was prosecuted for shooting at George III., and defended by Erskine.—Howell's *State Trials*, vol. xxvii. p. 1282. See account of the trial in *Lives of the Chief Justices*, vol. iii. p. 37.—ED.

present well bear) have deterred me from my purpose, and I am now resolved to trust myself to the waves, deferring my tour through Cumberland and the West of England till my return southwards in September. . . . I certainly have not the smallest objection to go through part of my probationary trials as you desire. Whatever I may afterwards undertake I can be no worse for having been proposed to the Presbytery and the Synod. I fear I am very much rusted in my knowledge of theology. That I may be able to make a decent figure, I beg you will have some of your standard books ready for me when I arrive. When I am in low spirits and sitting alone in my gloomy garret, I contemplate with pleasure the idea of being licensed and procuring a settlement in the Church. I spurn it when I hear the eloquent addresses of Law, of Gibbs, of Erskine, and, while my heart burns within me, a secret voice assures me that if I make the attempt I shall be as great as they. Whether this impulse is the admonition of God or the instigation of the Devil we shall discuss at length when we meet. . . .

3 Tavistock Row, Covent Garden: July 28, 1800.

My dear Sister, . . . You told me you were anxious with regard to the time of my departure from London. The precise day I cannot fix, as it does not entirely depend upon myself, but I believe we sail on or about Sunday next. Parliament sits a week longer than was expected, otherwise I should now have been upon my way.

I am convinced that I cannot devote myself to the Church, and I feel strongly that I ought on that account to abandon all thoughts of entering it. Respect for the opinion and wishes of my father alone restrains me from renouncing all claims to the clerical dignity. Upon mature, sober, deliberate, dispassionate, and cool consideration I am firmly convinced that I ought to turn my sole and undivided attention to the law. I assure you that it is a sense of duty, rather than inclination, that prompts me to the arduous undertaking. I have little doubt that I myself should pass my days much more happily as a parish parson than as an eminent lawyer; but I think that when the path to wealth

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and fame is open to any man he is bound for his own sake, but much more for the sake of his friends, to enter it without hesitation, although it should be steep, rugged and strewed with thorns. I declare to you most seriously that I have scarcely a doubt that I should rise at the English bar. The reasons which lead me to be thus confident of success are by much too numerous to be stated in a letter. I have the most encouraging examples before me. I see men at the top of the profession who entered it without money and without friends, whose abilities, I may say without subjecting myself to the slightest imputation of vanity, are not superior to my own, and whose industry and exertions were inferior to what mine would be. If my father could allow me 200*l.* a year, you will admit that I should aspire to some higher object than the Kirk of Scotland. I am now in every respect as able to prosecute the study as if I had such an allowance. Taking out of consideration the courts of law, which I should attend at any rate, I am certain that upon an average I shall not be employed above three hours a day. These three hours, were I an independent student at the Temple, I could not possibly spend more profitably than in attending the debates in Parliament, and in writing them out. You may laugh; but my present situation is an admirable school for the bar. If my health continues good, and if I do not greatly change my sentiments in Scotland, and if my father will sanction the plan with his consent, when I return to London I shall take chambers in the Temple, and commence the study of the law with a determination not to abandon it till I have found, from experience, that I have overrated my talents, application, and good fortune. Without my father's consent I never shall enter upon the enterprise, nor shall I ever attempt to wrest it from him by force or importunity. I believe that he would receive more pleasure from me as a lawyer than as a minister; but if he is not convinced by the arguments I offer, I shall conform myself in everything to his wishes. It shall be the study of my life to promote his happiness; and obeying his commands I know well is the surest way to promote my own. In the visions of fancy I sometimes flatter myself he may see me at no distant period

attaining to professional eminence and a greater man than I could possibly be by entering the Church. One single speech or one single publication may be the means of making my fortune. Giving evidence of the profoundest abilities in Scotland is like a flower wasting its fragrance in the desert, or a gem sparkling at the bottom of the ocean, whose lustre is marked only by the stupid inhabitants of the deep. Although I am friendless at present, I am not sure that it ought to be assumed that I shall be without friends six years hence. During that long period surely some opportunity will occur of forming desirable connections, and every opportunity shall sedulously improve. In about six years after I am called to the bar I expect to have distinguished myself so much as to be in possession of a silk gown and a seat in Parliament. I shall not have been long in the House of Commons before I interest the Minister in my favour and am made Solicitor-General. The steps then, though high, are easy, and, after being a short time Attorney-General and Master of the Rolls, I shall get the seals with the title of Earl Auld-Kirk-Yaird. I am sorry that this last sentence has escaped me, as it is the only one that did not come from the bottom of my heart, and as it tends to throw an air of ridicule over everything I have said. At the same time I do not think that Lord Thurlow, Lord Loughborough, Lord Kenyon, or Lord Eldon had a better chance at my age of filling their high offices than I now have of succeeding them. There is nothing like aiming at something great. 'Bade a goon o' goud, &c.'[1] Say every day 'I will be Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain,' and you will be made a Puisne Judge of the Court of Common Pleas.

My heart always beats when I think of our meeting, and in some unaccountable manner my sensations are by no means unmixed when I anticipate the scene. God grant I may find you all well, comfortable and happy. Adieu, my dear Jess. I shall ever remain,

Your most affectionate Brother,

J. CAMPBELL.

[1] 'Wish for a gown o' goud and ye'll aye get a sleeve o't.'—Scotch proverb.—ED.

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[After the visit thus anticipated had taken place, the correspondence is renewed as follows :—]

Lowestoft: Monday, Sept. 22, 1800.

My dear Father,—Lest you should be anxious for my safety from the hard gales of wind which we have had for some days, I now sit down to set your mind at ease by informing you that I am at present on dry land, and do not mean again to tempt the dangers of the sea. It is exactly a week since we left Leith, and I have suffered as much as would fall to the lot of other mortals in a twelvemonth. Except for a very few hours the wind has blown quite in our teeth, and everything conspired to chagrin me. When I set out I was in hopes I should pass my time very agreeably, as there was a genteel and pleasant family which occupied the after-cabin; but the ladies have been constantly sick, and it was impossible for any stranger to be admitted. The rest of the passengers were the lowest, the most vulgar, and the most illiterate of mankind.

You had roped my trunk so very hard that I could not unrope it, and, not being very anxious as the lock was broke, I have never yet inspected its contents, and have been without books, sea stores or clean linen the whole voyage. I escaped sea-sickness, but I do not know if I should consider this a blessing, as I remained more sensible to the horrors of my situation. My reflections and anticipations were not of the pleasantest. I walked the deck by myself the whole day and the greater part of the night, and hitherto I was not altogether unhappy; but on Saturday night a gale of wind springing up from the south raised such a sea that the waves dashed over the deck every minute, and all the passengers were confined below. No words could describe the scene there exhibited. Some were sick, and some were swearing. Two sucking children screamed as if roasted on gridirons. Their mothers were sick to death, and the air was as bad as that in the Black Hole at Calcutta! We never were in the least danger, except perhaps in plying into Yarmouth Roads. Then a perfect hurricane blew right ahead of us, and we were obliged to work through a channel not many yards broad. We touched almost

every two minutes, and had the ship disobeyed the helm for a moment we must all have gone to the bottom. We anchored opposite this town (which is about eight miles from Yarmouth) early yesterday morning. I waited patiently a whole day in hopes that the wind would change, but it now blows fresh from the S.W. and the sky looks angry and threatening. Unable any longer to bear up under such a complication of misfortunes, I found means to get on shore, though with considerable danger, and I am determined to go up to town in the Yarmouth coach. I should suffer incredibly remaining with the ship, and, though not much more, I believe I have enough to pay my seat outside the 'Telegraph.' The distance is little more than a hundred miles.

I feel rather dreary when I think of going to London, where I am without a home and without a friend; but I must banish reflection if I would not be wretched. I fear much that my conduct distresses you; but, alas! I know nothing which I can say to comfort you. I have bid a final adieu to the Church, and if I fail in my hazardous undertaking I shall bury my head in some retreat far removed from my native land.

Yours most affectionately,
J. C.

Tavistock Row, Covent Garden: October 4, 1800.

My dear Father,—I was on Wednesday made happy by the receipt of yours of the 27th. I would have answered it in course, but till this day I did not know where to desire you to address to me in future. Any thanks I could offer would be but a poor return for your unparalleled kindness and generosity. I shall therefore wait till I may testify by my conduct how sensible I am of your goodness. After my letter from Lowestoft, you will not be a little surprised to hear that I actually went again aboard the 'Caledonia,' and came round to London by sea. A few minutes after I had put my letter into the post-office, I perceived that the storm had considerably abated, and that the wind was rather more favourable. The captain and some of the passengers came on shore, and after dining with them I was persuaded

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to return to the vessel. I had reason to repent my fickleness. The wind soon shifted about to the old quarter, and was nearly as violent as ever. In two days, however, we were carried by the strength of the spring-tides to Gravesend, where I went on shore. I came up to London by the stage-coach. I have since been living in my old lodgings, and jogging on with the newspaper in the ordinary way. All my grand plan about the Temple, alas! is knocked on the head. There is not a set of chambers to be had there, nor in any of the respectable Inns. I am a good deal vexed at this, as I think I could have lived very comfortably and very economically with Mary Bruce.[5] Your goodness, however, in sending me so many table-cloths, towels, &c., will not be without advantage to me, as I have taken the second floor of No. 6 Stanhope Street, Clare Market, which I am to furnish myself. I get it unfurnished at the rate of 18*l.* a year, including 2*l.* a year for service. I am now in the receipt of three guineas a week, and I am to have four when Parliament meets. I have just learned that a translation of 'L'Homme Invisible' has been published by Lane, the great bookseller in Leadenhall Street. I have so often met with disappointments resembling this that I comforted myself by thinking that I had improved my skill in translating. I mean to enter myself at the Inner Temple the first day of Michaelmas term. The sum to be advanced is considerable, but I shall by that time be very well able to afford it. I am now quite well, and pass my time very agreeably. Spankie got me made free of Drury Lane Theatre, and I can procure an order for Covent Garden when I choose. . . .

Tavistock Row: Saturday, October 11, 1800.

My dear Father, . . . Though much indisposed I was obliged to go yesterday to the Shakespeare Tavern, where was celebrated the anniversary of Mr. Fox's first election for Westminster. I reported Fox's speech without being in any way the worse for the effort. I now feel quite hearty, and make no doubt I shall remain so.

[5] His old nurse.

I remove to-night to my lodgings in Stanhope Street. I have got them tolerably well furnished at a small expense. My income after the meeting of Parliament will be so great that I shall soon be able to save a little money. Upon the whole I am extremely well satisfied with my prospects. I shall live genteelly while I am a student, and I think I shall be particularly unfortunate and stupid if I am not able to turn to some account the knowledge I shall have gained in five years' steady application amidst the most favourable opportunities. I am in considerable hopes that I may distinguish myself the ensuing winter by my law reports. This is a department in a newspaper which is very much attended to in London, and which is in general but poorly executed. I regret exceedingly that I am not acquainted with some respectable lawyer. I have no one to advise me where to enter, or to direct me to the line of study I should pursue.

6 Stanhope Street, Clare Market, London:
Saturday, October 25, 1800. Half-past 12 o'clock.

My dear Father,—I have this moment received yours of the 17th. It finds me in as good health and spirits as it left you. I feel great remorse at having mentioned my illness to you, but as I said I had quite recovered, I thought you would not be at all uneasy. . . .

Receive my warmest congratulations upon your reception at Taymouth. You have certainly very great reason to reflect upon it with pleasure. My Lord's affection for you seems to have revived, and I am sure you could not be so long in the same house with him without ingratiating yourself with him very much.

I return ten thousand thanks to my sisters for their kind epistles. They afforded me infinite gratification, and I shall answer them all the moment you reopen your correspondence with Chalmers.

I find myself very comfortably lodged in Stanhope Street. I occupy the second floor (Scotice, the third story), which consists of three rooms—a parlour, a bedroom, and large dressing closet.

That I may satisfy your curiosity as far as lies in my

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power, I subjoin a list of the articles I have purchased in the way of furniture, together with their prices.

	£.	s.	d.
7 Mahogany chairs, viz., six common and one elbow	4	4	0
Tent-bedstead and furniture	2	18	0
Fine new elegant straw mattress, 1½ foot deep	1	10	0
Cotton do.	1	3	0
Counterpane	1	10	0
Three new blankets	1	13	0
A feather bolster		10	6
A looking glass		11	0
A japanned tea board		7	0
Two bedroom chairs		5	0
Brass candlesticks		5	0
Crockery ware		15	0
Knives and forks, tea-spoons, snuffers, coffee pot, &c.		10	6
A mahogany table	2	18	0
Fire irons		7	6
Pantheon stove	1	6	0
A coal scuttle		6	0
A fender		6	0
A new carpet	3	3	0
Do. for bedside		5	0
Bason-stand, bottle, &c.		8	0
	£25	1	6

There are still a good many things that I should be better for, particularly a chest of drawers, but my rooms already look pretty decently, and I am determined to buy nothing more for some time to come. The exact sum to be paid on entering at the Temple upon my honour I do not yet know, but I am sure that the demand must be very exorbitant indeed if I am not able to answer it. I yesterday requested Perry to advance me twenty guineas, and he did so with the greatest cheerfulness. I draw only two guineas till the sum is liquidated. Sandie Wilson I am sure will not scruple to lend me a small sum if it should be necessary, which I hope it will not.

I am not at all sorry at the early meeting of Parliament, though I shall be kept very hard at work for some months. I begin to draw four guineas a week from that date, and the session will not probably be longer for beginning soon. I by no means (Almighty God be thanked) repent of what I have done. The plan appears the more eligible the more I con-

sider it, and obstacles vanish which seemed to impede the execution of it.

I pass my life in the mean time even more agreeably, I am certain (such is perhaps my depraved taste), than I could have done as a Scots clergyman; far less in any situation that it is now in my power to obtain. I find my freedom to Drury Lane Theatre a very great privilege. What can be more delightful than after being weary with poring over Blackstone to go free of expense to see Kemble in Hamlet, or Mrs. Siddons in Isabella? It is no less improving than pleasant, as one has thus the best opportunity of becoming acquainted with the English drama and of acquiring the proper pronunciation of the English language. I expect to find reporting henceforth mere pastime and relaxation. I don't know whether you saw Fox's speech; it was thought to be very well done, and I got some credit by it.

6 Stanhope Street, Clare Market: December 7, 1800.

My dear Brother, . . . I have been in tears since I began this letter, and even now I am so overwhelmed as scarcely to be able to proceed. It is eight months since we parted. From that moment I have heard nothing of you, and the best that I can hope is that half the globe now divides us. I thought that time would soothe my feelings, but it daily renders them more acute. The longer you are absent I deplore your absence the more, but I must try to command myself. Everything has gone well with me, and my situation and prospects are at present all I could wish. My father would tell you in the letter he wrote you in September that I passed the autumn in Scotland. I was there about two months, and was as happy as it is possible for me to be while you are at such a distance. I went down and came up by sea. I had the happiness to find the Doctor well and in comfortable circumstances; our sisters I found amiable and accomplished. I need not mention the tender interest felt by all the family about their beloved George. Upon you the colour of their life depends. After conversing long with my father I at length took the final resolution to try my chance at the English bar. A nearer view of the Scottish

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clergy and of Scottish manners by no means tended to reconcile me to the Church. My present plan I am very sensible is only better than that of entering a family as tutor with a view of getting a kirk, but than *that* I am convinced it is better. I have as many mortifications to sustain, greater labours to bear, and more obstacles to surmount. I am cut off from all domestic happiness, and from the society of almost all with whom I would wish to associate; but there is a possibility of my being able to distinguish myself and to do credit to my family. If my father did not approve my views, he at least did not oppose them, and has since done everything in his power to second them.

On the 3rd of November I entered at Lincoln's Inn. This is the most expensive society, but the most respectable, and therefore I prefer it. Entrance money, 21*l.* 16*s.* 10*d.* I have not begun to keep my terms, as previous to doing that I must deposit 100*l.* in the steward's hands. This sum my father has insisted upon my receiving from him. From the unprecedented high price of grain he says he will be able easily to spare it in the spring, and I shall therefore enter upon commons at Easter. Before I can be called to the bar my name must have been five years upon the books of the society, and I must have kept twelve terms. I intended to have taken a set of chambers, and to have got up Mary Bruce to keep house for me, but there was not a set to be had, and I am not very sorry that the plan has miscarried. . . .

I write of nothing but myself, but I dare say there is no subject of which you are more anxious to hear. I continue to work for the 'Chronicle.' I have succeeded in my reporting career much better than could have been expected from my inauspicious outset. I can now report the debates in Parliament as well as any of my contemporaries, and as a law reporter I have acquired some reputation. I am allowed four guineas a week. As I was obliged to borrow a considerable sum from Perry, I have not yet begun to feel the benefit of this liberal salary, but I shall soon be in a state of affluence. It will cost me a good deal to buy law-books, but this and every other expense I am liable to I shall be amply able to bear. Although you should have it in your power, I

most earnestly beseech you never to think of remitting me a farthing. I should only put your remittances in the funds, and your savings will be much more productive in Bengal. I fear I shall not have so much leisure as I once expected. For a month past I have been employed almost every moment from sunrise until twelve o'clock at night. The Opposition have returned to Parliament,[6] and there has been an unusual portion of business in the Court of King's Bench. Almost the whole summer, however, I shall have to myself, and even at present my legal knowledge is very much increased by attending the courts and writing out the cases. My health is in no degree injured by the fatigues I undergo, and I never was in better plight than at this moment. I had last summer some symptoms which, from Dr. Fleming's comments upon them, alarmed me extremely, but they left me almost as soon as I breathed my native air. I was tossed about three weeks upon the German Ocean, and though it was disagreeable at the time, I am sensible I was the better for it. . . . At once from taste and necessity, I continue to live a regular, frugal, and temperate life. I am really very much in want of a companion; a friend I do not look for. I am afraid to make up to my fellow-students lest I should be repulsed. It sometimes requires the firm conviction which I have that no other line of life can be pursued by me, to bear the present without a complaint, and to eye the future without sickening. Hope, however, sometimes brightens the prospect, and I look forward to spending many years in the company of my brother.

Politics are too wide a field at present for me to enter upon. The situation of the country never was more alarming. An actual famine exists. There is no prospect of a peace with France, and we are likely soon to be at war with Russia, Prussia, and all the powers of the North of Europe. If I had any opportunity, I should be glad to send you a file of newspapers. Let me know if it is possible for them to be conveyed to you; and do, as you value my love, let me know whatever you wish that is to be found in London, and I will

[6] Fox and his party had absented themselves from the House of Commons since 1797.—ED.

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send it to you immediately. God knows that nothing would conduce so much to my own happiness as the idea of having in any degree conduced to yours. Adieu! I shall very soon write to you again. God bless you, George!

6 Stanhope Street, Clare Market:
December 31, 1800.

My dear Brother, . . . I have got through this short campaign. Parliament is to be prorogued to-day. My greatest feat was writing six columns of Sheridan. The speech was pretty well thought of. Till the meeting of the Imperial Parliament, which is fixed for January 22, I shall have nothing to do whatever. By that time I expect to have read through once the whole of Coke upon Littleton. I feel an increasing relish for the law, but the impossibility of procuring any practice appears the greater, the more I am acquainted with the manner in which business is conducted. I am determined however to make an attempt. I find difficulty in procuring law books, as I am not acquainted with any member of the profession, and my finances are still extremely low. Both these evils I hope to see speedily remedied.

No. 2 Old Buildings, Lincoln's Inn:
Sunday, January 25, 1801.

My dear Father, . . . Linny's and Mag's present arrived safe, and I shall not be more happy when the Great Seal is delivered to me by his Majesty. I look upon this as a favourable omen. Were it not a presage of my future fortune, how in the world should they have thought of a seal? Well, whether I shall get that or not, this I shall never part with to the latest hour of my life. When I look upon it, the image of my amiable and affectionate little sisters will beam upon my imagination, my heart will be dilated with pride, and the tear of fraternal love will start into my eyes.

I do not know whether you have observed whence my letter is dated. I am now sitting in No. 2, Old Buildings, Lincoln's Inn. I found it for many reasons quite necessary to remove from Stanhope Street, and there was fortunately a set of chambers to be let here exactly to suit me. I could live nowhere so respectably, and all things considered

perhaps nowhere so economically. The rent of the chambers is twenty-two pounds per annum; they are the cheapest in the Inn,—of course not the best. However, they are tolerably neat, commodious, and comfortable. Almost all my neighbours are people of large income—Honourables, Right Honourables, &c. A card with Lincoln's Inn upon it is as genteel for a young man as Grosvenor Square. From not understanding the law with regard to leases, I was put to a good deal of trouble and some expense before I could get away from Stanhope Street. Here I am, however, not owing any man a farthing, with a clean shirt on my back and a guinea in my pocket. The value of money has been so astonishingly depreciated of late years, that, believe me, your ideas of a London life are extremely erroneous. Food, clothes and lodgings have been doubled in price, and these are by no means the only considerable sources of expense.

I have scarcely done anything for the paper since my last, except now and then to write a dramatic critique. For months to come, however, I shall hardly have a moment to breathe. It is expected that we shall have a very stormy Session. If not on Tuesday, Fox has determined to attend soon in his place, and we shall have furious debating night after night. The Court of King's Bench likewise met on Friday, and I am obliged to be there every morning by nine o'clock. I am not however in any degree appalled. My health, thank God, is excellent; and my vigour, I hope, sufficient to enable me to get through with ease. On Saturday se'nnight I made my long projected round of calls. I have acquired amazing assurance of late, and can appear in the presence of a great man, or great woman even, without being at all abashed. This change proceeds, I suppose, from having now 'a local habitation and a name.'

No. 2 Old Buildings, Lincoln's Inn:
February 17, 1801.

Dear George, . . . You will see by the public prints that Billy Pitt is no longer, or in a day or two will be no longer, in office.[7] The new Administration, at the head of which is

[7] Mr. Pitt did not formally resign till March 14, when he was succeeded by Mr. Addington.—ED.

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Mr. Addington, late Speaker, is extremely unpopular, and probably will not stand many weeks. The rupture took place with regard to the emancipation of the Catholics. Pitt was for it; the King was not. The Premier retires with Lords Grenville, Spencer and Camden, Mr. Windham, Mr. Dundas, &c. The sufferings of the country were never at any time so great, and the prospect of peace was never at any time more distant. The King beyond all doubt risks his crown by his obstinacy.

I have been trying to get acquainted with someone going to Bengal in this fleet, but have not succeeded. It would be a consolation to me to see anyone who is soon to see you, to send by him a memorial which he would deliver with his own hands. But who can tell how far you may be from Calcutta? You are perhaps among the mountains of Thibet. I often dream that I pant together with you beneath the sun's scorching rays, or see you attacked by a poisonous serpent. God avert every evil omen and preserve you from every danger! I continue to jog on as usual. The parliamentary proceedings have not been so interesting for many years, and I have a good deal to do. My health, however, continues good and my spirits improve. Adieu.

No. 2 Old Buildings, Lincoln's Inn:
Thursday, February 19, 1801.

My dear Father, . . . From the projected changes in administration, there has not been a very great deal to do, as most of the debates have been adjourned. I had last night, however, to take a considerable part of Mr. Pitt's budget speech, and we expect to-night a long debate on the expedition to Ferrol.[8] My business becomes daily more easy to me. I have not yet seriously begun the study of the law, but certainly shall at the rising of the Court of King's Bench, which will take place in ten days or a fortnight.

[8] The unsuccessful expedition to Ferrol (Spain) had taken place in August 1800, under the command of Sir James Pulteney. The anticipated debate came off on the motion of Mr. Sturt (Feb. 19, 1801). Sir J. Pulteney defended himself in a long speech, and after a debate in which Dundas, Pitt, Grey, Horne Tooke and General Gascoyne took part, the motion was defeated by 149 to 75.—Ed.

No. 2 Old Buildings, Lincoln's Inn: March 9, 1801.

My dear George, . . . Your note of July 26 has at length come to hand. Our father's letter is dated March 5; he had that moment received it. Your letter which you wrote about three weeks before has miscarried. My dear brother, I am now almost as incapable to write to you as I was before. My whole frame trembles. I would delay writing till to-morrow and begin afresh, but I am again strictly charged not to lose a moment.

You may be perfectly satisfied when you think of poor Jack. No one can be better contented with his situation and prospects. I shall still however be extremely anxious till I hear of your safe arrival. Gracious God! what was the fate of the Kent?[9] When you are fairly settled I put great faith in your regularity and temperance for your safety. When I express my fears to East Indians, their constant question is, 'Is your brother temperate? Then there is no fear for him.' For God's sake, ever keep in mind how precious your life is. By your love for your father, for your sisters, and for myself, I conjure you to sacrifice everything to a regard for health. God ever watch over you and restore you in due time to your country and your friends.

J. C.

Lincoln's Inn: March 28, 1801.

My dear Father, . . . I must learn to speak French before I visit you again, or I shall be unable to bear a part in the family conversations. I yesterday sat for some time in the gallery of the House of Commons by the side of the celebrated M. Tallien, who was taken on his return from Egypt. I hope you have received the 'Morning Chronicle' which I sent you on Thursday. Grey's speech was by me, but it was a poor one, and there was no scope for a display of my reporting

[9] On Tuesday, March 3, 1801, the news came of the capture of the East India Company's ship *Kent* by the *Confiance*, French privateer, off the Sand Heads in the Bay of Bengal. The captain and twelve others were killed and forty-two wounded in the defence of the ship, which was most gallant, lasting nearly two hours against a very superior force.—ED.

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powers. By a miracle only I lately escaped causing Perry to be called to the bar of the House of Lords. I shall tell you how in my next. What think you of the minority? There were besides near thirty members who voted against the address the first day of the session not present at the division. There has not been such a minority since the year 1790, and I have little doubt it will increase upon every division. There is no doubt that the eyes of the people are turned towards Fox. For public and for private reasons I frankly confess I should be glad to see him in power. Never was a nation so insulted as the British nation in being subjected to the sway of Mr. Addington, a man without birth, without connections, and without abilities. The King might as well make a Prime Minister of one of his beef-eaters. The Duke of Montrose, it is generally believed, succeeds Mr. Dundas as Minister for Scotland. Overtures of peace are certainly to be made to Bonaparte immediately. The King has never yet appeared in public, and considerable doubts are entertained by many people as to the state of his health.

Lincoln's Inn: April 14, 1801.

My dear Father, . . . I hope the reports are not true which are circulated here with regard to the state of your part of the country. The weavers are all said to be starving and ready for deeds of desperation. Certainly since this island was first inhabited it never exhibited such scenes of wretchedness. Every man who has the least degree of sympathy or a spark of patriotism must at the present moment be dejected Ministers are, or pretend to be, exceedingly alarmed at the insurrectional spirit which has shown itself in different parts of the country. The Green Bag Committee made their report last night, and we are this evening to have a long debate upon the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act. If it is interesting I shall to-morrow send you a Chronicle. I must again emerge into active life. For several months to come I shall have to fag very hard. The sessions at the Old Bailey begin to-morrow, and term will begin before they are over. I do not believe that a week will pass away without four or five heavy debates.

Parties have not been so equally balanced these many years, and the Opposition are invigorated in their efforts by a near prospect of power. They have gained a great accession to their numbers within doors, but a still greater without. It is no longer a disreputable thing to be a Foxite. What should you say if in a short time you should see ours become the *official journal?* Who would then call us the advocates of atheism and rebellion? Whatever my uncle may think, I can assure you that there is no other print in London so much respected, or that I would rather be connected with.

I am quite sensible of the impossibility under which I labour of concealing my avocations. If the whole of my situation were fully known I should not at all regret this, as I have the proud consciousness of having done nothing of which I ought to be ashamed. I mean to dine in Lincoln's Inn Hall on Wednesday next. I shall carry your bill for acceptance, and if the steward refuses to take it, I shall then be able to negotiate it with the greatest ease. I have again met with a cruel disappointment in my literary pursuits. About a fortnight ago I read an advertisement in a French paper announcing a posthumous work of Marmontel, viz. four additional volumes of 'Moral Tales.' I immediately made Perry write to the Mayor of Dover to get them from Paris. William Spankie and I were to translate them, and we were promised 100*l.* for our trouble. I need not say I was very much elevated with the prospect of receiving so large a sum of money for doing so little. Yesterday the books arrived, when lo! it appeared that all the tales except three had been translated into English seven years ago. Till I have the cash in my pocket I shall never henceforth build upon the profits of any literary project. I believe I must be contented with my salary. That infamous tax upon paper is most ruinous to us gentlemen of the quill. I have been very uneasy for some time back about my income tax. I returned as large a sum (156*l.*) as I have to spend; but I have been in momentary terror of being summoned before the commissioners. Rather than submit to an examination before them I would willingly give one-half of my income instead of a tenth part of it. It is now above a fortnight

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since I sent in my schedule, and my fears begin to abate. It is probable that in the present session of Parliament some very heavy impost will be laid upon the people. Under the present Chancellor of the Exchequer the revenue will be much less productive.[1] His first act was the sale of the lottery, and the contractors cheated him out of 140,000*l*. Tickets next day sold at a premium of two guineas. I really did not imagine that the spirit of the English nation was so completely sunk that they would have peaceably submitted to such a driveller. The general opinion now is that the change in the Cabinet was actually a *juggle*, and that the new Ministers were nominated by the old. There was a division about the Catholics, but that was brought about on purpose to dupe the King. The reports continue extremely contradictory with regard to the state of his Majesty's health. It is allowed on all hands that his body is very weak; but some tell you he has in a great measure lost his mental faculties too, while others affirm that he is in complete possession of them. It is very generally credited that there is water on his chest, and that his constitution has received a shock which it can never recover. Those who wish well to him and to his dominions must wish that his disorder would take a decided turn. He is very generally pitied, and deservedly, for he is most certainly a worthy man. . . .

P.S. You must have heard before you receive this of the death of Paul.[2] The joy in London is great and universal. I should not be surprised if there should this night be a general illumination. It is reported confidently that Copenhagen is in ashes.[3] Who can tell what turn things may yet take? Perhaps Henry Addington will emulate Chatham and Marlborough?

Lincoln's Inn: Wednesday night,
Half-past 11 o'clock, April 22, 1801.

My dear Father,—I was this afternoon fortunate enough to get a frank for to-morrow, so that I shall have the pleasure

[1] Henry Addington was both Prime Minister and Chancellor of the Exchequer.—ED.

[2] The Czar Paul was 'found dead in his bed,' March 22, 1801.—ED.

[3] Nelson's victory at Copenhagen took place on April 2, 1801.—ED.

of a few minutes' conversation with you before I go to bed. The box which you despatched on March 31 has reached me safely. The eggs are truly excellent. Did the hen drop them into the saucepan they could not be fresher; the white is like a bit of fine curd. I need not say I feel highly indebted to you for this additional proof of your attention and kindness. I most earnestly wish I knew something I could send down in the box which might be of use to you or my sisters.

I this day dined in Lincoln's Inn Hall. After the bill was accepted the steward did not hesitate to take it, though it had ten or eleven days to run. I have a receipt for the sum by showing which I can get it back when I please. I should be glad to send you this, but I know you would not be well pleased if I were to do so. There is not much danger of my abusing your confidence.

Our victory at Copenhagen and the death of Paul for some days completely intoxicated the public mind. People in very low spirits are said to get soon drunk; it would appear that they likewise soon recover their senses. The equivocal conduct of Alexander, the armistice with the Danes, and the horrible reports which prevailed to-day with regard to our army in Egypt have dissolved the charm, and the gloom hanging over our affairs seems as great as ever. It is confidently asserted that Bonaparte insists upon Egypt as a *sine quâ non*, and that, as we resolutely refuse to grant it, the negotiations must break off. Mr. Addington acquired as much popularity by the death of Paul and the defeat of the Danes, as if he had actually had any share in the two events. He has no hold on the public mind, however, and a breath may destroy him. The intimacy between him and Pitt continues as great as ever, and no doubt of his *puppetism* any longer remains. Those who wish a favour never think of applying to him. By to-morrow I shall probably be able to inform you of the fate of Sir R. Abercromby.[4]

[4] Sir Ralph Abercromby was mortally wounded at the battle of Alexandria, March 21, 1801, and died seven days afterwards.—ED.

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Lincoln's Inn: May 2, 1801.

My dear Father, . . . You tell me you are growing old, and in the same breath tell me you walked on foot from Kinghorn to Cupar![5] May such a position always be followed up with such proofs! It was certainly too long a walk. I told you that I had got the box with the eggs about the middle of last month. I still continue to feast upon them daily, and relish them more and more. I am vexed to think you imagine I am making much progress in my legal pursuits. Had I exerted myself to the utmost, my improvement would have been small, and I have to reproach myself with negligence, indolence, and cowardice. I am continually at variance with myself, and if I recover my self-esteem for a little by laying down good resolutions, it is only to detest myself more heartily when the next day is gone unimproved like that which preceded it.

In the Court of King's Bench there is a box set apart for the students. Here I always sit, and shun upon all occasions the *ignobile pecus*. Were it not for my writing in the gallery in the House of Commons, my connection with newspapers I dare say would never be known; but students and barristers flock hither in scores, and an attempt at secrecy must only render detection the more disgraceful. I have dined in the hall six or seven times. We are allowed two dishes—fish and mutton, lamb and pigeon-pie, veal and pudding, &c., but no cheese and scarcely any vegetables. You may have both, but they charge you for them most iniquitously. Besides the interest of my money, I must pay, I understand, 24*s.* a term. For that I may dine fourteen times; 1*s.* 6*d.* a day if oftener. Few go above five times, but I shall attend very regularly. The hour for dinner is four. There are generally about fifty of us. As Mansfield, Thurlow, Loughborough (Rosslyn), Eldon, etc., were of this inn, it is now all the fashion.

Any news that I could give you must be very stale before this reaches you. Egypt is universally believed to be ours. The glory of the conquest and the value of the

[5] Twenty miles and a half.—ED.

acquisition no language can describe. Hanover is ceded to the King of Prussia. What his Majesty will think of this when he recovers, it is quite impossible to say. You know well enough, I suppose, in your part of the world that he is as bad as ever. That day that he rode over Westminster Bridge he absolutely had escaped from his keepers. Ministers are anxious to rid themselves of that nuisance, the Parliament, and it will probably be prorogued soon after the birthday. The sooner the better for me. Mr. Addington becomes more popular, and if his Majesty's health is re-established, he may keep his place for a few months. The Prince has pledged himself to the party of Fox, Moira, Fitzwilliam, Bedford, Norfolk, Devonshire, Northumberland, &c., the Jacobins!

Lincoln's Inn: Monday, May 25, 1801.

My dear Father,—I have this moment received yours of the 19th, and I sit down to write you a few lines lest, on any account, my silence should render you uneasy. My astonishment at *your* silence is now at an end, when I learn that you had not heard from me since the 23rd of last month. On Sunday, the 3rd of May, Thomas Campbell, author of the 'Pleasures of Hope,' &c., sailed for Edinburgh, and I entrusted him with a packet for my sisters at Miss Gordon's, in which was enclosed a long letter for you. This Mr. Campbell faithfully promised to deliver with his own hand into Jane's. As the wind was fair, I had no doubt that she would have received it on Wednesday or Thursday, and that Roger the carrier would have brought the letter addressed to you in the end of the week. I am a good deal vexed, first, because the girls must have thought me very unkind; and in the next place, because I had sent them by this conveyance a five-pound note to help to keep their pockets, which I am now much afraid will never reach them. It gives me great pleasure to learn that you are all well and hearty. I continue as usual to pull the oar. I have not been of late in a suitable frame of mind for hard study, but read occasionally a page or two of my Coke-Littleton. It is expected that Parliament will be prorogued early in June, so that I shall now have as much leisure as I could possibly desire.

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You will learn with pleasure that I am this night to be proposed as a member of a debating club called the House of Commons. I shall be balloted for this day se'nnight, and as I am not known to any of the members except one, I think I have a tolerable chance to escape blackballing. If I am admitted I shall be extremely happy. It is a very respectable society, none but lawyers or students being admitted. The only subject discussed is politics. I shall thus have a complete opportunity of making trial of my powers, and, if I have any, of making myself a little known. You will caution me no doubt against espousing the cause of Opposition; but I have already determined to be the firm supporter of arbitrary power and passive obedience! Patriots in the present day cut a mighty foolish figure!

On Saturday, or more properly Sunday morning last, I was at a grand concert given by Perry upon the occasion of the christening of his heir. Such a number of capital performers never was before collected in London in any private house. The principal musical people, both male and female, from Covent Garden, Drury Lane, and the Opera, were present, besides divers private persons celebrated for their talents in this science. After being feasted with solos, duettos, trios, quartettos, &c. for an hour or two, the company sat down to a most costly and elegant supper. After supper the concert was renewed, and continued till Phœbus became one of the spectators. Tom Erskine and his family, Mr. Thomas Sheridan, and divers other fashionables, were of the party. I never spent a more tedious evening.

Lincoln's Inn: August 1, 1801.

My dear Father, . . . John Gray is going to introduce me to Dr. Gartshorne and Sir Joseph Banks, that I may be admitted to their *conversations*. I recollect the time when I would have given a great deal to mix in such society, but my eagerness to see and hear great men has very much abated. However, I shall go once or twice. I have had the whole of my time at my own disposal for a fortnight. Though I have by no means done as much as I could wish, I have done more than I could undertake to do were I allowed

to live it over again. Before the season is over, I shall certainly spend a fortnight at a watering place.

There is at present nothing talked of but *invasion*. The preparations on the French coast are truly formidable, but I have no idea that Bonaparte will make the attempt. The country shows a becoming spirit, and I make no doubt that 'Gallic strangers will meet a British welcome.' I have serious thoughts of joining a volunteer corps. At a crisis such as this the State has a right to call upon every citizen to take arms. Though I have no great stomach for fighting, I should certainly, if the French were to attempt an invasion, take the field with the greatest cheerfulness. I detest the trade of a soldier, but I honour a display of courage when one's country is really in danger. It is lamentable that we should have such a driveller at the head of affairs; but we have this consolation—and it certainly is a consolation—that Mr. Pitt directs the vessel as much as when he held the helm in his hand. . . .

No. 2 Old Buildings, Lincoln's Inn:
August 14, 1801.

My dear Brother, . . . As to public matters I have nothing further to say than that everything goes on extremely well. One of the most brilliant periods of our history has elapsed since Mr. Addington came into power. How much chance is there in the affairs of men! We dictated a peace to Denmark and the northern powers; after a most brilliant campaign we consider Egypt as our own, and the French who threatened to invade us are kept in a state of constant alarm for the safety of their coasts. There is still a very frequent intercourse by couriers between France and this country, but it is not believed that any progress has been made in the negotiation. Were it not for our finances we need not much care how long the war lasts, but the expense to which we are now put must be ruinous. Our expenditure for the present year Mr. Addington allows to be 69,500,000*l*. The peace of the Continent is not yet by any means assured. The execution of the Treaty of Luneville meets with innumerable obstacles, and I should not be at all surprised to see the whole continent of Europe again a

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prey to the flames of war. Neither France, Austria, nor Prussia reduces its troops by a single file.

Lincoln's Inn: October 5, 1801.

My dear Father,—I am persuaded it is unnecessary for me to begin by informing you that I was not in town when your letter of the 25th ultimo arrived. You know me too well to believe me capable of neglecting to answer it the moment I was acquainted with its contents. I am vexed beyond what I am able to express to think of the uneasiness you may be suffering. If you really believed me to be in London you would do me an injury if you did not believe that some fatal accident had befallen me. It was only last night at a late hour that your letter was put into my hand, so that I now embrace the very earliest opportunity of returning an answer to it. How happy should I be to accept your invitation! To spend but a few days in Cupar I would readily brave the fury of the elements and give up every plan of amusement however fondly cherished. But the fates forbid and I must submit to destiny. Even had I received your letter ten days ago, it would have been quite impossible for me to go to the North. The meeting of Parliament was even then quite uncertain, and I could not have been spared without putting my colleagues to great inconvenience. Besides many other little things to be done about the paper, the winter theatres are both open, and we are obliged to give a dramatic critique almost every night. Drury Lane is assigned to me, and I am sometimes obliged to go to Covent Garden.

I have had a very pleasant excursion through Kent, Sussex and Surrey. Fortunately we had expeditious judges at the Old Bailey, and the sessions closed almost a week sooner than was expected. The weather was now fine, and I was determined to *go a pleasuring*. Accordingly on Saturday the 26th I sallied forth from Lincoln's Inn about 3 o'clock P.M., taking the way to Billingsgate. In my coat pocket I carried a shirt, a nightcap and several neckhandkerchiefs; in my breeches ten bas-reliefs of George III. in gold; in my hand I bore an umbrella. On arriving at the Quay I

was informed that there was a hoy to sail for Margate at five o'clock. I then went to the 'Queen's Head' and ordered a fish dinner. Being a good deal at a loss what to do with myself while it was getting ready, I began to think that I might frequently be in similar difficulties during the course of my journey. I therefore determined to buy me a copy of Virgil, and immediately went out in search of one. To the disgrace of the City, I wandered more than half an hour in vain, and it was not till I had reached the very extremity of Paternoster Row that I at last succeeded. After eating a good dinner, I embarked and, the tide turning, we hauled off. My fellow passengers were pretty numerous, but so exactly resembling those represented by the satirists of the age to be found on board this species of conveyance, that it would be mere commonplace to describe them, or their behaviour. I had a little flirtation with a cheesemonger's daughter who was going to Margate along with her *mammar*, but she was rather too suddenly loving, and I went off in disgust. There was scarcely a breath of wind, so that it was low water before we had got far below Gravesend. Here we cast anchor, and remained for the night. You can form no idea of the elegant accommodation to be found on board these hoys. After singing and dancing and romping, we went to bed and lay snug till six next morning. A breeze had sprung up through the night, and we were now near the Nore. This was not the pleasantest day of the eight. In the first place, I was almost starved. I had foolishly supposed that these vessels were on the same footing with the Berwick smacks, and had neglected to lay in any provender. Nothing was to be sold but porter. Upon this therefore and a few biscuits I was obliged to live, while others were regaling themselves with their tea, their coffee, their rounds of beef, their cold fowls, and their knuckles of ham. How did I now regret that I had deserted my pretty and well provided cheesemongress! Had the wind remained steady we should have reached Margate to dinner, but about noon it fell a dead calm and we were obliged to let go our anchor. I had recourse to philosophy, and pronounced with exultation, 'The wise man in all situations may be happy;' but my unpleasant sensations

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about the sternum remained unsubdued, and I was at last obliged to exclaim with impatience, 'Who can bear a firebrand in his hand by thinking of the frosty Caucasus? or set at naught fell hunger's cruel gnawings by looking forward to to-morrow's meal?' There was an inn at a small distance on the Isle of Sheppey, but the skipper would allow no one to go on shore, and even refused 10*s.* 6*d.* for his boat which two or three of us had agreed to club. Between ten and eleven we arrived within half a mile of Margate, but there was not enough water in the harbour to allow us to enter. Some went on shore in boats. I preferred another night of fasting to entering at such an hour and in such a manner a place of which I knew as little as of a city in the moon. The night was so fine and the scene so beautiful (the moon had risen from the waves about an hour before) that I must do myself the justice to declare I forgot all the evils of an empty stomach, and for a couple of hours walked the deck altogether enraptured. I need not say how my thoughts were chiefly employed. Some philosopher has quaintly observed that he was never less alone than when alone. I am often ready to join him. In company I converse with the ignorant, the unfeeling, or the profligate; when by myself, I see before me those whom I love, esteem, and honour. On Monday morning I was up with the lark. Having circumambulated the town I returned to the harbour, and mounting a bathing machine was dragged into a crowd of ladies and gentlemen wantoning with the waves. I had a most charming bath, and, to my no small astonishment, found myself to possess my faculty of swimming in as great perfection as if I had bathed regularly every day for several years. The time was now arrived when the fatal sisters had decreed that my belly should be filled. As soon as I was dressed I repaired to one of the hotels and ate a breakfast like which few have been eaten at Margate. I had thought of remaining here some days, but finding nobody that I knew, immediately after I had seen everything remarkable about the place, I mounted the cliff and set forward, keeping within a few feet of the precipice. I turned the North Foreland, passed through Kingsgate and Broadstairs and arrived at Ramsgate. I

stopped here about an hour to admire its admirable harbour, and then continued my route. About five o'clock I reached Sandwich, and Deal about seven. I had walked not much less than twenty-eight miles. Having bespoken supper, I went upon the beach, and was a good deal amused by seeing the boats from Lord Nelson's fleet coming on shore and putting off. Neither this nor any night while on my travels did I sleep tolerably, and the cause I assign for my restlessness will appear a strange one—the softness of the beds. At first from poverty, and now from inclination, I always sleep at home upon a mattress. However I rose refreshed on Tuesday morning and set off for Dover. The distance by the highway is only eight miles, but there is a footpath along the cliffs and I preferred that, though it is three miles round. I had a most interesting walk—interesting on many accounts, but chiefly from the distinct view which I had of the coast of France. I saw Calais almost as distinctly as I used to do Leith from Kinghorn, and Boulogne with the English ships cruising before it was distinctly visible. My sensations were indeed very powerful. Before I reached Dover I had the unexpected pleasure of witnessing a grand review. Upon arriving at the top of the hill immediately north of the castle, I was surprised to find the valley below filled with armed men in a hostile posture. A fight soon after began. An attempt was made to carry one of the outworks of the fortification; the assailants were routed and took to flight. I afterwards learned that this was the garrison going through the various manœuvres of attack and defence before General Hulse. The review being over, and having contemplated all the beauty of Dover assembled on the occasion, I spent an hour in the castle (the works of which, super- and sub-terraneous, are to be sure most stupendous), and then went into the town. At the 'Ship'—the most extravagant inn in England—I had luncheon and breakfast in one. I then ascended Shakespeare's cliff, which is to the west of the town. Had I not read Shakespeare's description of it, I should have thought it very terrible, but my expectations were too high. The effect would be increased were it perfectly perpendicular. At

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present upon some parts you might follow 'the dreadful trade of samphire gatherer' without very imminent danger. I was now on the road to Folkestone, distant seven miles, and here I intended to pass the night. I had not gone far, however, before I met with a soldier who was going within a mile or two of Hythe, seven miles farther. I found some entertainment in his company, and walked along with him to Sandgate, a village composed of houses let out to sea-bathers. Here I bathed and drank tea. By the time I had taken my fifth cup it was almost quite dark, and I was still several miles from Hythe. However for this renowned city I set off, and fortunately before I had walked many yards I overtook a tilt waggon which carried me for sixpence to the 'White Hart.' This is the only cast I got during my tour. Having spent the night here as usual, that is to say, eating chops, drinking punch, and reading Virgil, I took my umbrella in my hand a little before nine, and again moved, keeping one side turned to the sea and the other to the land. I breakfasted at Romney, which, by the bye, standing in the middle of the isthmus of the peninsula of which Dungeness is the extremity, is to be reckoned an inland town. From thence I continued my way through a dead level, formerly (and at no very distant period) overflowed by the sea, till I reached Rye, a distance of thirteen miles. In the course of this stage I vented many curses upon the makers of the road, which seemed to have been laid out by an old sailor when he had the wind right ahead. I was now a good deal at a loss. I had yet two hours of daylight and there was nothing to be seen at Rye; but Hastings, the next stage, was at least twelve miles; it likewise rained very heavily. Off I set, without entering a house, and reached Hastings as the clock struck seven, I need not say exceedingly tired, having walked, some told me thirty-four, others thirty-six miles, in very little more than ten hours. What I had chiefly to lament was that my feet were sadly crippled. Not knowing the project I was about to form, I had left London in a pair of Hessian boots too small for me every way. At Deal I threw away my stockings, but I found myself worse without them. The tendons and muscles of my legs also, not having room to

play, were very much out of order. To Brighton however I had said that I would go, and as it was only on foot that I could make the journey (the road being so little frequented that there is not a stage-coach the whole way), I determined to try my legs once more, and rather than give up the enterprise to creep thither on all fours. On Thursday I breakfasted at Bexhill, six miles on. Here I bought a pair of stockings and found considerable benefit from them. A tendon however under my left knee refused at times to do his office, and it was with the utmost difficulty that I reached Eastbourne (thirteen miles) by six o'clock. Here I determined to hire a horse, but not a horse could I find. The innkeepers seemed to have combined together to harass me. Their object was to make me take a post-chaise. One fellow at last agreed to let me an animal for eightpence a mile if I would hire a man to bring him back, assuring me I should find a post-chaise much cheaper. I exclaimed, ran out of the town, and, without thinking properly what I was about, set out for Seaford, a town at the distance of nine miles. At Seaford I actually arrived, but God forbid I should ever have such another walk: to walk I was unable, I was obliged to run. Excess of danger makes cowards brave, and excess of fatigue, I fancy, makes the weary vigorous. To crown all, I lost my way, and had I not accidentally met a cowherd, must have spent the night *sub Jove*. However, after I had lain half an hour upon three chairs, and drunk a few cups of coffee, I was greatly revived and able to enjoy the sensations of successful perseverance. I was now within thirteen miles of the place where my labours were to end; and next day, about three o'clock, I entered Brighthelmstone in triumph. I am sorry that my paper is exhausted. I could, I think, have given you some not uninteresting particulars of the manners of this celebrated seat of fashionable dissipation. I spent two days in it very pleasantly, and much more profitably, I believe, than if I had been locked up in my chambers. On Saturday forenoon I intended to have written for Jess an account of my travels; but while I was at breakfast in the hotel I read the 'Courier' of Friday,[6] and my

[6] Containing the news of Peace.—ED.

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travels vanished into insignificance. Being acquainted with nobody, sight was the only avenue by which I could receive information, and by Sunday morning I had seen everything worth seeing. Therefore, after bathing and breakfasting, I mounted a coach, which at seven o'clock set me down at Charing Cross. My expense, though great, was not greater than I expected, and I really think that my money was not thrown away, but exchanged for value. I was very well before, but now I have got 'the rude bloom of health.' I have lain in great materials for reflection, for conversation, and for composition In every point of view I have reason to be satisfied with my excursion.

The Peace is reckoned advantageous to the country though most disgraceful to Mr. Pitt. All are happy, except Windham and a few such bloodhounds. Many of the first mercantile houses in London will be utterly undone. There really would not have been a greater revolution in the City had the French got possession of it. Parliament meets immediately. The anniversary of Fox's election for Westminster is on Saturday. If he makes a good speech I shall send you a 'Chronicle' on Monday. People now begin to think that he prophesied from inspiration. Remember me affectionately to my dear sisters, Jess, Jane, Eliza, Lindsay, and Magdalen.

Ever yours,

J. CAMPBELL.

I began to read over what I had written, but find I have not time. May you have patience!

Lincoln's Inn: October 6, 1801.

My dear Brother, . . . Since my last the greatest event has happened which the world has witnessed for many years. On Thursday evening last at seven o'clock preliminaries of peace were signed between the King of Great Britain and the French Republic; on the part of England by Lord Hawkesbury, and on the part of France by Monsieur Otto. We give up all our conquests except Ceylon in the East Indies, and Trinidad in the West. The Cape is to be restored to the Dutch and made a free port. Before this reaches you, pro-

bably a very long while, you will have heard all the particulars; it would be idle therefore for me to detail them. The news excited universal joy. Nothing was ever so unexpected. All hope of a successful issue to the negotiation had vanished, and on Friday morning the papers, ministerial and anti-ministerial, were filled with long speculations going to prove that it would instantly break off. The Peace is most disgraceful to Mr. Pitt. All allow that he is the author of it, and many think that he will resume his seat immediately. The discussions in Parliament will be extremely interesting; it meets almost immediately. Windham, the Marquis of Buckingham, and a few more have announced their determination to oppose the preliminaries with the greatest strenuousness. In the House of Commons I do not think they will vote twenty. The terms are bad, 'tis true, but everyone must be convinced that it would be far better to agree even to worse terms than to continue the war. You will have the French for your neighbours at Pondicherry, &c., but I hope no other effect will now be produced by their presence than to make you more vigilant and more moderate. According to my view of things the rapacity of the French in Europe does not greatly exceed that of the English in India. But you would no doubt tell me that you never interfere with foreign states except for their benefit, and that you extend your empire only to extend the empire of happiness. Had Republican France had an opportunity of interfering with the native princes before the merited fall of Tippoo, I should have been very much afraid, but I trust our dominion now rests on a foundation not to be shaken by all their machinations.

Lincoln's Inn: January 30, 1802.

My dear Brother,—After months of anxiety I am at last assured of your welfare. Your letter of June 4 reached Cupar on the 23rd, and I had a copy of it on Wednesday. Need I say how transported we all are? Not only in health, but prosperous beyond our fondest hopes! From some fatality we had heard nothing of you since your first letter from Calcutta. Ship arrived after ship, and fleet after fleet, without bringing us a line. I was unhappy to a degree which

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for the sake of my manhood I would wish to forget. Yet had I not some reason to fear an event which would have filled the whole of my future life with sorrow and bitterness? It is only the hope of again embracing my dear brother that enables me to keep afloat in the eddy which whirls me round.

. . . I continue to pull at the oar pretty contentedly. It is only however the impossibility of my being in a more eligible situation that prevents me from murmuring. I find my business in the paper not in any degree unpleasant, and I am on the best terms with my *chief*. But as I become more known I find the obstacles thrown in the way of my success by being a reporter become daily more formidable. I am absolutely prevented from forming any acquaintance with my fellow students, and I am constantly in terror when obliged to be among them. My spirits are thus broken and my energies depressed. Besides, that I may have the least chance of success, I must attend for a year or two at a special pleader's office, and this would be altogether incompatible with my *reporterial* functions. However, I am not without hopes of soon being able to support myself in another way. Nothing would please me so well as an engagement to travel for a year or two with some young man of large fortune, but of this I have not the smallest chance. My chief hope is some lucrative literary undertaking. I have reached the summit of newspaper reputation, and I dare say could get myself well recommended to a bookseller. If I could dedicate the morning to my professional pursuits, and were never to appear but as a law-student, I should go on with the most sanguine hopes of rising at the bar. I am vexed that I have said so much about myself, but I must say a few words more. I most earnestly implore you not to think of sending me any money. I am just as rich as I could desire to be, and not a wish of my heart that money can purchase remains ungratified. By and by I will accept a remittance with pleasure, because then it may be of use to me. At present, as God is my witness, by remitting me any sum, large or small, you would distress me infinitely. Do not then, as you value my tranquillity, till you have consulted me. I give you my word that I will

apply to you as soon as my views could be promoted by pecuniary assistance. I know your heart and should rejoice to be indebted to you, instead of feeling the obligation a weight.

Nothing of much consequence has lately happened in the political world. The definitive treaty is not yet concluded. No apprehensions, however, are entertained upon the subject. Party politics now engross the chief share of the public attention. Great changes are talked of in the Cabinet. Lord Westmoreland, it is said, Lord Lewisham, Lord Hobart and the Duke of Portland go out to make way for the Duke of Bedford, Mr. Grey, Mr. Tierney, &c. This rumour is very generally credited. Fox certainly does not come in, and probably not Sheridan. They consider Grey, &c. as apostates. You cannot imagine how the spirit of party has died away within the last three months. Poor Billy Pitt has fallen most sadly. He is without an ally. However, his influence must remain prodigious, and no administration against which he took an active part could stand, at least unless Fox, backed by the people, were at the head of it. There never was anything so absurd as to think of an administration which includes neither of them. We shall have nothing but changes. It is universally believed here that your Governor-General[7] has been recalled, and that he is to be succeeded by Lord Hobart. The Directors complain of his extravagance, but in truth are displeased with his liberality with regard to *free trade*.

What has been the chief topic of conversation for some time back is the trial of Lieutenant-Colonel Wall. He was Governor of Goree in the year 1783, and there ordered three soldiers to be scourged in such a manner that they died, without the form of a court-martial. Soon after his return home he was apprehended, but found means to escape from the King's messenger and to get over to the Continent. There he remained near twenty years, when, probably imagining that all the witnesses against him were dead, he came over to England and resigned himself into the hands of justice. The jury found him guilty of murder and, after having been twice respited, he was hanged on

[7] The Marquis Wellesley.

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Friday morning. The populace were so incensed against him that, had he been reprieved a third time, it is thought they would have broken open the prison and torn him piecemeal. When he stepped upon the scaffold they inhumanly gave him three cheers.[8]

Lincoln's Inn: April 1, 1802.

My dear Father,—I cannot let a single day pass without answering yours of the 27th ult. I shall be unhappy every hour that I think your present sentiments remain of me and of my situation. What I wrote you I do not at all now recollect, but it certainly could not justify you in supposing that I was sorrowfully pining away, an object for the compassion of my friends. I am too apt to say all that I feel without considering the effect it may produce, but this view of things I never myself entertained. No man is better satisfied with his lot. In some things I may think it might be ameliorated, but in my most desponding moods I am ever ready to thank Heaven for the station assigned me. I have sources of pleasure far purer and more exquisite than those which are open to many of the most favoured of fortune. When I look back on my past life there are few hardships which I have experienced that I now regret, and though the discipline I now suffer is painful, I believe it is beneficial. Do not then, my dear father, suppose that when I complain of any particular circumstance I bring a general charge against my destiny. I believe I am as happy as the generality of mankind. If I do not owe much to the present, few have such hopes from the future. If I am sometimes made unhappy by things which would give other men little uneasiness, I know pleasures to which they are insensible. I am perfectly satisfied. Whatever then should escape me in a moment of irritation or despondence, do not, I beseech you, believe that I utter the serious sentiments of my mind. You have no reason whatever at any time to be unhappy on my account. I have an unspeakable pleasure in unbosoming myself to you without reserve, but it is much too dearly purchased at the expense of your peace. Put the

[8] Howell's *State Trials*, vol. xxviii. p. 51. See account of the trial of Governor Wall in *Lives of the Chief Justices*, vol. iii. p. 147.—ED.

just construction on what I say, and, unless unknown misfortunes are in store for me, you will believe that, like other men, I taste a mixture into which evil enters—but that *good* is greatly predominant. You may have to regret that your son is not more worthy of you, but you will have no reason to think that he has been hardly dealt with by fortune.

I am anxious to set myself right with you on another point. You think, and with seeming reason, that I feel an unjustifiable antipathy to my present occupation. . . . Samuel Johnson was a reporter, but at a time when he was obliged to pass the night stretched out upon the ashes of a glass-house. I vow after the present session never to enter the gallery as a reporter more. No future success could compensate for my present feelings; and to continue in this line would be to render my chance of success altogether desperate. But, my dear father, do not suppose that my resolution wavers. Far from changing my views without your concurrence, my views are unchangeable. I rejoice more and more every day that I engaged in the enterprise, and difficulties by no means discourage me. I now with perfect knowledge of the subject can declare that, if I could maintain myself creditably for a few years, I should have a very fair chance to rise at the English bar. My present means fail me, but I shall find others. My brother, as you imagine, has made me the most liberal offers. His assistance I would readily accept to defray any *casual* expense, but my *regular* support I must earn by my own exertions. I could not bear the thought of him being scorched by a vertical sun at a dreary distance from all who are dear to him, merely to humour my caprice. The times are very bad, but still I hope to get into some way in which I may make 150*l.* or 200*l.* a year by working privately in my chambers. I should then reckon myself an independent man. I should be content, to accomplish this, to labour much harder than I now do for my four guineas a week. I trust that in the course of a few months I shall be able to tell you that my wishes are accomplished. Then shall I emerge from my hiding-hole. Then shall you hear of the speeches which I make, and my rapidly widening circle of acquaintance. I shall write to you

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to-day of dining with Tom Erskine, and to-morrow of becoming a member of the Pic-nic Club. Many conquests shall I make among the women, and much envy shall I excite among the men. The hour of my being called to the bar is eagerly expected, and every litigant in Westminster Hall is then eager to become my client!

Lincoln's Inn: April 25, 1802.

My dear Brother, . . . The whole world is once more at peace. The definitive treaty differs scarcely in anything from the preliminary, and people are quite at a loss to conjecture the reason of the long delay and furious altercations. The peace, though most glorious to France, is certainly upon the whole advantageous to England, and I do not see that we have anything to fear. At least, if we had able men to direct our councils. Addington is still ostensible Minister; Pitt, however, seems preparing by degrees to resume his former place. Dundas has given notice to his constituents that he does not mean again to solicit the honour of representing them, and is immediately to be called to the Upper House by the title of Earl Melville. Charles Hope, it is said, is to be the new representative for Edinburgh. Parliament we expect will be dissolved in the beginning of June. There will be a good many contested elections, but not between men of different parties; and there is no doubt that a Court House of Commons will be returned.

Poor Tom Erskine has met with a cruel disappointment. Lord Kenyon died at Bath about three weeks ago, and Law is appointed to succeed him. Tom came down on his marrow-bones to Addington, and they say would actually have been made Chief Justice had not Pitt interfered. However, the Prince of Wales has appointed Tom his Chancellor and, if he were now king, I make no doubt would raise him to still higher honours. But upon the Prince no reliance can be placed. He favours the Opposition at present because they support his pecuniary claims. On his accession he will probably employ the man that offers him the largest civil list. He has been shockingly ill-used by Pitt—in fact persecuted—but if he had been possessed of common steadi-

ness and prudence he would not have lost his popularity, and he might have turned Pitt out of office. The King has this season had no return of his malady, and I imagine is not a much worse life than his son. Some say he is in a state of almost perfect fatuity, but he comes frequently into public, and seems to possess all the intellect with which he was ever favoured. . . .

I have not yet said anything to Spankie about leaving the 'Chronicle.' I shall probably continue to write for it till the beginning of next session. I am not without hopes of getting a new engagement with it which might not be known. I should be very happy to supply it with articles and theatrical criticisms, in the composition of both of which I have gained considerable expertness. But this depends entirely on Spankie, with whom I have very little intimacy. It is rather hard that my difficulties are of a nature which no spirit nor industry, nor even talents, can overcome. I still hope that Phaëton's epitaph will not altogether suit me.

Peace is to be formally proclaimed to-morrow, and the town is to be brilliantly illuminated in the evening. Monsieur Otto's illuminations are to cost 1,600*l*. The communication with France will henceforth be open as before the war. I have still hopes of seeing Paris in the autumn.

Lincoln's Inn: May 21, 1802.

My dear George, . . . Strange things you will see have been going on at Paris within the last three weeks. Bonaparte has long evidently aimed at establishing a new dynasty and, after various infractions of the constitution, these questions have been submitted to the French people: 'Shall Napoleon Bonaparte be elected Consul for life?' 'Shall he be empowered to name his successor?' Books are opened in all the *communes*. It is said he is to take upon himself the title of BONAPARTE I. EMPEROR OF THE GAULS. Some say there is a great ferment in France, and others that the people are as much pleased as ever they were with their republic. This much is certain, that discontents will soon spring up, and that the rugged features of despotism being unveiled, there will be innumerable and unceasing attempts

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to overthrow it. A Brutus will probably arise, and Bonaparte will not find his safety increased by all hopes of the succession being cut off from his generals. His death is an event to be desired for the peace of the world. The ruin of this country is evidently the grand object of his life, and besides, as often as there is a prospect of internal disturbances it is evidently his interest to stir up a foreign war. It is only nominally that we are at peace now. Not an English merchantman nor a neutral with English produce is allowed to enter the ports of France, and we are about to retaliate. The French are increasing their armies, and we are not much reducing ours. Europe, however, is so dreadfully exhausted that it must remain for some time unfit for fresh exertions. Many are of opinion that on the breaking out of a new war, France will be driven within her ancient limits—a consummation most devoutly to be wished for. Italy, it is said, is ready to revolt.

The state of our domestic politics is most deplorable. Nobody knows who is minister or who is to be minister. There are above twenty separate parties. The House of Commons and the nation become daily more ashamed of Addington, and he must go out. To have such a man at the head of affairs is most disgraceful and most mischievous. With an abler and more respectable administration we most unquestionably might have got better terms of peace, and we might now check the rapacious atrocity of the Chief Consul. Pitt daily advances more and more to the foreground, but the royal displeasure is still a great obstacle to his return to office. The King was offended with the plan for raising a statue to him, and this is to be deferred till his death. The quarrel between him and Windham is serious and irreconcilable. Windham has revealed many of the secrets of the prison-house, and arraigned the conduct of the war in the severest terms. Dundas disapproves of the peace, but, true to himself, would not vote against it. He still longs for place, and has sagacity enough to see that Pitt must soon be ostensibly, as well as really, Minister. He has not yet been called up to the House of Peers. His title is to be *Melville*. It is reported that Pitt is soon to be

married to a daughter of Lord Carington. I should be glad if this were true. It is a pity that great men like him should have no continuance.

Lincoln's Inn: Friday, July 16, 1802.

My dear Father, . . . In the beginning of the week I had a very pleasant trip to Maidstone. The county of Kent is keenly contested, and I went to send up by express the state of the first day's poll.[9] I set out about three on Monday afternoon with another gentleman in a postchaise. Together with a large party of *Blues*, we dined and spent the night at Bexley with Mr. Lee, a man of great property, and a keen friend of Mr. Honywood. At six next morning about sixty of us breakfasted in the hall and then proceeded to Dartford, where we were joined by as many as made us more numerous than all the electors of the county of Fife. The cavalcade was almost a quarter of a mile long, and we had several flags with 'Honywood and Independence,' and other appropriate inscriptions. We reached Penenden Heath, where the poll is taken, about two o'clock, and we found it one of the grandest sights imaginable. Many parties not inferior to ours had come from different corners of the county, and for a circuit of several miles nothing was to be seen but carriages, horsemen, and standards. Having had the pleasure to send off the intelligence that our candidate was considerably ahead of the two others, I took supper and went to bed. On Wednesday morning I rose at seven, walked to Rochester to breakfast, spent an hour or two in seeing what is most remarkable at Chatham, and then stepped into a London stage-coach. The present candidates for Kent spent each in 1796 near 30,000*l.*, and, notwithstanding the Treating Act, their expenses on this occasion will be very great. Honywood keeps at the top of the poll and is now sure to be returned. The elections in general have taken a very unfavourable and very unexpected turn against the Court. Several boroughs to which the Treasury has nominated these seventy years have thrown off the yoke and returned Opposition members. This is partly to be ascribed

[9] Parliament had been dissolved on June 29.—ED.

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to the mismanagement of Government, and partly to a revolution in public opinion. However, the Minister from this quarter has very little to fear, though at the same time, if the partisans of the Court continue much longer without a head and split into such a number of parties, the Opposition in the next Parliament might prove extremely formidable. The intrigues of Pitt and Dundas excite much interest, but they are at present wrapt in impenetrable mystery. Nobody knows why Harry has not been created a peer, or why Pitt's creature, Lord Castlereagh, has come into office.

Lincoln's Inn: August 6, 1802.

My dear Brother, . . . There is a report in circulation at present that the King, tired of the cares of government, means, immediately upon the meeting of Parliament, to propose the appointment of a Regency. In this case Fox would certainly be Minister. I have a very poor opinion of the Prince, but I do not believe he would at once desert his old friends.

My plans at present are to report law for another year, and to make a grand exertion to maintain myself the remaining two without appearing in public. In addition to the very handsome present you have already made me, I shall not scruple to accept 100*l.* more to pay the Pleader's fee. You will not suppose I consider with perfect satisfaction the idea of your wasting away under an Indian sun to support my foolish schemes. It is with the greatest pain that I deprive you of the fruits of your dangers, your talents, and your good fortune. But I know you speak most unaffectedly when you say that you can spend your money no way more agreeably than in assisting me, and that it would make you miserable to suppose I laboured under any difficulty which you could remove. I dare say I could acquire an adequate knowledge of pleading by private study, but I should ever after be reproached with ignorance. People look much more to the opportunities one has had than to one's real acquirements. I should like to be *regularly* bred to the bar. I really believe that it is for the interest of the family that we should put ourselves to this

expense, however enormous it may appear. After I have put on my wig and gown I shall be at no loss. There are twenty ways that I could make money without discredit, that I am at present afraid to resort to from the dread of giving offence. May I not hope in time to be getting a few half-guineas for making motions of course? Perry has a good deal in his power, and I think is very much disposed to befriend me. I fear I have tired you, but you know you have yourself to blame.

In obedience to your exhortations I mean to spend a part of your remittance by taking a trip to the Continent. I at present have need neither of new law books nor new furniture, and I do not think I should answer your generous intentions by hoarding. Bonaparte is about to pay a visit to his Flemish subjects, and I have it in contemplation to meet him at Brussels. Having seen some of the principal towns in the Netherlands, I shall visit Paris. My next may very probably be dated from that celebrated place. I should gain much fewer ideas by seeing foreign countries and foreign manners some years hence. My mind would then have reached its size, and my imagination would be by no means so open to new impressions. I do not propose to be away above three or four weeks. Perhaps I ought to remain at home and study, but my curiosity is no longer to be restrained. I shall apply with more spirit when I return than if I had been pent up the whole autumn in London. Next winter I shall have much more leisure to read than I have had the two last.

Lincoln's Inn: August 19, 1802.

My dear Father,—Before this reaches you I hope to be on the other side of the Channel. I set out to-morrow for Paris. I am afraid you will think me extremely childish when I confess that my thoughts are so much occupied with my journey that it is with difficulty I can for a moment devote my attention to any other subject. Even the occupation which of all others gives me the greatest pleasure I enter upon at this moment less from inclination than a sense of duty. But then consider I am going into a new world.

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My most fondly cherished wish is about to be fulfilled. I gain admission to the richest banquet ever served up to the longing intellectualist. I am to see the scenes of memorable transactions which have interested me from the first dawnings of reason, and I am to be introduced to men who will be famous while the world endures. Whether I may be justified or not, no excursion has interested me half so much since my first visit to Dundee about seventeen years ago! I have now further views than to gratify infantine curiosity. I hope I shall not only stare and wonder, but that I shall enlarge my mind and add to my acquirements. You cannot suppose I speak in derogation of what I felt when I left London about two years ago, or what I should again feel were I now leaving London for the same purpose. Such pleasure is very different and of a far higher order. . . .

I hope that by means of this tour and the exertions I mean to make the ensuing winter, I shall be less unworthy of appearing before you than at present, and that the pleasure of the visit on both sides will be increased by its being thus a short time delayed. I have not yet determined what stay I make in Paris. I probably shall not be away more than three weeks. I had firmly resolved to go first by Ostend to Brussels, but the Chief Consul seems to have changed his mind about his progress to receive the submission of his Flemish subjects. I am to travel in the *diligence*, which takes you up at Charing Cross and sets you down in the Rue du Bouloy for 4*l.* 13*s.*, passage at Dover included. But of course you pay your own expenses on the way. I do not know yet whether I shall put up at a hotel or try to get private lodgings. I have been infinitely obliged to Spankie (who returned from France about a week ago) for his friendly offices in facilitating my journey. He has got me a letter of credit for 100*l.* upon Perrigaux, the famous banker, without a word having passed about the way the sums are to be repaid I may draw for. You may be very sure I do not mean to spend 100*l.*, or the half of it, but it is a creditable thing to have this command of money, besides being a satisfactory proof of Spankie's confidence and good will. I wish I could write a letter or two from Paris for the paper, but I fear

everything is anticipated. I shall give orders for a 'Chronicle' to be sent to you if there should be any one during my absence with any communication from me. I shall certainly obey your admonition by making the language my first object. At present I can scarcely make myself intelligible in French. I have not even taken any pains of late to qualify myself for appearing in Paris; but as one learns best to swim by plunging at once into deep water, so by throwing oneself into a foreign country one will soonest acquire the art of speaking the language. I shall deny myself the pleasure of English society and, however awkward I may feel, mix as much as possible with the Parisians. I have a great deal to unlearn. Our Scots mode of pronouncing French might as well be applied to Hebrew points. I shall no doubt write to you at length, but I shall first expect to hear from you. Address to me, chez Messrs. Perrigaux and Co., Rue Mont Blanc, à Paris. You must pay the postage, which I believe is 1*s.* 5*d.*

I took the butter-kit, &c., to Wapping, and put them with my own hands on board the 'Thames,' Drummond master. I was ob'iged to make five separate articles. The kit, two cheeses (a Cheshire to keep and a North Wiltshire for present use), a small box of moist sugar, the map, and the memoir. I could think of nothing to put in the kit but a little East and a little West India rice. I likewise threw in a fig or two and some white sugar-candy for the bairns, and an old map of London, to me now useless, to remind you more freshly of your youthful frolics when at a distance from the Presbytery and Presbyterianism. I was quite unsatisfied with what I sent, and I still take it very unkind in you that you would not assist me. I hope the Cheshire cheese will turn out well. I tasted about twenty, and was exceedingly perplexed which to fix upon. I wished much to have got you a Stilton, but they are not in season.—My dear Father, adieu:—

Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravelled fondly turns to thee,—
Still to my *Father* turns with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

CHAPTER IV.

AUGUST 1802—DECEMBER 1803.

Letters from Calais, Paris and the Hague—Return to London—Remarks on Reporting—Speakers in the House of Commons and House of Lords—Dramatic Criticism—Trial of Colonel Despard—Plan for a Continental Tour with Mr. Rigg of Tarvet—Renewal of Hostilities with France—He joins the Bloomsbury and Inns of Court Volunteers—Gives up reporting Law—Visit to Scotland—Return Journey by the Lakes, Liverpool and Manchester—Fear of a French Invasion.

Calais: August 24, 1802. Tuesday evening.

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My dear Father,—I am now on French ground, but my journey has been much slower than I expected. All my fellow travellers have gone to bed—I could not yet sleep. Perhaps I shall amuse both myself and you by writing a short sketch of what I have done, seen and heard since my last. I have since received so many new impressions that it seems almost an age. I had then got a recommendation from Ransom, Morland, and Co., the bankers, to Lord Hawkesbury, and I expected my passport next morning, but it was Saturday before a fresh supply arrived from his lordship's country seat. I was exceedingly teased at the Foreign Office, besides being obliged to pay 2*l.* 4*s.* Regularly, the passport should have lain with Monsieur Otto till Monday. However, to oblige me, he countersigned it that afternoon. On inquiring at the Bureau des Diligences, I found that all the inside places were taken for a week. In settled weather I should have preferred the *cabriolet* (a seat on the outside, where the coachman sits in England), but I was much afraid of rain. I appealed to my fortune, and took a place in the *cabriolet* which cost me 14*s.* less than the other, namely, 3*l.* 18*s.* It was necessary to be at the 'White Bear' in Piccadilly at four in the morning. I therefore determined not to go to bed. I sat at home till eleven, then went to

the 'Cider Cellar,' Maiden Lane, where Addison and Swift used to smoke their pipes, remained there till two with some friends, returned to Lincoln's Inn, made me some tea, packed up my portmanteau, and read the 'Term Reports' till near four. I passed the night very pleasantly, only I was strongly reminded of the night before George left me for Portsmouth, which we spent somewhat in the same way. In rummaging my writing-desk I made an agreeable discovery. In an old pocket-book given me by Mrs. Dott many years ago I found 12*l.* in Bank of England notes. Even now I have no idea when or how the money got there. My good angel, I suppose, approving of my continental excursion, had slily slipped it in. I left my keys with the porter to give to my laundress, and proceeded to Piccadilly with my portmanteau on my shoulder. The morning was delightful. I rejoiced to find that my *compagnons de voyage* were almost all French. We were immediately as intimate as if we had been acquainted for twenty years. Six went inside and eight out. A few drops of rain fell, but only enough to make us feel the fineness of the weather more exquisitely. We changed horses at Dartford and breakfasted at Rochester. A dinner was prepared for us at Canterbury, but it was so scanty and so bad that we would not touch it. I employed an hour viewing the Cathedral, the shrine of Thomas à Becket, and the other curiosities of this celebrated place. We did not arrive at Dover before nine, and then we found it so crowded with passengers that it was with the greatest difficulty we could gain admission into an inn. Nevertheless we succeeded in getting a tolerable supper. Having drunk a tumbler of punch I tumbled into bed and slept well till eight next morning. I had been through the castle and looked over Shakespeare's cliff the autumn before. I therefore went directly to the bathing-place, stripped, and swam about in the sea a full hour. After breakfast we had to go to the Custom House, where we had a great deal of trouble and paid a great deal of money. I had nothing about me contraband except about twenty-five guineas.[1] I had some apprehensions, but

[1] As the law then stood, to export the coined money of the realm subjected the culprit to a penalty as well as forfeiture of the money.

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my pockets were not searched. It was one o'clock before we got on board. There were now about fifty of us, chiefly French, many women. I immediately began to jabber with them, and succeeded to admiration. We had not proceeded two miles when the wind fell completely. For several hours we lost ground, being carried down the Channel by the tide. I had made up my mind to remaining on the sea one night at least. However about six o'clock a gale sprang up and we began to approach the French coast. Luckily I had prevailed upon two or three Frenchmen to join me in buying a leg of cold roast lamb and a bottle of wine. We made a most excellent repast. It was near ten o'clock before we reached Calais. However we got in a few minutes before the gates were shut. Another gentleman and myself hired a guide who conducted us *à l'auberge de Maurice*. Here I had the mortification to learn that I must wait a whole day and another night at Calais. We could not be expedited by the municipality before eleven, and the diligence never sets off later than five. However, to console ourselves we ordered *un petit souper à la françoise et une bouteille de vin de Bourgogne*. I had only two companions at supper. We had fish, two chickens, stewed pigeons, *un fricandeau de veau*, a ragout, turkey with a white sauce, and five or six kinds of vegetables each dressed in a different way. After supper we had a dessert of peaches, plums, apricots, &c. We moistened our clay well with wine and went to bed. This morning I rose by seven. I wished much to have gone to Dunkirk, which is but eight leagues off, but I could not get my passport till it was too late. I was obliged to content myself with seeing the fortifications, churches, and antiquities of this place. I met with many remains of the English. A magnificent rectangle erected by Edward III. for a wool staple is still entire. At eleven we were obliged to go before Mangot the prefect to show our passports. I spent an hour or two in bathing and walking to the Basse Ville. At one I went to the Hôtel d'Angleterre, formerly kept by Dessin, so famous from Sterne's Sentimental Journey. Here I saw Lord Cholmondeley set off in four coaches and six, and others arrive in equal style. Between two and three I

placed myself at Quilliacq's *table d'hôte*, in company with—whom do you think?—Arthur O'Connor.[2] I could not help feeling the most lively interest in him—an exile from his country, having it every hour before his eyes! His figure is most elegant, and his face is the very picture of philosophic melancholy. Though I commiserate his fate, you will not suppose that I approve of his conduct. I not only detest his principles and his plans, but I despise the cowardice with which he betrayed himself and his friends. I had some conversation with him, but without professing to know him. There were about twenty at dinner, from all the countries of Europe. We had vermicelli soup, several kinds of fish, several roasted joints, fowls, pigeons, partridges, a calf's head dressed in a style of which you can have no conception, every kind of vegetable, a melon, which *Mounseer* eats with his meat like potatoes, and two or three puddings and tarts. After an elegant dessert we had coffee and liqueur. A bottle of wine and a bottle of water is put down for every cover. My bill amounted only to 4*s.*; I do not think I could have as much in London for 40*s.* This inn is so spacious that it contains a large theatre, and I agreed to accompany a party *à la comédie*. I was much pleased with the performance. In theatrical representations the French are infinitely our superiors. In this petty provincial town, not more populous than Cupar Fife, there is always a company of comedians, and several of the actors have great merit. They act thrice a week, but except on Sunday night they never have a full house. The admission to the boxes is only *trente sous* or 15*d.* The piece finished before nine. I had very great difficulty in getting back, as there is not a lamp in all Calais. I found the *fille de chambre* showing my fellow-travellers to their apartments, and after debating with myself a long while how I should fill an hour and a half, I took out my writing implements and sat down upon the seat which I now occupy.

[2] Arthur O'Connor was tried for high treason and acquitted, June 1798. He was arrested again on another charge, but, with other Irish rebels, permitted to leave England in consideration of having given important information to Government in the same year.—ED.

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I protest I am altogether ignorant whether this journal will have any interest for you. I confine myself to facts. My reflections would fill volumes. As yet I have suffered no disappointment—my expectation has been exceeded. My expense is enormous, and I really do not know that I am justified in throwing away such sums. This day I have spent as much as in former times would have maintained the whole family a month. It is not what I eat and drink that costs so much, but there are ten thousand people who have demands upon you. However I trust that I receive two new ideas for every *sou* which I spend, and that is not a losing bargain. I have just now a bottle of claret standing by me which I drink out of a tumbler. It goes here under the name of *vin ordinaire* or *roturier*, and sells for 20*d.* a bottle which holds a full quart. All over this part of France this *vin de Bordeaux* is used as small beer. Still I would rather live on roast beef and a potato with a pint of porter in England, where I can say or do what I please so that I do not violate just and equal laws. However, as far as I have seen, the French are quite as happy as their neighbours on the opposite shore. The lower orders are much better used, and are much more intelligent. The waiters often mix in the conversation, and bear their part in it well. But I will not pretend as yet to speak of a people of whom I have seen so little. We set off to-morrow morning at five o'clock, and reach Paris I believe on Friday morning. The diligence here is the most clumsy, ill-built machine it is possible for a perverted imagination to conceive. The windows are not larger than pigeon-holes. I thank God I am in the *cabriolet*, which is very commodious and has curtains to protect you from the wet. I have refused several offers of an inside place in exchange. I believe we never go to bed the whole way, the diligence not going faster than four miles an hour. I intend to lodge in the Hôtel de Paris, Rue de la Loi, but you will address to me at Perrigaux'. My love to my dear sisters. My affection for you all rises as I remove to a distance from you.

Your affectionate Son,

J. C.

You must excuse me from reading what I have written. Captain King, the master of the packet, has promised to put the letter into the post-office at Dover.

Hotel de Paris, Rue de la Loi, Paris:
September 8, 1802 (21 Fructidor, Year X.).

My dear Father,—I have been in the daily expectation of hearing from you for a week past, but no letter of yours has yet appeared. I am sure you would write to me if all was well, but in so long a route your letters may have miscarried. Do not yourself be uneasy on reading this, as I shall make more particular inquiries at Perrigaux' and may not unlikely be soon blessed with good accounts of you. I should in that case be completely happy. With all my anxiety the last fortnight has been almost the brightest in my life. I dare say you would see that my expectations were high—I assure you the reality has surpassed them. I have been luxuriating amidst all kinds of enjoyments. It would be easier for me to write a volume than a letter, but I must try to give you some notion of what has befallen me since my last. I think I took leave of you late on Tuesday night sitting by a bottle of Burgundy in the 'Lionne d'Argent' at Calais. I was awoke next morning at half-past four, and in a few minutes after I was seated in the *cabriolet* of our *messagerie*. I had for my companions a French emigrant returning to his native country, a very intelligent and agreeable man, and *Monsieur le conducteur*, a fellow who accompanies the coach the whole way and directs all its movements. He had an immense share of humour and kept us constantly in a roar. Till you get up to a certain rank, the French are infinitely better educated and better informed than the English. We breakfasted (I should have said we dined, though it was but eleven o'clock) at Boulogne, and I had an opportunity of examining the scene of Lord Nelson's unfortunate attack. We had some refreshment at Montreuil, and arrived about midnight at Abbeville, where we had an excellent supper. We breakfasted next morning at Amiens. Here we stopped near two hours, and I had time to visit the celebrated Cathedral, the hall where the treaty of peace was signed by Lord Cornwallis

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and Joseph Bonaparte, &c. Had I been set down in London at the end of this journey, I should have remembered even the minutest particular of it; but having seen so much since, it is almost completely effaced from my recollection. Where we dined I cannot inform you, or whether we had any dinner at all. Between one and two on Friday morning we supped at Clermont. This night I slept so sound that I was not sensible when we stopped to change horses. I believe I could sleep upon a cannon in a field of battle. A more unfavourable situation you cannot well conceive than the *cabriolet*. The roads within seventy miles of Paris are all causewayed, the coach was most uneasily hung, the foot-board was not upon the spring at all; instead of being allowed to recline, I could not sit erect. I think we breakfasted at Chantilly, the famous place which belonged to the Comte d'Artois. About ten we entered PARIS by the Barrière St. Martin. We alighted in the Rue du Bouloy. I confess I was a good deal fatigued; still I felt the liveliest enthusiasm. One of my fellow travellers carried me to the Hôtel de la Chancellerie, but I did not like it, and I immediately removed to the place where now I am. Here I found everything to my mind. Perhaps you have not a proper conception of a French hotel. It is not an inn or a tavern. They frequently cannot even furnish you with a breakfast. It resembles nothing so much as St. Salvator's College at St. Andrews. Every suite of rooms forms a kind of tenement by itself, of which the occupant is the undisturbed master. You keep the key yourself and no one ever enters except the *frotteur*. I contented myself with a single room *au troisième*, which I hired for fifteen francs (twelve and sixpence) a week. This is a most admirable apartment, spacious, high in the ceiling, and elegantly furnished. The French think as little of a bed being in the room as the Scots used to do, and I might here receive persons of the first distinction and of both sexes.

For five days I never met one individual to whom I had ever spoken. Two particular friends of mine left London for Paris the same day with myself by a different route. They had arrived before me, but through some misunderstanding we never *rencountered*. Those for whom I had

letters had all gone into the country. However I did not much mind; I resolved to see everything that was to be seen, and to return immediately. Accordingly from eight in the morning till twelve at night I was visiting churches and museums and libraries and theatres and gardens. The whole of Sunday I was at Versailles. Perhaps you might see something I wrote about Versailles in the 'Chronicle.' On Wednesday, while I was deliberating with myself what conveyance I should choose in going to Dieppe, I had the good fortune to meet Mr. Todd and Dr. Fleming. The gallery of the Louvre was shut, but they obtained a *carte* of entrance from the Minister of the Interior. We all went together and remained gazing at the pictures and statues for five or six hours. We saw the 'Transfiguration' by Raphael and several other pieces that have never yet been shown to the public. . . .

On Thursday I saw the little Corsican! I was at one time close by his side, and might easily have rendered my name immortal. I had this day the good fortune to meet a man who has been of very great use to me. He is perhaps one of the most extraordinary characters in Europe. He is a Portuguese Jew, born in England, who has been in every country. He knows every mortal in Paris. He has introduced me to Tallien and Barrère, and would have introduced me to Siéyès, Carnot, &c., had they been in town. He has taken me to rehearsals at the theatres and shown me the Paris green-rooms. He has brought me into the society of authors, players, Mamelukes and *ci-devant* Consuls of the Roman Republic. Our visit to Tallien was a very curious one. We talked very coolly with him concerning the massacres of September, but nothing astonished me so much as the conversation that took place concerning his wife. You know she divorced him and has since lived with a variety of other men. Yet he talked of her beauty, of her wit, of her amiable manners, of having been calling upon her, and of doing her the pleasure to introduce me to her acquaintance. There are many things here to make a Scotsman stare! . . .

I leave Paris on Friday morning for Brussels. Such an opportunity as the present may not soon recur, and I am de-

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termined to see as much as I can. From Brussels I intend to proceed to Antwerp and thence to Rotterdam. My passport from Lord Hawkesbury was only for France, but I have got another from Mr. Merry which will enable me now to go into Holland. I shall probably visit Leyden, Amsterdam and the Hague, and return to England by Helvoet-Sluys.

I trust that upon my return to London I shall resume the study of the law with fresh ardour. I think my time in the meanwhile has been as well employed as if I had spent six hours a day in reading Coke or drawing declarations. I do not think that this course of dissipation will derange my habits of industry. My mind had need of some recreation. Being constantly occupied with the same subjects, it had lost its elasticity. I am now fit for anything. My tenderest love to my dear sisters—Jess, Jane, Eliza, Lindsay, and Magdalen. This journey has increased my longing to see you. Before the earth has made another revolution I hope to be in your arms. August will soon return, winter is at hand, then comes the new year, the potatoes are planted, the sacraments begin, your own *occasion* arrives, a young man rushes into the room—it is

JACK.

Tell Eliza that the very bairns here speak French!

The Hague: September 17, 1802.

My dear Father,—I expect in a few days to be once more in England, but you may be becoming impatient to hear from me, and you may be sooner informed of my welfare if I write you a few lines from this place. I quitted Paris rather abruptly. Perhaps I was in no great danger, but even now I think it was prudent in me to withdraw. On Wednesday the 8th I carried three letters to the Post Office—one for you, one for Spankie, and one for Tom Duncan. From various little circumstances I was convinced that they were laid aside to be read at Fouché's office. Through my strange indiscretion in dating them from the Hôtel de Paris and calling you 'Father,' the name and place of abode of the writer must have been perfectly well ascertained. In about

half-an-hour after, I heard of the Prince de Bouillon and several others being arrested, and some friends with whom I conversed increased my panic. I could scarcely take courage to return to the Hotel, expecting that the police officers would be awaiting my arrival. However I went home, ordered in some linen from the washerwoman, and gave notice that I was to leave Paris at seven o'clock. At seven I got into a *fiacre*, made a great many *détours*, and at last alighted in the Boulevard Montmartre. From that I took a circuitous route to a house in the neighbourhood belonging to a friend who had offered me an asylum. About half-past three next morning I went to the coach office; all the places were taken, both inside and in the *cabriolet*. I would not have stayed another day in Paris for the world and, although it then rained very heavily, I resolved to travel on the imperial. My impatience to be gone was so visible that I was obliged to pay as much as if I had had the best seat in the diligence. Just as I was mounting, an ill-looking fellow came in and looked over the names of the passengers who were going to Calais. A thousand things alarmed me as we passed through the streets. At last I got without the *barrière*, and I never was happier in all my life. To have been imprisoned for writing freely to my private friends I should not have minded, but that it should have been stated here that I was lying in the Temple for writing against the French Government in a newspaper! Had I not been deported to Cayenne by Bonaparte, I certainly should have exiled myself to some distant country.[1] . . .

Lincoln's Inn: September 28, 1802.

My dear Father,—I hope you had no apprehensions of finding this dated from a state prison. If the Chief Consul had any designs against me, I have completely outwitted him. In Holland I was certainly still in his power, but, thank God, I have been in a land of law and liberty for nearly ten days. . . . From Helvoet-Sluys we set sail about five in the afternoon of Saturday the 18th of September.

[1] The letter is to be found in the *Morning Chronicle* of September 11, 1802. It denounces the arbitrary and tyrannical acts of the French Government.—ED.

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The water was as smooth as a milldam, and we never shifted a sail till we came in sight of Orford Ness, where we made the land next day about two o'clock. At about a quarter of a mile from Harwich we had a striking instance of the uncertainty of the elements. The passengers were preparing to go on shore, when from one of the clearest skies I ever saw, in a few minutes we were involved in so thick a fog that, as the sailors say, it was impossible to see from stem to stern. The harbour is uncommonly difficult, and orders were given to let go the anchor. But the fog cleared away as suddenly and as unexpectedly as it had come on. After the Custom House officers had visited us on board, I was allowed to land. I had much trouble and some expense in getting my portmanteau searched, as it was Sunday evening. I was in hopes of getting up to London before morning, but I found that the coach is laid aside, and that the mail is conveyed in a small cart. I thus found it necessary to remain at Harwich all night. The townspeople are very religious and were now going to the evening service. I went to church, and thanked God with unfeigned devotion for having brought me once more in safety to my native land. I had certainly much reason to be grateful. I had enjoyed during several weeks a larger portion of pleasure than is often comprised in such a period. I had no disagreeable sensations to prevent me from looking back upon my excursion with unmixed satisfaction. I consider it a very fortunate thing that I returned by Holland. To go to Paris is now little more than to go to Edmonton, but then to have been at Brussels, and Antwerp, and the Hague! I came from Harwich outside the coach. The day was most heavenly. In the course of my travels I saw nothing so fine as the banks of the Stour from Harwich to Manningtree. We breakfasted at Colchester, passed through Chelmsford, dined at Ingatestone, and were set down about seven in the evening at the 'Spread Eagle' in Gracechurch Street. I got a most horrid cold from travelling on the outside of the French diligence, which was aggravated by the damp beds I met with in Holland, but it has now completely left me. I have lost a little flesh, but no strength. Had I

breathed much longer the corrupting air of Paris, I fear all my habits would have been deranged; but I can still dine contentedly on beef and greens, and return home in the evening to read the Term Reports. I was not away long enough to make any acquirements. I had a master in Paris, but in speaking French I am still shamefully defective. Before I close my letter, I will inform you of a fact more remarkable than any I have yet stated. This morning I gave my opinion upon the construction of a will. I had no fee; but my client is an injured widow.

Lincoln's Inn: November 6, 1802.

Dear George, . . . It is impossible to say whether we are at peace or war. Andréossy, the French ambassador, landed at Dover on Thursday evening, and arrived in London this morning. But the general opinion is that Bonaparte has only sent him over to embarrass us. There are many important points still unsettled between the two Governments, and orders have been sent out to retain Malta and the Cape. The conduct of Bonaparte has been most perfidious, and he draws down upon himself the execration of all mankind. Parliament meets in about ten days, and it is expected that some very interesting business will immediately come on. Thank God, I am not a member of the present Parliament. I find the King's Bench disagreeable enough. This is now the third year that I have attended constantly, but *dabit Deus his quoque finem*. Whatever becomes of me, God bless my dear brother.

[As my father did not report in the House of Commons after the session ending June 28, 1802, I here introduce from the Autobiography his remarks on reporting, and also on dramatic criticism.—ED.]

For three sessions I continued to attend in the gallery of the House of Commons when any debate of importance was expected. I acquired great facility and considerable skill in reporting, and the best speakers were assigned to me. I knew nothing, and did not desire to know anything,

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of *short-hand*. Short-hand writers are very useful in taking down evidence as given in a court of justice, but they are wholly incompetent to report a good speech. They attend to words without entering into the thoughts of the speaker. They cannot by any means take down at full length all that is uttered by a speaker of ordinary rapidity, and, if they did, they would convey a very imperfect notion of the spirit and effect of the speech. With the exception of Pitt the younger, there probably never was a parliamentary debater in whose language there was not some inaccuracy, and who did not fall into occasional repetitions. These are hardly perceived in the rapid stream of extemporaneous eloquence, and are corrected and remedied by the voice, the eye, the action of him to whom we listen; but blazoned on a printed page which we are deliberately to peruse, they would offend and perplex us. If Pitt could have been taken down *verbatim*, all his sentences, however long and involved, would have been found complete and grammatical, and the whole oration methodical and finished, but it would have been sometimes stiff and cumbrous and vapid, although, animated by his delivery, it had electrified the House. Nay, if he himself had written it for publication, it would probably have been much altered. No man knew better the difference between what is permitted in speaking and in writing. In his letters to the Duke of Grafton, lately published, his style is generally pithy and sententious, and the long balanced periods which distinguished his speeches are never to be found. To have a good report of a speech, the reporter must thoroughly understand the subject discussed, and be qualified to follow the reasoning, to feel the pathos, to relish the wit, and to be warmed by the eloquence of the speaker. He must apprehend the whole scope of the speech, as well as attend to the happy phraseology in which the ideas of the speaker are expressed. He should take down notes in abbreviated long-hand as rapidly as he can for aids to his memory. He must then retire to his room, and, looking at these, recollect the speech as it was delivered, and give it with all fidelity, point and spirit, as the speaker would write it out if preparing it for the press. Fidelity is

the first and indispensable requisite, but this does not demand an exposure of inaccuracies and repetitions.

I cannot conceive a more improving exercise than this for a young man who aspires to be an orator. It is well to translate the orations of Demosthenes and Cicero; but it would be still better, if the opportunity existed, to report the orations of a Chatham and a Burke.

The two grand subjects which I heard debated while thus engaged were the 'Legislative Union with Ireland' and the 'Peace of Amiens,' and these called forth the powers of such men as Fox, Pitt, Sheridan, Grey, Windham, and Canning. I think I was most excited by Pitt's speech in defence of the Peace of Amiens, which it was my duty to report. I remember being so much carried away by his lofty declamation that I could not hold my pen with sufficient steadiness to take a note. But in this part of the speech I succeeded the best. His quotation from Virgil, when apologising for his acquiescence in a treaty with Bonaparte and the desertion of the legitimate dynasty of France, was the finest piece of recitation I ever heard:—

> Me si fata meis paterentur ducere vitam
> Auspiciis, et sponte meâ componere curas;
> Urbem Trojanam primùm dulcesque meorum
> Reliquias colerem, Priami tecta alta manerent,
> Et recidiva manu posuissem Pergama victis.[1]

At that time it was usual for one reporter to take the whole of a long speech extending to five or six columns of a newspaper. Upon this he was necessarily employed a good many hours, and on the day after a long debate the publication of the newspaper was delayed till two or three o'clock in the afternoon. But debates were very rare, and to the ordinary routine business of Parliament hardly any attention was paid.

Tierney was the easiest to report well, and Pitt the most difficult. I thought Sheridan the most brilliant speaker in the House, but the effect of his speaking was impaired by the recollection of his private character and his habits, now become

[1] Virgil, *Æneid*, iv. 340–344.

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most degrading; his preparation for any great effort being a laborious collection of jokes and a bottle of brandy.'

I had nothing to do with reporting in the Lords. Very extraordinary rules then prevailed on this subject in that noble house, and they were rigidly enforced. There was no gallery, and no one in boots was allowed to enter the space below the bar. All strangers were obliged to continue standing, and the door-keepers were strictly enjoined to allow no one to take notes. The reports of the proceedings in the Lords which appeared in the 'Chronicle,' very scanty and meagre, were supplied by William Woodfall, the contemporary of Junius, now a very old gentleman, dressed in a suit of brown dittos with salmon-coloured silk stockings, gold buckles, a tie-wig, and an amber-headed cane. He was gifted with an extraordinary memory. Immediately after prayers he took his post at the bar, leaning over it, and there he remained till the House adjourned. He then went home and wrote his report, which he sent to the printing-office. The Lords were punished for their absurd regulations by a very vapid and pointless account of their speeches.

Woodfall, although a bad reporter, was very entertaining in conversation. He had known all the great political and literary characters who had flourished from the commencement of the reign of George III., and he was full of anecdotes respecting them. He gave a very amusing account of the oratorical progress of Sheridan, whom he represented at his outset so hopelessly bad a speaker that he advised him to think of Parliament no more and to stick to the drama. The future accuser of Hastings, however, would persevere and, talking resolutely on turnpike bills and petitions for vestry acts, he acquired the powers he displayed in his speech on the Begum charge, which is said to be unrivalled in modern oratory, and which had the singular compliment of causing an adjournment of the House, as the members could not trust themselves to come to a fair decision immediately after hearing it.

Sheridan in revenge used to laugh at the pomposity of Woodfall, and related how he read this paragraph in the 'Morning Chronicle' while Woodfall was the editor:

'Last night We visited Drury Lane Theatre, which on account of the new play was exceedingly crowded. When we entered we were told by the box-keeper that in the boxes there was only one seat unoccupied, and this was the middle seat in a row which could only hold three. *We* took possession of it and kept it during the evening, though much squeezed by our right and left hand neighbours.'

Curiosity carried me occasionally into the House of Lords. The most memorable speech I heard was one from Lord Thurlow, who had been brought from his retreat by a Divorce Bill promoted on the petition of the wife by reason of the husband's adultery with her own sister. This was opposed as being contrary to precedent, the relief having been hitherto confined to the husband for the infidelity of his wife. But in this case, on the ground that condonation by the wife was impossible and that she could no longer live with her husband without incest, Thurlow manfully supported the bill and it was carried. I never on any other occasion saw this great man. Loughborough's brilliant parliamentary career was drawing to a close. I have heard him address the House, but not on any occasion affording an opportunity for a display of his force and eloquence. Eldon, without the powers of oratory which belonged to Wedderburn but a still deeper intriguer, clutched the Great Seal from him, after which the ex-Chancellor sank into insignificance, knowing no ambition but to be taken notice of by the King on the terrace at Windsor.

Lord Grenville was the Government leader in the Lords, a very sensible, solid speaker, but monotonous and seldom seizing the attention or rousing the feelings of his hearers. He had his eyes fixed alternately on the floor and the ceiling, never looking either at friend or foe.

I still continued my engagement with the 'Morning Chronicle,' but I now confined myself to law reporting. I had been transferred to the Court of King's Bench, and I recorded the decisions of Lord Kenyon and his brethren. . . .

'I became dramatic critic for the 'Chronicle' and attended the theatres every night. I had a free admission to Covent Garden and Drury Lane with the privilege of writing an

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order for a friend. No one in the present day can form a notion of the importance then attached to the drama. The hour of dinner permitted an attendance at the *spectacle* to be followed by a *petit souper*; and night after night fashionable ladies and distinguished senators were to be seen in the side-boxes. If a new piece or a new performer was to come out, the town was in a state of the greatest excitement; crowds rushed to the theatres, taking their stand at the pit-door before mid-day, and there was intense anxiety to know the result. The established favourites of the public in the round of their parts were run after with incredible eagerness, and their supposed merits or defects were still keenly canvassed. Dramatic criticism was accordingly very much attended to, and this was a very important department of a newspaper. I took great pains with my articles on plays and players. I not only read carefully all the pieces usually acted, but I made myself master of the history of our stage from Shakespeare downwards, and became fairly acquainted with French, German, and Italian dramatic literature. I never acknowledged myself as a critic, but it was pretty well known from whom the dramatic articles came, and I sometimes found myself treated with most unaccountable deference by first-rate performers and popular dramatists. The plaudits or hisses of the audience, and overflowing houses or empty benches, certainly depended a good deal on the award of the anonymous critic of the 'Morning Chronicle.'

Independently of my duties, I should have been delighted voluntarily to attend the theatre in those its palmy days. Mrs. Siddons had too much taste to appear in Juliet and other juvenile parts in which she had once been admired; but in Lady Macbeth, Queen Katherine, and Lady Constance she was as great as when complimented by Dr. Johnson, and never was there a more striking display of human genius. When she retired she was succeeded by Miss O'Neil, whose *début* I witnessed, and who, in Belvidera, left the enraptured spectator convinced for the time that Otway's romantic conceptions of love and tenderness never were so well impersonated. To the unspeakable loss of the public she was

soon withdrawn by her marriage to a man of fortune.[5] Such marriages are the reward of talent and virtue, but they cannot be witnessed without some selfish regret. By one of them, shortly before my coming to town, I was deprived of the pleasure of ever seeing Miss Farren in Lady Teazle. Of what an aggregate of pleasure would the nation have been deprived if, at the age of twenty, Mrs. Siddons had been married to a peer! And I cannot help thinking that when she sat to Sir Joshua Reynolds for her portrait as the Tragic Muse, she occupied a higher as well as a happier position in society than if she had been presented at Court as a countess.

It was during my critical reign that there appeared that phenomenon Master Betty, 'the infant Roscius.'[6] I must confess that I was one of those who enthusiastically admired him, and who thought not only that his performances were wonderful for a boy of his years, but that the characters he undertook were most beautifully pourtrayed. Some more fastidious critics rather thought him one of the 'aery of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapped for 't;'[7] but if I erred I need not be ashamed, for night after night, as often as he acted, there was Charles James Fox in the stage box, hanging on the boy's lips and rapturously applauding him. John Kemble in 'Hamlet' or 'Coriolanus' no doubt was a better study for the judgment, but I confess he could never so powerfully touch in my breast the chords of terror and of pity.

John Palmer, the celebrated comedian, was dead before I came to town; and Miss Farren, the *beau idéal* of Lady Teazle, having withdrawn into fashionable life, I have never seen genteel comedy in perfection on the English stage, for they have had no successors, and to conceive what may be done in this department of the drama it was necessary to go to Paris and worship Mdlle. Mars; but in broad comedy and

[5] Miss O'Neil married in 1819 Mr. William Becher-Wrixon, of Ballygiblin, co. Cork, who was created a baronet in 1831.—Burke's *Peerage and Baronetage*, s. v. Becher.—ED.

[6] Master Betty lived till 1874.—ED.

[7] *Hamlet*, ii. 2.

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farce the performers were then equal to those of any age or country—Mrs. Jordan, Miss Pope, Lewis, Bannister, Dicky Suet.

I belonged to a club of which various actors and playwriters were members, and I used to see others of green-room reputation at the Cider Cellar in Maiden Lane, then frequented by some of the most distinguished men about town. Professor Porson, the celebrated Grecian, was constantly to be seen here, smoking and drinking brandy and water. Although in a state of intoxication, he gave incredible proofs of the powers of his memory. I have heard him first recite an ode of Pindar, and then a whole act of the 'Mayor of Garrett,' without ever being at a loss for a word. His recitations from Milton were the most beautiful. I remember his giving the beginning of the third book of 'Paradise Lost' in a manner actually to electrify all present. When he came to the words—

> But thou
> Revisit'st not these eyes that roll in vain
> To find thy piercing ray and find no dawn,

his voice faltered, the tears rolled down his cheeks, and he seemed touched by inspiration. Yet in attempting to find his way home he was perhaps picked up in the kennel by the watchman, and carried to the round house to lie there till he grew sober enough to state where he lived. Porson furnished the Cider Cellar with the motto which may still be seen inscribed over the entrance: *Honos erit huic quoque pomo.* The cock of the walk in those days was George Nicholl, King George the Third's bookseller, who boasted that 'he had belonged to the Cider Cellar for forty years, and that during that time only two members had been hung out of it.' This was rather wonderful, considering that Captain Macheath and all his associates might have been admitted and had their names inscribed in the register, by taking the chair and giving a tankard, consisting of a bottle of *stire* and a bottle of *cockagee* sprinkled with nutmeg. But here occasionally were reverend and grave characters, among whom I remember Dr. Matthew Raine, Master of the Charter House, a very fine scholar and a well-bred gentleman who,

if he had not died prematurely, would probably have been made a bishop.

I never could acquire the faculty of smoking, and I only endured the fumes of tobacco that I might see 'life in London.' I ought to add that even here I observed strict sobriety, abstaining from *goes* of brandy, and not drinking more than half a pint of cider.

In term time I always dined in Lincoln's Inn Hall, where we drank nothing stronger than small beer. My earliest messmate there was Sugden, now Lord Chancellor of Ireland, who introduced himself to me by asking me '*what I thought of the scintilla juris.*' At other times I dined at a chop-house, and indulged in a pint of Burton ale. But with Spankie and some other associates now and then I had a *booze*, when port wine and claret flowed freely.

Lincoln's Inn: November 20, 1802.

My dear Father,—Upon my return from Westminster Hall a few minutes ago, I found yours of the 16th in my letter-box. . . . How could you suppose that the race-ball would be indifferent to me? Jane was our only representative there, but we were all virtually present. I hope to be a principal person there myself when I have bought an estate in Fife, and carry down 'Lady Sophia' to show her my native village; but if it were not for one house at the West Port, Cupar Fife, I know not if I would cross the Tweed for twenty years to come. There is more of arbitrary government in Scotland than in Germany. As for the *Constitution*, the *Constitution* that you toast so freely, you have no more of the English Constitution than the inhabitants of Calcutta, or the garrison of Gibraltar. I hope one day to introduce among you some salutary reforms. . . .

I fervently hope that Despard will be hanged.[8] I suppose with you the plot will be considered as something of mighty consequence. It is every way contemptible. The

[8] Colonel Despard was tried for high treason in plotting to establish a republic after massacring the King, the Royal family, and many members of both Houses of Parliament. He and six others were executed. Howell's *State Trials*, vol. xxviii. p. 345. *Lives of Chief Justices*, iii. 177.—Ed.

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only man concerned in it above the lowest of the common people is Despard himself, a man as mean in talents as wicked in principles. I have conversed with him, and know him to be a pitiful fellow. He will shortly be brought to trial. From what has yet transpired there is no reason to suppose that there was any design upon the King's life. His Majesty certainly goes down on Tuesday to open the Session with a most gracious speech from the throne. The speech will probably be couched in such generalities as to mean neither one thing nor another. The debate, however, must be uncommonly interesting.

Lincoln's Inn: February 15, 1803.

My dear Father,—I hope you have enjoyed your amusements on the ice without any anxiety on my account. I intended sooner to have answered your kind letter of the 28th, but from the necessary avocations of business and pleasure, I have not found leisure till the present moment. Besides I do not like to write like a machine. Punctuality is the soul of the correspondence of business, but in that of affection it is better to study inclination and convenience. I do not know that those who neglect their absent friends are to be blamed with great severity. A sense of duty would not be sufficient to overcome my indolence and to reconcile me to a painful drudgery, which correspondence must become when it ceases to be voluntary.

You are quite mistaken if you think that travelling with James Rigg[9] is to me a dazzling object. I do not absolutely say that I should refuse the offer upon proper terms, but in accepting it I should sacrifice interest to inclination, my general improvement to my professional views. It is on many accounts necessary that I should remain in London. A long tour on the Continent would interfere with my legal education and would break any slight chain of connections which I may have formed. . . .

The question is, whether I could get a new engagement with the 'Chronicle.' I have acquired considerable reputation as a dramatic critic. From reading the 'Star,' the

[9] Son of 'the great laird of our parish at Cupar.'

'Sun,' &c., you will see what miserable Grub Street generally appears under the head 'Theatres.' There are a few cant terms upon which different changes are rung to answer private ends. I have aimed at something like philosophical criticism, and, unconnected with authors and actors, have boldly spoken the truth of both. At first they used to abuse me in the newspapers, and to threaten me in private; but finding that they gained no advantage over me in either way, I am now left to sway my theatrical sceptre with undisputed rule. Although these articles appear very trifling in the country, and are so in reality, they here often excite attention. A paper depends for its reputation in some small degree upon its *critiques*, and I believe that ours in this respect stands higher than any other. Perhaps Perry will consent to retain me specially for the theatres, and for the *department of wit*. The deficiency in my salary I hope to supply by other means. If I had not been so often disappointed, I should say that I had got a job which would bring me in enough to pay my special pleader's fee. This is a translation the nature and advantages of which I shall state to you more particularly in my next. I have no pretext for doubting that, with the favour of Heaven, I shall reach the porch of Westminster Hall, and if I were once in I am not without hopes that I should advance faster than others who enter with more apparent advantages. But to obtain a passport, *hoc opus hic labor est.*

Lincoln's Inn: March 1, 1803.

My dear Brother, . . . I have received no answer from James Rigg. I thought I had been quite indifferent upon this point, but I feel a good deal of disappointment. If I could pass fifteen months on the Continent and receive two or three hundred pounds at the end of the tour, my passage to the bar would be both easy and delightful. I have now kept eight terms, and four more complete the whole number, though my name has been entered just half the necessary time. I wish most earnestly to escape for a while from London, the scene of so much mortification and distress. My curiosity to see foreign countries is only inflamed by the

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partial gratification it received last autumn. As I mean not to be merely a dry special pleader, it would infinitely promote my plans of ambition to acquire the continental languages and gather some notion of the politics of the different continental powers. I think I might have travelled with Rigg pleasantly enough; I should probably have been able to keep my own part with him, and at the same time to have attached him to me. No father, no guardian to arrange with, he being I believe now of age. There is no hope from any other quarter, and I must be content to pass my days in the smoke of London amidst the dull dead and still duller living of the law. When you come over a few years hence, we may however take a trip to Paris in company. . . .

One day in December last, your old instructor Dr. Munro was lecturing upon anatomy, and a female subject was produced, when an Edinburgh boy, after suddenly showing great symptoms of horror, exclaimed aloud, 'Eh! gude God! that's my granmither.' The greatest confusion ensued, and the class was dismissed. The lad ran home immediately and told his friends, who all marched in a body to Munro's. The Doctor, very injudiciously, in the meantime had cut off the old woman's head and dreadfully mangled her body, in the hope of disguising her from her relations. But it so happened that Granny had two of her toes grown together in a very peculiar manner, so that by this and other marks she was easily recognised. The moment her bones were again inhumed, a suit was begun against Munro—damages laid at 10,000*l*. However, the relations were respectable people, and they agreed to drop the process if Munro would give up the resurrection man. To this proposal he very dishonourably consented. An indictment was accordingly preferred against the resurrection man, upon which about three weeks ago he was found guilty and sentenced to fourteen years' transportation. There was an application from the advocates employed in the prosecution to try to keep the trial out of the London papers, as they had provided means for preventing it from being printed at Edinburgh. The story was spread however over the whole country, and occasioned the greatest con-

sternation. At Glasgow a riot was the consequence. The mob had heard that there were some dead bodies at the college, and the professors and students were besieged by a multitudinous army, almost frantic, for several hours. I am not sure whether any lives were lost.

There is nothing stirring in the political world. Addington becomes more popular. Pitt continues in ignominious retirement. Fox is making ineffectual attempts to force his wife into company. Parties are in a sad state. I see no chance of the war being speedily renewed, notwithstanding the vapouring on both sides.

Lincoln's Inn: March 15, 1803.

My dear Father, . . . Had it not been for this terrible storm that has just burst over our heads,[1] I make no doubt that your plans for my continental tour would have been crowned with complete success. But at this moment the thing seems hopeless. The very night on which you despatched your letter the awful news would reach you. I asserted in my last that there was no danger of war for three or four years, and I assure you that was the opinion of the most intelligent and best informed people here. It is impossible to conceive the consternation produced in the mercantile world. . . .

For ten days I have enjoyed more leisure than I could desire. I have no pleasure in receiving my four guineas on Saturday if I have done nothing through the week. The theatrical season is almost past, and we are at present too grave for wit. Prepare for applause. I have spoken twice in public. The 'House of Commons' is dissolved, but I belong to two other societies, the Academical and the Athenian. The former is extremely respectable, being composed almost entirely of young men educated at Oxford or Cambridge. Its chief ornaments are the two sons of Charles Grant, the East India Director who gave George his appointment.[2] Alas! I shrink into the deepest self-contempt when I look up to them. Both their learning and their eloquence are astonishing. I

[1] The threatened renewal of war with France.—ED.

[2] Robert Grant, afterwards Governor of Bombay, and Charles Grant, afterwards Lord Glenelg.—ED.

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opened the debate here on Friday night: I got through as well as I expected. I hope to succeed better at our next meeting. I am still afraid to leave my shell. When my fate is so very uncertain, do you wonder that I feel a little anxiety? In six months' time I know not whether I shall be travelling in Germany, or fighting the French in Ireland, or drawing pleas in a special pleader's office, or writing romances in Grub Street.

My imagination was very strong, or this epidemic threatened an attack upon me last week.[3] For two days I had the headache and other incipient symptoms. I confess I was a good deal alarmed, as in case of sickness my situation would be so very dreary. I can go into pleasant society when I like, but there is no one who would be at all surprised at not seeing me for five or six days, a longer term than Monsieur la Grippe in general takes to perform his errand. My laundress lights my fire at eight, takes away my tea-things at eleven, and makes down the bed at five; but whether I lived or died she would only care as much as a year's wages would be better or worse than funeral perquisites. Thank God, my apprehensions were groundless. For some days I have been as stout and hearty as I ever was in my life.

Lincoln's Inn: March 26, 1803.

'My dear Father, . . . Peace and war seem to be quite uncertain, but whatever be the result of the present negotiations, the prospect before us is most dismal. I can safely say that my anxiety arises more from public than personal considerations, though the latter are very powerful to make me pray for the tranquillity of Europe. If this storm blows over, I certainly go abroad with James Rigg. I had a note from him last night saying 'that he had heard from his friends in the North, and that their ideas exactly agreed with mine and his own that we should do very well together.' He concluded by saying that he was to call upon me this morning. Accordingly he came between one and two,

[3] In a letter to the *Gentleman's Magazine* of March 1803, an epidemic called 'Influenza or catarrhal fever' is said to be 'at present common in the Metropolis.'—ED.

and we had a friendly confab together. His leave of absence will commence soon after the King's birthday, when he would wish to set out, having first paid a visit to his mother. The Court of King's Bench does not rise till the end of July, but this would be no very serious obstacle in our way, as I could easily arrange with Spankie about a substitute. You may begin to be afraid of not seeing me for a long and indefinite period. I swear most solemnly that I shall agree to no plan, however advantageous or flattering, which would prevent me from going down to Scotland next summer. None of you can long more earnestly for our meeting once more than myself. I feel that I have been too long from home.

I know you will say it is affectation in me to impute so little importance to the tour. If I considered it certain, I should look upon it as one of the most memorable events in my life. But I do not expect that the country will be in such a state as to admit of an officer obtaining leave of absence. In case of war I should not wish to go abroad. In such a war as it will be, every man owes his person to his country. The point must certainly be decided in a few days. 'God send us a good deliverance!'

Lincoln's Inn: April 12, 1803.

My dear Father, . . . War! war! Yesterday, when we heard of Prussia having guaranteed Malta, all obstacles were removed to an accommodation, and peace was certain. News is arrived of Bonaparte having seized the port of Flushing and, after dismissing the Dutch, declaring it in a state of siege. If this be true we may expect to hear every hour of hostilities having commenced. Although our cause was the best any nation ever had, Bony has already contrived to make us appear the aggressors to all Europe. Oh! deplorable incapacity in Ministers! Oh! shameful supineness in people! But, indeed, the outcry against the Doctor is so strong that a change is become necessary. It is believe that Dundas is already appointed, and that Pitt will be declared Minister in a day or two.

Lincoln's Inn: May 15, 1803.

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My dear Father and Sisters,—You will wonder to find me so much dejected if you think that the war merely puts a stop to a tour which I had once represented as scarcely desirable. But of late I have seen more clearly how necessary it was that I should be for a year or two absent from London. I am not only cut off from the prospect of ever standing in the Roman forum, but the means fail me by which in time of peace I should have supported, if not distinguished myself at home. The attention of the nation is completely turned from literature and, while many undertakings of great importance are laid aside by the booksellers, the department of a newspaper which I might have filled sinks into insignificance. In peace I should have had a choice of pleasant occupations, and I do not see that I was greatly to blame in supposing that after nine years of war we should for some short period enjoy it. There are two or three other circumstances which are unfavourable to me. Mackintosh is going out to the East Indies as Recorder of Bombay. He knows me and has promised me his support. He has very great influence among the lawyers, and would have smoothed all difficulties in my way to the bar. Perry is very ill, and I fear dying. Although he is not above fifty, there is to all appearance a complete break-up in his constitution. But I will not proceed with this bead-roll of bad luck. . . . I have formed no plans for the future. I think in this great crisis I could dispose of myself no way so well as in serving my country. Suppose I should enlist as a soldier, you may say I have entered 'the Guards;' or if I should accept the bounty as an able-bodied landsman, there would be no disgrace in saying that you have 'a son in the navy.' Perhaps you may have interest to get me some office in the gift of your Kirk session. Might I not be constituted precentor, or appointed helper and successor to Deacon Duncan in the ancient office of grave-digger? If Bonaparte does not come over before then with his first 100,000 men, I expect to see you in August, when we shall consider to which of these objects I ought now to direct my

ambition. I shall do whatever you advise, provided you mention no such words as 'the Church of Scotland.'

I could laugh at my own distresses, but I confess that I cannot look at the state of public affairs without the utmost dismay. I observe every circumstance and every symptom that have usually preceded the downfall of empires—imbecility and distraction in the counsels of those at the head of affairs, division and faction among the principal men; above all, apathy and insensibility to danger among the people. I really wish it might please God to promote a certain personage from an earthly to a heavenly crown. I bear him the most perfect good will; I respect his private virtues; I would sacrifice my life to protect him from a traitor, but his race is run; a prolongation of his reign can tend neither to his own glory nor the happiness of his people. No doubt from good intentions, he seems to have conceived an antipathy against the men of all parties to whom we can look up with any degree of confidence. With Fox and Pitt for our Ministers, we should have a much better chance to dethrone Bonaparte than he would have to make the slightest impression upon us. If the Addingtons are to govern us much longer, our subjugation seems inevitable. I told you long ago what might be expected from such an Administration, and these predictions are quite as well founded as those which have been fulfilled. I have many personal reasons to wish for a change. Were Erskine or William Adam Chancellor, I should laugh at Garrow. . . .

P.S. There have been various pacific rumours during the morning, all I believe without the slightest foundation. Hostilities are probably commenced. I know not whether it will be worth my while to join the Inns of Court volunteers. I shall certainly enter some corps, and if it really had a prospect of actual service I should be the better pleased. I fancy your Cupar volunteers will be re-embodied; I can't say that I at all approve of the clergy taking arms. There are different notions however in Scotland, and the exercise will be good for you.

Lincoln's Inn: May 24, 1803.

CHAP. IV. A.D. 1803.

My dear Father, . . . My great object when I am in Scotland will be to procure a proper introduction to Adam[4] and Park[5]—particularly Adam, who is the worthiest man alive, and if he were made acquainted with my history I am sure would take me under his protection. A mere letter of introduction will not do—that I could obtain from various quarters.

You will laugh when I say that I mean to take out my degree of A.M. from St. Andrews. . . . I there spent many valuable years in doing nothing, and, far from laying any severe blame upon myself, I rather wonder how the spark of literature was not for ever extinguished, being surrounded by such corrupted air. But I am forced to show this mark of reverence to a parent, the murderer of her offspring. Degrees you know in England are everything. The honours of our northern universities are not highly esteemed, but still they are of some value, and it here appears an absurdity to say you have been seven years at college without taking a degree. I must now think of the special pleader who is to receive my hundred guineas for allowing me to copy his precedents. Though the knowledge I acquire from him may be a little high-priced, the money will be well spent. I hope to hold up my head a little higher when I have thus cleared myself from the apparent crime of indigence, the consciousness of which at present so weighs me down. I shall then likewise have greater facilities of making friendships with young men of respectability. But for the sake of myself as well as others I ought to say I never experienced anything but politeness from the students with whom I come in contact in the Courts or in Lincoln's Inn Hall. They seem to have no suspicion of my avocations. To be sure, I do show some address in sinking the reporter and concealing my apprehensions. I have only to wish that, like

[4] William Adam, appointed in 1816 Lord Commissioner of the Jury Court in Scotland.—Ed.

[5] James Allan Park, appointed in 1816 a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas.—Ed.

Garrick, I could lose all recollection of my own character, and feel nothing but the sentiments of the part I act. Whatever becomes of me, I trust I shall both feel the sentiments and act the part of an *honest man*.

Lincoln's Inn: July 8, 1803.

My dear Father, . . . I cannot say with any certainty when I shall leave London, or what plans I shall follow on my return. I have concluded a bargain with Perry, and am to write critiques and grind paragraphs for one hundred guineas a year. I dare say this appears very liberal payment to you, and I doubt not that it is; but I have considered whether I should not reject the offer and trust entirely to chance. . . . Those who have friends in France begin to be very uneasy. In case of invasion, hostilities will be carried on with an asperity not known in Europe for ages. Should it be impossible in any case, on land or water, consistently with safety, to give quarter as soon as a part of an army or a squadron yields, Bonaparte will say 'you have violated the laws of war,' and, collecting into one spot the English in each department, will order them to be massacred by his artillery. I am now a member of the Bloomsbury and Inns of Court Association. I do not think I shall buy my arms and uniform till after my return from Scotland. I must get a lesson from some of your drill-sergeants. I escape the ballot, from Lincoln's Inn being a place extra-parochial.

Lincoln's Inn: July 30, 1803.

My dear Father,—I have the pleasure to inform you that I this day received a letter from George, dated Calcutta, January 29. He was there in perfect health. He had come to town to see the grand *fête* given in honour of the *Peace!* The pleasure of our meeting will now be unalloyed. I set out early to-morrow morning. The wind is fair and everything promises a prosperous voyage. I believe I mentioned in my letter to Jess that I go by the 'Lord Kinnaird,' Ross master, of Dundee. Do not by any means think of coming to hand me on shore. The uncertainty of navigation is so great that you might be obliged to wait several days

CHAP. IV. A.D. 1803.

in a disagreeable place, and, besides, I shall fly to your embrace with peculiar pleasure when I see you surrounded by those who are dear to me. I feel no great *exultation* upon a review of the last three years; but upon the whole I am not ashamed to appear before you. I am conscious of many follies, errors, and failures; but I know not that I should accept of an offer to run afresh this part of my course. As we are so soon to converse face to face, the hurry in which I am is the less to be regretted. Do not fear the French. By this day week you will be saying to me:—

> Venisti tandem, tuaque spectata parenti
> Vicit iter durum *pietas*, datur ora tueri,
> Nate, tua, et notas audire et reddere voces.[6]

Da jungere dextram, da genitor. Forgive me: my feelings would carry me too far. But this sensibility excites no shame in my own breast, and will not hurt me in the opinion of my relations. If I have acquired no celebrity, if I have done nothing to rescue myself from obscurity and indigence, still my heart remains uncorrupted. After passing through scenes but ill-calculated to quicken and to foster early attachments, I can proudly boast of feeling the same reverence and affection for my father, the same tender regard for my sisters, as when I first left the paternal roof. . . .

[He spent the month of August with his father in Scotland. The correspondence is resumed on his return to London.—Ed.]

Lincoln's Inn: September 10, 1803.

My dear Father,—I sit down once more to write to you within the gloomy walls of my chambers in Lincoln's Inn. Suppressing the many mournful feelings that weigh upon my heart, I shall proceed at once to give you some account of my journey to town. I left Carlisle on Sunday morning at six o'clock. On the top of the coach we had a good deal of conversation about Hatfield, and a man acquainted with the country pointed out the mountain behind which the unfortunate Mary of Buttermere resided.[7] A resolution was

[6] *Æneid*, vi. 687 and 697–8.

[7] Hatfield was an impostor who married Mary (or, as she was first

immediately formed by another young fellow and myself to walk to the spot and to wait at Penrith for the Liverpool coach of the next day. Upon our arrival at Penrith it turned out that the distance was nearly thirty miles. My travelling companion, partner in a flourishing house in the City, would not be baulked in his enterprise. Whether I would accompany him or no, he said he was determined to take a post-chaise. We arrived at Keswick, upon the Derwent Lake, about four o'clock. We were told it was still sixteen miles to Buttermere, but that there was a path over the mountains not above nine. Being furnished with a guide, we set out for Buttermere by this nearer way. Before we had got half way our guide fell ill, and we were obliged to dismiss him. However, we reached the place of our destination just about sunset. You recollect the valley described by Johnson in 'Rasselas,' surrounded by impassable mountains on every side. This idea seems to have been taken from the place where we then stood. On looking round we could not conceive how it had been possible for us to descend, and we were filled with dread that we should never be again able to escape. *Mary*, we were told, was from home. I suspect, however, that this was only in the fashionable sense, and I think I once caught a glimpse of her. We saw and conversed with her parents. From us they first learnt the news that Hatfield had been executed, at which they both greatly rejoiced. While we were sitting in the kitchen, several people came in to have their pint of ale. We found them very intelligent, but they declared that they had scarcely ever been beyond the valley, and their farthest journey had been to Keswick. Nothing ever filled me with greater astonishment. Our walk back was inconceivably romantic. The moon had risen, and we saw every object in a *new light*. We lost our way several times, but, taking Skiddaw for a landmark, we at last steered our way to the 'King's Arms' at Keswick. I could not help several times feeling alarmed in seeing myself in such wild and sequestered situations with a man whom I had known but

called, Sally) of Buttermere. He was convicted of forgery and hanged September 3, 1803. See *Gentleman's Magazine*.—ED.

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for a few hours. I was afraid, like Horatio in 'Hamlet,' that, having allured me to the brink of a precipice, the figure would assume some dreadful shape. A comparison of my superior size and strength added not a little to my confidence. He told me strange stories about his being a natural son of Lord P——, of his having been several years in the army, &c., which I have now reason to believe are all true, but at the moment made me blame my rashness in thus putting myself in his power. The road from Keswick to Kendal lies through the middle of the lakes, distance about thirty miles. I never was so ravished with the grandeur of nature as during this journey. We travelled a considerable way along the banks of the famous Windermere, and passed close by the Bishop of Llandaff's. We dined at Kendal and again mounted the stage-coach about four. That night we slept at Lancaster. Next evening, about five, we arrived at Liverpool. Our conveyance was a long coach which, from the number of passengers it carries, is very cheap. Liverpool is a stupendous monument of human industry, and I was greatly delighted with it. The shipping, from being collected into docks, appears greater than that of the river Thames. The public buildings are wonderfully fine. Look back not very far, and Liverpool consisted of a few fishermen's huts. Here for the first time I saw the sun descend into the western ocean after gilding the distant mountains of North Wales. About one o'clock on Wednesday we set out for Manchester, where we arrived a little before dark.

By six on Thursday morning we were on the top of 'The Commercial' post-coach on our way to London. When do you think we arrived at Derby, a distance of sixty miles? A few minutes after twelve. Such driving to be sure I never saw. Cheshire and Derbyshire are quite mountainous, but we went at a gallop a great part of the way. In going down deep descents, I was at first terrified out of my wits. The remaining part of the journey we proceeded at a more moderate pace. I passed a very uneasy night as, notwithstanding my utmost efforts, I could not keep myself from sleeping. I caught myself a hundred times just beginning to dream, but in half a minute strange objects were again

swimming before my eyes. Day began to break as we approached Dunstable, and by the time we reached St. Alban's the sun was risen. The night was excessively cold, and had it not been for a great coat I was obliged to borrow, I should have perished altogether. In a short time however it became quite sultry, and the skin (I conjecture) being made tender by the frost, the sun had such an effect upon our faces as to blister them. Between eight and nine we arrived safe at the 'White Horse,' Fetter Lane. I repaired with a beating heart to Lincoln's Inn. No letters for me! The bustle of departure and hurry of travelling had prevented me from feeling in its full bitterness the pain of separation, but when I reached my home—saw no eye to welcome me—reflected that for hundreds of miles around me there was no human being that cared for me, and remembered that in one corner there was a family who perhaps at that moment were weeping my absence, but from whom I was cut off, as it were for ever—then—then—

. . . I can say nothing as yet of my plans for the winter. Oh! write to me soon and say something to comfort me. I never was so cast down as now. . . . I mean to attend drill every morning next week. They say that since the complete ruptnre between Pitt and Addington occasioned by the Treasury pamphlet,[8] intrigues have been going on to bring Pitt and Fox together, which, though they are thwarted by the underlings on both sides whose consequence would thus be annihilated, may not impossibly succeed. Farewell, my dear father.

Lincoln's Inn: September 1803.

My dear Father, . . . Since I came to London I have done nothing but 'soldier,' and even now I can scarcely steal half an hour from my military duties. We are to be reviewed to-morrow morning in Hyde Park. My trunk arrived on Thursday last. Having no notion of your opening it again, I was most agreeably surprised with the addition you had made to its contents. What a store of conserves I am provided with! I feast most luxuriously

[8] See Stanhope's *Life of Pitt*, vol. iv. p. 91–94.—Ed.

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every morning. In looking into Lord Bacon's works lately, I observed among his other rules to preserve health and ensure long life, 'always to have a good breakfast.' I wish I could in my whole life exemplify his lordship's precepts as I do now upon my return from drill. No doubt the jelly and marmalade would be more exquisite if I ate them with some one to whom I could talk of those who made them, and to whom I could express my sense of the kindness I receive.

[In the Autobiography he gives the following account of his volunteering.—ED.]

My chief distraction from legal study was soldiering. Bonaparte's threat of invasion had become serious. He had assembled at Boulogne an army of above 100,000 veterans, and he was collecting ships to transport them across the Channel.

All men of all professions took up arms as volunteers. My father, notwithstanding his sacred character, actually served in a volunteer corps at Cupar till the extremity of the danger had blown over, and his example was followed by many of the Scottish clergy, who quoted various precepts and precedents from the Old Testament for priests and Levites fighting against the heathen. The description of the military mania in Scotland at this time by Jonathan Oldbuck in the 'Antiquary' is equally applicable to London. I know not that reverend judges laid aside their robes and coifs for the gun and cartouche box; but, from the Attorney-General to the articled clerk, all the rest of the profession flew to arms. The corps most convenient for me would have been the Temple, or 'Devil's Own,' commanded by Erskine. He often boasted of having been 'both a soldier and a sailor;' nevertheless he drilled his corps so badly and its reputation was so low that I would not belong to it. From the uniformity of the line being broken by the projecting stomachs of the well-fed Temple benchers, it was said to be the most famous *belly-gerent* corps in England, and all sorts of scurvy jests were fired at it. I enrolled myself in the Bloomsbury and Inns of Court Association (called for short the B. I. C. A.), commanded by Colonel Cox, the Master in Chancery, assisted

by Will Harrison, the famous parliamentary counsel, as adjutant. We were exercised every morning at daybreak in the grounds of the Foundling Hospital, and we had often field days and sham fights in the country. That we might learn to take good aim at the French, we met to fire ball at Highbury Barn, near Islington. Cox did his duty very efficiently, and Harrison was downright *soldier-mad*, for he persuaded himself not only that he could carry a battalion through the manual and platoon exercise better than a lieutenant-colonel of the Guards, but that he had a genius for conducting sieges and planning campaigns. When he met us in private he was constantly criticising the battles of Bonaparte, and pointing out the errors committed on both sides. We were told at the same time that when he was admitted to dine at a regimental mess he talked nothing but law, so that he was a great lawyer among officers, and a great officer among lawyers. Nevertheless there can be no doubt that the B. I. C. A. was the best disciplined volunteer corps in the metropolis, and so it was pronounced by George III. when 100,000 of us were reviewed by him one very rainy day in Hyde Park. I never rose above the ranks, but I was a front rank man, and allowed to be very steady and alert. Moths have consumed my scarlet coat, but I still preserve my Brown Bess musket as a memorial of my military prowess, and mean to hand it down as such to my posterity.[9]

Lincoln's Inn: October 26, 1803.

My dear Father, . . . I have thought several times that my next would be dated from Shorncliffe or Pevensey, and written on a drum-head or the back of one of my *camarades*. Although I still lodge at No. 2, my occupations are completely military. I can really say nothing of myself unless I were to speak of field-days, reviews, watch-coats and knapsacks. Sad time this for the *Muses*, sad for the *Goddess of Special Pleading*! My plans remain quite undecided. I would really wish this invasion to be over before I enter into an

[9] September 1857. It has now got a companion in a Russian firelock taken in the battle of Inkerman, and presented to me by my gallant nephew, Willie Scarlett. [Now the third Lord Abinger.—ED.]

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office. It would be a provoking thing if the very week after I had paid down my 100 guineas I should be *killed off*. Seriously, my time is so much engaged and my attention is so much diverted by this soldiering, that I could not apply to a new and revolting study with sufficient closeness and ardour. Till Christmas therefore I am afraid I shall do nothing but carry my musket, go to the theatre, and read the newspapers. I expect to be introduced in a day or two to Mackintosh, who I know is disposed to befriend me. I shall consult him and follow his advice. I am afraid the family cannot hope to gain any martial laurels by me. Unless the French were to push on to the neighbourhood of London, the volunteers are not likely to be called into the field. To think of making them serve a campaign is quite monstrous. In the first place, though they might do pretty well for a *brush*, they would die like rotten sheep if they were to sleep for a few nights on the ground, and to submit to other necessary hardships. Secondly, the whole business of the nation would be at a stand if those who compose the volunteer corps were to be long absent from the metropolis—the principal merchants, lawyers and shopkeepers, the heads of public offices, and the conductors of the most necessary establishments. Besides, except in a case of extremity, Government would not wish to put such men in a situation where they could do no more than a coal-heaver or a plough-boy. It is said that upon the landing of the French the projected lines will immediately be constructed round London, and that to man these will be the duty cast upon the volunteers. For my own share, I could without much regret forego the glory of fighting against an army led on by the Chief Consul; but if occasion demands I shall march as cheerfully as most men. 'In the awkward squad,' indeed! I was passed into the line before I had been ten days in London, and have long been fit to be fugleman to a battalion of the Guards. You will see by the papers that our review is on Friday. We must be at the Foundling Hospital soon after six. On such occasions I lay me in half a pound of cold beef, which I wash down my throat in the morning with a pint of porter. I will not

frighten you by mentioning the expense of my dress and accoutrements! I shall get on pretty well. I have found out a house now where I can dine decently for 1*s.* 6*d.* Unfortunately the articles on which I can retrench are of trifling amount in the scale of my expenditure. At present no bookseller will enter into a speculation the returns of which he cannot have in a month.

Your conjectures about Bonaparte's views of invasion are those of the most intelligent and best informed here. The ensuing session will be very interesting, but nothing as yet is at all known of the state of parties.

Lincoln's Inn: December 28, 1803.

My dear Brother,—We expect to hear of an attempt by Bonaparte every hour. I do not believe that we shall be marched down to the coast in the first instance, unless the enemy land in very great force, but we shall certainly be put upon permanent duty, and all will be bustle and confusion. My constant prayer is that the attempt may be made without delay. The present state of suspense is extremely painful, and the cloud must burst. The Bloomsbury have a very high reputation, which I trust will be raised in the field. We are a corps of *fusileers*, no flank companies, all the eight instructed in light infantry movements. Although it has rained incessantly for three weeks, we are going upon a skirmishing party to-morrow. On such occasions we march across the country in a right line, over hedges and ditches, through bog and through briar. While I sacrifice both my time and my money with cheerfulness, I cannot help sometimes reflecting that had it not been for the restless ambition of an individual, I might now have been climbing the Alps, or wandering among the ruins of the Roman Capitol. 'Think what my faithless fortune promised once.' However things have been going on with me better of late. I wished the invasion to be over before I entered with a pleader; but the alarm for a little while subsided, and Bony's intentions seemed quite uncertain. Accordingly I got a letter from Mackintosh to Tidd, the most eminent special pleader in

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England. With him I begin my studies *in arte placitandi* next week. He has ten or a dozen pupils besides, dashing young fellows. I hope to acquire in the course of the year a great deal of useful knowledge, and the introduction to society to me is a matter of perhaps still more importance. I feel new spirit, and hope to make atonement for my past conduct.

CHAPTER V.

JANUARY 1804—DECEMBER 1804.

Becomes a Pupil of Mr. Tidd the Special Pleader—Debating Society in Tidd's Office—Denman—Copley—Pepys—'The Academical'—Charles and Robert Grant—'The Athenians'—Brownley—Adolphus—Spankie—Wilde—Horace Twiss—Madness of the King—The Mahratta War—Resignation of Addington and return of Pitt to power—Account of Special Pleading—Takes Chambers in the Inner Temple—Tax on Special Pleading—Middlesex Election—Agrees to stay two years longer in Tidd's Office—The Young Roscius.

Lincoln's Inn: January 2, 1804.
1 o'clock in the morning.

CHAP. V. A.D. 1804.

My dear Father, . . . I am most excessively perplexed how to proceed at the present moment. When I spoke to Tidd the alarm about invasion had subsided, and I said I should like to enter with him at the beginning of the year. The general opinion is that the flotillas before Brest, Boulogne, and Holland are by this time at sea, so that I may expect immediately to be put upon permanent duty and marched from London. Shall I then to-morrow morning pay the 100 guineas, or shall I not? There is an Ancrum story of the village tailor being asked when he intended to put his son into breeches. 'I shall wait,' said he, 'till the small-pox be over.' Snip's answer was very prudent, because the disease was then raging in the neighbourhood, and the event would be speedily known. But he who would wait for the execution of the threats of France might be like the rustic who waited till the river should run dry. Upon the whole I think I shall pay down my money to-morrow morning, unless news arrive of the French having actually landed. I think I have before told you that the terms of all special pleaders are the same, viz. 100 guineas for one year, or 200 guineas for three years. Tidd is by far the first man in this line. He has

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constantly from ten to fifteen pupils. 'He is in Tidd's office' —it has a prodigious fine sound. I got a letter from Mackintosh through Spankie. Copy:—'Dear Sir—Allow me to take the liberty of introducing to you Mr. Campbell, a young countryman of mine, of respectable character and connections, who is desirous of becoming your pupil. You deal so fairly by all those who have the advantage of your instructions that particular recommendation seems unnecessary; but if I may venture to recommend anyone to you, I am induced by strong reasons to recommend Mr. C. as strongly as I can, and to say that I shall consider every attention to him as a personal favour to, dear sir, yours most respectfully, James Mackintosh. Dover Street, December 17, 1803.'—I can say little for the elegance of the composition, but the recommendation is as warm and friendly as I could desire. Mackintosh's leaving this country is to me a very lamentable event.

Any letter to William Adam must arrive in the course of a fortnight to be of any use to me. There is a ceremony at our Inn of performing exercises, that is, of reading a few lines written down for you by the butler. But before you are admitted to this display of genius, you must have a certificate from a member of the society, saying that you are 'a fit person to be called to the bar.' This in fact is the ordeal which a man has to go through previously to receiving the honours of the gown. Nine of these exercises must be performed, and you are admitted only to three in one term. I ought to begin without delay. The son of a D.D.—myself M.A.—in the Bloomsbury Volunteers—in Tidd's office! I can have nothing to fear!

When the three per cent. books are reopened at the Bank, I propose to sell out one hundred pounds. For this at the present rate I should receive fifty-six pounds, a sum more than sufficient to pay my Christmas bills, and to keep me a-going till a reinforcement arrives from India. If these rascally French were only beaten back, I do not at all despair of being yet able to earn something considerable by my literary exertions. Just now the only trades that flourish are the armourer and the gunpowder manufacturer. I shall feel no

remorse in popping down a few of the *mounseers*. They have done me much mischief personally as well as nationally. I might now have been sailing down the Arno or attending a procession to the Vatican.

> Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
> Our own felicity we make or find.

So says the poet; but how does he explain himself?

> With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
> Glides the smooth current of *domestic joy*.

I had no one to greet me on the return of a new year, and when I came home from a solitary meal, I had no one to listen to my melancholy thoughts, while the whole nation was dissolved in conviviality and mirth;

> But me, not destined such delights to share,
> I'm doomed for life to solitude and care.

I shall no longer find time hang heavy on my hands. The hours at the office are from nine to four, and from six to eight. Many consider it merely as a lounging place for an hour or two in the forenoon, and perhaps do not look in above twenty times during the twelvemonth. I need not say that I shall do my utmost to get a *pennyworth*. What with debating societies in the evening, the theatres, visits, &c., I flatter myself that 1804 will pass away very agreeably. Before the end of 1805 I shall expect to be called to the bar and I shall then, I trust, begin to taste the fruits of the enterprise, industry and perseverance which I shall have displayed. May you during this period and long after meet with everything that is prosperous. Unless you were to participate in it, the most brilliant success would be tasteless to me. I cannot imagine a scene of happiness in which my father does not appear. Is it possible that you may one day witness in person a successful exertion of my powers as a public speaker, and enjoy the applause which I receive? This is the most rapturous idea that ever sprang from my fancy in its most heated and intoxicated moments.

I am dreaming and ought to be asleep; but 'poets tell that *morning* dreams come true.'

Lincoln's Inn: January 22, 1804.

CHAP. V. A.D. 1804.

My dear Brother,—I am quite tired talking and thinking of invasion. The winter has been open and mild, and for weeks the wind has been fair for Bonaparte, yet the little scoundrel has done nothing but dance about from Paris to Boulogne, and state in the 'Moniteur' that he was coming upon us with 300,000 men. The cloud may perhaps burst upon us when we least expect it. You must not mind what Cobbett says of the volunteers. I have no doubt that they will behave well in the field. The disputes now prevailing among them arise from the dread of danger having subsided.

I entered with Tidd on Monday the 16th. I have been able to pay my way by selling out three per cents. My tailor's bill amounts to within a trifle of 40*l.*, regimentals included—3*l.* 3*s.* for a military great-coat. Last week the Bloomsbury got foraging caps, and magazines to hold forty rounds of additional cartridges. The details of special pleading I defer till my next.

Lincoln's Inn: February 2, 1804.

My dear Father,—You are probably *declaring* against me for a breach of my promise and undertaking. There are divers matters that I might plead in my defence, first, that I have been very indolent. To this you will *demur*, as insufficient in law to justify me. Secondly, I have had no time. Here you might *take issue* upon the fact, and I am afraid that upon a trial in the court of conscience the verdict would be against me. I had better at once confess my guilt and throw myself upon the mercy of my judge. In mitigation of punishment, I can only urge my past good behaviour and my present compunction.

I saw Mr. Adam on Monday evening. He has no house in town, and he is to be found at his chambers only between eight and ten. I could stay with him only a very few minutes. I immediately availed myself of the friendly professions which he made by asking him to sign my certificate. To this he very readily consented, desiring that the steward would bring it to him next day. He said he should be extremely happy to have it in his power to be of use to me. He is a man of the

most liberal and benevolent sentiments, and is more universally respected than any public character now in England.[1]

On some future occasion I shall introduce you into Tidd's office, and bring you acquainted with my brother pupils. At present I cannot use this freedom, being myself quite a stranger. I go on vigorously and, without a boast, know more of the business than those who have been entered many months. But it is impossible for you to form any conception of the idleness of most of the nascent pleadrawers. They drop into the office for half an hour on their way to Bond Street. For weeks and months they remain away altogether. When they are assembled the subjects discussed are not cases and precedents, but the particulars of a new fashion in dress, or the respective merits of the Young Chicken and Signora Grassini. I should work much harder, but I can get no one to keep me in countenance, and I should not like to become proverbial as a *fagger*. I believe there are at present twelve pupils upon the list, and of these there are really but two or three who apply with any steadiness, or who seem to feel any desire to improve themselves. Fortunately few of them will have to labour for their subsistence. One man the other day, by the death of his father, came into possession of 7,000*l.* a year.

I was at first a good deal embarrassed by one circumstance. There is a single morning paper taken in at the office, and that paper is the 'Morning Chronicle.' To hear opinions given upon criticisms which I had written, and of which I would not for the world be there known to be the author! This morning, however, I heard without discomposure one man observe 'this paper was very severe upon Mrs. Jordan in Miranda,' and another defend the strictures I had made upon her. A third exclaimed, 'Here's a monstrous good thing: "As the nickname of 'the Doctor' still sticks to Mr. Addington, notwithstanding all his attempts to shake it off, he may be truly styled *le médecin malgré lui*, or the 'Mock Minister.'"' I said with an air of indif-

[1] Then a Bencher of Lincoln's Inn; afterwards Lord Commissioner of the Jury Court in Scotland.—ED.

CHAP. V. A.D. 1804.

ference, what I really thought, that it was a poor quibble upon Molière's play. At the same time I must confess that I am terribly alarmed when there is any talk about newspapers or reporters, and on one or two occasions my confusion might easily have been discerned.

Lincoln's Inn: February 26, 1804.

My dear Father, . . . I go on vigorously with my special pleading. Tidd considers me as a man of some *taste*. I am likely to reap to the full all the advantages which I promised myself from a pleader's office, and I think I shall receive as full a consideration for my hundred guineas as I did for the 1*s*. 6*d*. which I paid to-day for my dinner at the chop-house. Nothing but the irresistible motives which spur me on could enable me to combat the disgust inspired by special pleading. It is founded upon reason, but rude, rude is the superstructure. This, however, is now a necessary *post* in carrying on your professional *advances*. The four judges who preside in the Court of King's Bench all practised as special pleaders. It is now vacation time, and we have not much business in the office. I continue, however, to go regularly at eleven and stay till four. A considerable part of this time may be taken up in talking, but I seldom leave Tidd's chambers without being acquainted with something of which I was ignorant when I entered them. There is a *society* among the pupils which meets once a week, exclusively for the discussion of questions of law. It is modelled upon the plan of the courts at Westminster: a chief justice, counsel for the plaintiff and defendant, &c. The great ornament of our bar is a Mr. Pepys,[2] a nephew of Sir Lucas. The question for last Saturday morning: 'A leases to B; B assigns to C; C makes a new covenant with A for the payment of the rent and assigns to D; D becomes bankrupt, his assignees enter, the rent becomes in arrear. A sues C upon the covenant, and recovers. *Q.* Can C maintain an action against the assignees for the money he has thus been compelled to pay?' I can assure you this was agitated with as much

[2] Afterwards Lord Chancellor Cottenham.

keenness as if it had been some interesting point in literature or politics. An apt quotation from Lord Coke is heard with more applause than if it came from Juvenal or Cicero. I flatter myself that I shall be vandalised by degrees.

I am mortified to find that I am older than most of the men in the office. In all the different stages of my progress hitherto I have been younger than any of my contemporaries. I was almost the youngest that was ever put to the grammar school. I was almost the youngest that was ever sent to college. I was probably the youngest that ever entered at the Divinity Hall. I was one of the youngest that ever was employed as a tutor; and I was, I believe, the very youngest that was ever retained as a parliamentary reporter. However, if it please God that I am called to the bar in the end of 1805, I shall probably be the youngest *adventurer* that has reached the degree of barrister. It is seldom that a man can have quitted one profession and served a long apprenticeship to another before his twenty-sixth year. It is a great pity that I had not enrolled my name upon the books immediately upon leaving Webster. I should thus have saved myself almost a twelvemonth. At the same time I cannot blame myself for the omission, as prudence required that I should first ascertain whether I was capable of maintaining myself during the period of my study. . . . I wish I had any share of the genius of Rousseau. I fear I have his failing of imagining that mankind are always plotting against me. I should compare myself with more propriety to Scrubb, who says he is sure that certain persons had been talking of him, and being asked his reason replied, 'Oh! they laughed so consumedly.' This is a most unhappy jealousy. To it may truly be applied what is said of another species of the distemper: 'Trifles light as air are to the jealous confirmation strong as proofs from holy writ.'[3] I may perhaps read in your next that the same frame of mind fits a man to feel more exquisitely the gratification which arises from respect and applause, and that I shall be recompensed in a more advanced period of life for the sufferings of my youth.

[3] *Othello*, act iii. scene 3.

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[He alludes in this letter to the debating society of Tidd's pupils. In the Autobiography he gives the following account of this and other debating societies.—ED.]

In Tidd's office there was a society which met weekly for the discussion of juridical questions. This consisted of his pupils for the time being, and any former pupils who chose to attend. Of this last class there were two who have since risen to great official eminence—Denman, now Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Queen's Bench; and Copley, now Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain.[4] The former in his argumentations was more eloquent and fervid than acute or learned, but he had always a fine gentlemanly port and bearing, which with high principle made him beloved and respected. When Copley took pains he argued most admirably, giving a foretaste of those powers which should have placed him in the first rank of lawyers, orators, and statesmen. His fault at this time (which he afterwards fully corrected) was being too loud and declamatory. I recollect that on one occasion his vehement tones being heard by the laundresses and porters in King's Bench Walk, a large mob of them collected round the window of the room in which we were assembled. This caused others at a greater distance to think that a fire had broken out, and messengers were despatched for fire-engines. Bent on present enjoyment, he was reckless as to what might be said or thought of him. But by his agreeable manners, by his contempt of hypocrisy, and by the habit of representing himself somewhat more self-indulgent than he really was, he contrived to disarm the censorious and to soothe all whom he approached.

It is remarkable that in this club of Tidd's pupils there were at one time four members who afterwards sat together as law lords in the House of Peers: Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Denman, Lord Cottenham, and Lord Campbell.

For debating on general topics I belonged to a society which met at the Crown and Rolls in Chancery Lane, and which had boasted such distinguished members as Canning,

[4] Written in 1842.

Scarlett, Mackintosh, Bobus Smith, Perceval, and Hallam, but which was now falling into decay. It was soon replaced by another, called 'the Academical,' which met in Bell Yard, and the qualification for which was a university degree. It was, I think, on the occasion of my being admitted here, that I took out my diploma as A.M. at St. Andrews. The perpetual president was Dr. Maton, who became a fashionable physician, and taught botany to the princesses at Court. He was the most formal of mankind; he sate in the chair in a great cocked hat, with the solemnity and sense of self-importance known to no Speaker of the House of Commons or Lord Chancellor. The meeting was opened with what was called 'philosophical conversation,' in which the members discussed all that was new in literature or science. Then followed an essay by one of the members in rotation, and last of all a debate on a question given out a week before, the opener speaking by compulsion and all the others being volunteers. By many degrees the best speakers were the twin brothers, Charles and Robert Grant—the one afterwards Lord Glenelg and Secretary of State for the Colonies, the other Governor of Bombay. They gained great celebrity for eloquence in Parliament, but in my opinion they never spoke so well there as they had done in Bell Yard. They had had great practice at Cambridge, and they really seemed to me to approach the perfection of the oratorical art, insomuch that I listened to them 'with a mixed sensation of admiration and despair.' Their superiority kept me almost constantly silent. They were in all respects most accomplished and most excellent men. They afterwards betrayed a want of vigour of character which greatly impaired the effect of their extraordinary talents and acquirements. Robert did very well in the easy office of Judge Advocate, but as an Indian governor he never could have been in the same category as Clive, Hastings, and Wellesley. Charles advanced to be Colonial Secretary, wrote beautiful despatches, and could occasionally come out with a good prepared speech. An anecdote used to be related which, whether true or not, is characteristic of the brothers. Dining together *tête-à-tête*, they were highly pleased with some fine old port wine, in

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which they were not disinclined to indulge. Having exhausted the liberal allowance at first ordered, they wished very much to have another bottle, but they could not agree which should submit to the trouble of getting up to ring the bell for the butler, and they preferred their ease till they both forgot their disappointment in a sound sleep.

To finish the subject of debating societies, I may here mention that before I was called to the bar I became member of another called 'The Athenians,' much more miscellaneous in its composition, in which all the party questions of the day were discussed, and the topics of the House of Commons were repeated or anticipated. There was here a most marvellous display of natural eloquence from a half-educated man of the name of Brownley, who really came very near the manner and execution of Pitt. Adolphus, the historian of the reign of George the Third, was his great opponent. Adolphus was then keeping terms to be called to the bar, having started as an attorney, and his friends thought that he was to throw Erskine into the shade. But he was too old to be transplanted; he was never sufficiently imbued with legal principles to succeed in appearing to understand them and, after various efforts of great pretension, he sank down into a second-rate Old Bailey counsel.

Spankie who, galled with being considered 'a gentleman of the press,' was now studying for the bar, here entered the oratorical arena. He spoke with great force and with considerable fluency, but the effect of his speaking was dreadfully marred by a most discordant voice and a revoltingly coarse Scottish accent, which to his dying day was in no degree mitigated, although he took lessons in elocution from the celebrated Thelwall, and spared no pains or cost to train himself as an orator.

The next 'Athenian' in point of consequence was Wilde,[5] then a City solicitor, afterwards my successor in the office of Attorney-General. His mind might then be filled with ambitious visions, but he did not for years afterwards begin to keep terms at an inn of court. However, he spoke with

[5] Afterwards Lord Chancellor Truro.

good effect when he was once started, and had overcome a tremendous stutter.

The only other person who shone forth here was Horace Twiss, the impersonation of a debating society rhetorician. I have often heard his case cited against debating societies. When he got into the House of Commons, though inexhaustibly fluent, his manner certainly was very flippant, factitious, and unbusinesslike; but, without being in a debating society, I doubt whether he ever would have gained any eminence whatever.

Mr. Phipps, the perpetual president of the 'Athenians,' a City merchant, imitated the practices of the House of Commons down to impartially giving official dinners to all the members; for he first had the leading Tories (that party being then in office), next the leading Whigs, and then the rest of the assembly without party distinction.

Coachmakers' Hall and that class of debating shops, open to the public on payment of a shilling, at which Garrow came forward and was supposed to speak for his supper, were all gone before I came to London. In those days the speculator who conducted the adventure, to attract a crowded audience, procured the attendance of popular spouters by a culinary bribe. Mr. President Phipps, like the other members, paid his subscription, and he provided his entertainments out of pure hospitality, or to add to his weight and consequence in the chair.

Lincoln's Inn: March 5, 1804.

My dear George, . . . I have been about six weeks in a special pleader's office. . . . The pupils in general have a large fortune in possession or expectancy, and are of course idle and dissipated. Those who drop into the office for an hour or two in the morning instead of a coffee-house are pleasant, agreeable fellows. Happily I do not find it at all necessary to associate with them in their amusements and pleasures. They generally pay seventeen shillings or a guinea for their dinner in a coffee-house, and think nothing of losing six or seven guineas in the evening at cards. I cannot help feeling some sentiments of regret when we separate—they to feast at a tavern, to go to the opera, or to

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shine at a ball; I to slink into a cook's shop, and to spend the night in drowsily poring over a book. At the same time I believe that I am as happy as any of them. Business, which to me is a pleasure, they find an insufferable bore, and the steady pursuit of an important object saves me from the languor of *ennui* with which they are frequently oppressed. Upon the whole there are few whose situation seems more enviable than my own at the present moment. I have nothing to torment me, I have nothing to do but to improve and amuse myself, and I am allowed in a sanguine hour to hope for all the sweets of gratified ambition. It is exactly six years since I first came to England. It was then as likely that I should now be a negro-driver in the West Indies as a student of law at Lincoln's Inn. In six years more, according to the natural progress of things, I ought to have acquired some reputation at the bar. I cannot undertake to promise a sufficient degree of spirit, but my failure shall not arise from a want of perseverance and industry.

Long before this reaches you, you will have heard of the King's madness, and probably of the result of it, which to us is still unknown. Never was there such a perplexing state of things. He will probably soon be so far in his senses that it will not be possible to set him aside; while, by the best opinions, there is no chance of his ever again being in a fit state to transact business. His death would be a great deliverance to the nation, and would occasion much joy, notwithstanding the unpopularity of his successor. Happen what will, the Doctor must immediately give in. There has been (will posterity believe it?) a firm and cordial coalition effected between Mr. Fox and the Grenvilles! Lord Grenville has been at St. Ann's Hill, and Mr. Windham now extols the wisdom and virtue of that Charley whom a little twelvemonth ago he denounced as the *pander* of public discontent and popular fury. Pitt is at variance with all his old colleagues except Dundas, and even with Harry he has had little correspondence for a long while back. Those who wish well to the country have this to console them, that things cannot possibly be worse than they are at present,

though God help us if the French are able to effect a landing. Our means of defence would be miserably directed, and these means are by no means adequate. The army of reserve has turned out very ill, and the recruiting for the regulars does not now supply deaths and desertions. As to the efficiency of the volunteers I am quite incompetent to judge. It appears to me that if they are led on with proper spirit they may overwhelm the enemy, but the slaughter previously must be horrible. Upon the volunteers, such as they are, the country must chiefly rely for its safety. The present conjuncture is so favourable to Bonaparte that if he does not instantly make the attempt I shall believe that he never meant anything more than to frighten us. I am sadly tired of soldiering. I would march to the coast in case of necessity with great cheerfulness, but it is very teasing to lose so much time and to be put to such trouble for no purpose. The expense too is very considerable. There is constantly something wanted and something to pay for.

The wants of your government, I fear, will soon be pressing enough. The Mahratta war is not at all relished in England. I hope in God there is no danger of your being taken from Contai to be sent into the field, where you would acquire neither profit nor glory.

Lincoln's Inn: April 24, 1804.

Dear George, . . . Tranquillity will before this have been restored in India. Great uneasiness prevailed here upon the news of General Wellesley's victory of the 23rd of September, but the splendid successes which followed seem quite decisive. Whatever grounds the Governor may have had in entering into the war, he has certainly conducted it with great vigour and ability. Most people were disposed to condemn him while things remained doubtful, but he will now be judged by the event. I wish we had a man of his enterprise to cope with Bonaparte at home. However, thank God, we are at last likely to get rid of the miserable drivellers who have disgraced themselves and the country for three years past. Before this reaches you, you will have heard, I trust, of a complete change in the Cabinet. All the different

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parties of Opposition have combined against the poor Doctor. I know not what kind of a Ministry is to be formed out of such a heterogeneous mixture, but we must exchange for the better. For the weakness and distraction that at present palsy our energies we have some consolation in the atrocities and follies of which Bonaparte is guilty at Paris.

Lincoln's Inn: April 26, 1804.

My dear Father, . . . I do not hear that the new Cabinet has been yet arranged. It seems to me that Pitt and Fox must necessarily come in together. Pitt is pledged to the Grenvilles and the Grenvilles are pledged to Fox. Young Mansfield, the son of the new Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, says that when his father went to be knighted the King appeared quite rational and talked sensibly to him on a great variety of topics. I understand, however, that at times he is still as bad as ever, so that he is not allowed to associate with his family.

Lincoln's Inn: May 16, 1804.

My dear Father, . . . I suppose you would be a good deal disappointed at the turn which things took upon the Doctor's defeat, although I (with my 'accustomed sagacity') had pointed out to you what was likely to happen.[6] The poor King who is so severely censured is supposed to have been quite passive upon the occasion. The Queen and the Duke of York were at the bottom of the intrigue. Making every allowance for Pitt's vast parliamentary talents, and likewise for the habit of obedience which the House of Commons has not yet forgotten, I do not see how he is to go on long. What can he do? Neither, I fear, make an honourable peace, or carry on a glorious war. The constant cry will be, 'How much better it would have been had Mr. Fox been admitted into the Cabinet!' The Opposition will be powerful, and so much is Dundas hated in the House of Lords, and Hawkesbury despised, that Lord Grenville will be able to dispute

[6] At the end of April Addington had resigned, and on May 10 Pitt resumed the seals of office. The King having refused to agree to Mr. Fox being in the Cabinet, Pitt was obliged to form the Administration without the assistance of Lord Grenville and his party.—See Stanhope's *Life of Pitt*, vol. iv. pp. 164–195.—ED.

every inch of ground with them. Pitt perhaps thinks he will gradually strengthen his party as he did at the beginning of his former Administration; but he forgets that the King is in the most equivocal state of health, and that the heir apparent is his declared enemy. I have heard that the Prince of Wales means to send a caution to the Privy Council to take care what they do, and that he is determined to take some bold step to ascertain the degree of the King's insanity. Were you not shocked at the manner in which the old man was for several days trundled about the streets of London? The effect produced was directly contrary to that intended. The truth I believe is that at times he is as rational as ever he was in his life, but that on some occasions he is as mad as a March hare.

Lincoln's Inn: May 17, 1804.

My dear George, . . . You desire me to give you some notion of *special pleading*. It is the business of the special pleader to draw all the written proceedings in a suit at law. First, the declaration, which contains a statement of the cause of action, or the injury of which the plaintiff complains: that the defendant has seduced his wife; has trespassed upon his land; has given him a beating; has sold him an unsound horse, &c. Next comes the plea, setting forth the defendant's answer, who says that he is not guilty, or that the land is his own, or that the plaintiff made the first assault, or that he did not warrant the horse as sound, &c. The *replication*, the *rejoinder*, &c., contain what each party has to allege, till at last they take issue upon some point of fact and the cause is submitted to a jury. If it is thought that what is stated in the *declaration*, though true, would not be sufficient in law to sustain an action, or in the *plea* to establish a defence, then there is a *demurrer*, and the cause is decided by the judges. There is the most scrupulous nicety required in these proceedings. For instance, there are different kinds of actions, as assumpsit, detinue, trespass, case, &c. The difficulty is to know which of these to bring, for it seldom happens that more than one of them will lie. There is still more difficulty in the defence, to know what is

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a good justification and how it ought to be pleaded, to be sure that you always suit the nature of the defence to the nature of the action, and to take advantage of any defect on the opposite side. Special pleaders in general are not at the bar. One or two who remain pleaders permanently are considered as something between attorneys and barristers, but the common way is for a young man to plead a few years *under the bar*, as they call it, before being called. It is easier to get this kind of business than briefs in the court, and you thus gradually form and extend your connections. This is a very bad plan for the profession; in the first place, the special pleaders take much lower fees than if they were at the bar, and thus carry away a great deal of business; and in the next place, by continuing in this low illiberal drudgery so long, their minds are contracted and they are mere quibblers all their lives after. Tidd is a man of very low origin. He was clerk to an eminent man in this line and, his master dying, he set up for himself. He has a very clear head and has always paid great attention to business, so that he has for a considerable number of years been by far the first man in his branch of the profession. He published a Practice of the Court of King's Bench, which has passed through several editions and gained him high celebrity. He makes between 2,000*l.* and 3,000*l.* a year, and does not spend more than 200*l.* or 300*l.* He lives in a small house near Vauxhall in a miserable way with a single maid-servant. Of pupils he has constantly from eight to twelve. He takes very little pains with them, and is very indifferent about the progress they make. He comes about one o'clock, says 'How d'ye do?' as he passes into his own room, remains there till four or five, correcting what has been drawn, nods to any straggler who is still remaining, and returns to Vauxhall for the day. His office, however, for a man really desirous and determined to improve himself, is in my mind by far the best in London. You see here such a quantity and such a variety of business that you may learn more in six months than by reading or hearing lectures for seven years. I have not been throughout equally steady, but I reflect upon my exertions since I entered without dissatisfaction. From having read a

little before and been pretty industrious since, I really know more of the matter than those who have been there for a year or two. Perhaps this mode of talking may confirm you in a very old and often recorded opinion of yours, that I am very *conceited*; but heaven knows the boast is a poor one, and I pretend to nothing which a man of common parts may not attain by assiduity in the same period.

. . . I shall probably try and get chambers at Christmas in the Temple and practise a twelvemonth as a pleader on my own bottom. I know that I should not earn as much as would pay half a quarter's rent. The high rent of chambers is a most formidable thing for a beginner like me. You can't get a set *unfurnished* fit for business under 50*l.* a year. I am sure you are now satiated. I shall try to remember constantly your precept of 'Push on.' You must not be by any means sanguine, but I again promise steady application and all the spirit I can possibly command. 'Dis cætera credam.'

The war bears very hard upon me: volunteering, income-tax, window-tax raised, &c. I pay my way and have everything I want except law-books. I should require 50*l.* for this article, and so much I shall be able to spare if I get 100*l.* from you by the end of the year.

You can't imagine the disappointment felt by the people when the hope vanished of a united and vigorous Administration. Things went on pretty well till Dundas arrived from Scotland, who saw that if all parties were to be included his share of the candle-ends would be comparatively small. His disposition to mischief was seconded by a corresponding disposition in the Court. The poor King is supposed to have remained nearly passive. He was worked upon by the Queen and the Duke of York. This is supposed to be the circumstance which has so enraged the Prince and made him step forward as the avowed head of Opposition. The Opposition will be most formidable indeed, and in the equivocal state of the King's health I do not see that Pitt can stand long. He certainly proposed to bring in Fox, but yielded very easily to the royal scruples. If he had studied his own glory he would have refused to come in unless Fox was admitted

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along with him. Do not think I speak the language of the party because I write in the 'Chronicle.' I am much more with the Pittites. I express the sentiments of the public and of Mr. Pitt's best friends. There never was such a set of ragamuffins as he has collected around him. From the noble conduct of the Grenvilles it was long before he could get his ranks filled up at all, and many of the fattest offices under the Crown had to go a-begging. He is after all forced to make a piece of patchwork with the *Doctorians*, whom a little month ago he denounced in the mass as an assemblage of drivellers. Lord Castlereagh remains at the head of the India Board. It was said for some days that your old friend the Duke of Montrose was to go as Lord-Lieutenant to Ireland, but the rumour now is that he is to be made Postmaster-General and President of the Board of Trade. Dundas is the man who gives away everything. He rules Pitt, and is thus the first man in England. He has made his nephew William, an arrogant, empty coxcomb, Secretary at War. The disgust thus given to the old aristocracy of the country is prodigious. *The Lord*,[7] as you call him, will be well pleased to see his old friends in power again. It is understood that the Doctor had resolved to recall him. How he must have despised the Doctor! A man of his discernment, vigour and enterprise can have no very profound respect even for the pedlar politician, Lord Melville, the author of the expeditions to St. Domingo, Holland and Ferrol. There has been a rumour about peace for two days, I believe without the smallest foundation. Bonaparte, the new Emperor, has raised a high degree of indignation at the Court of Russia by his manifold outrages, but such is the unhappy state of things at home that no advantage can be taken of it. Let Pitt act how he will, he is sure to be opposed, and we can look forward to nothing but a series of parliamentary squabbles and of national divisions.

I send you the seventh number of the 'Edinburgh Review.' . . . The 'E. R.' seems to me to fall off, but it has still a high character and a wide circulation. They have been obliged to publish a second edition of some of the

[7] Marquis Wellesley, Governor-General of India.

numbers. I have met Jeffrey, Brougham and Horner, the conductors, several times in London. They are very clever men; the two latter are coming to the English bar.

Lincoln's Inn: June 15, 1804.

My dear Brother, . . . Know that I leave Lincoln's Inn at Michaelmas. I know not whether I have acted judiciously. I have no mortal to consult with; and I am left on points the most important for my future welfare to the suggestions of my own anxious, hesitating, unsatisfiable mind. An acquaintance told me he was about to quit a set of chambers very well situated for business, and extremely cheap. As I had been thinking for some time of trying what I could do as a special pleader upon the expiration of my year with Tidd, it seemed that these chambers would suit me to a T. Upon examining them (though they are dark and not very elegant) I found them as good as I could expect at the rent. They are on the first floor, consist of two sitting-rooms and a place in which a small bed may be put up; and as to *locale* are quite as good as if I paid 100 guineas a year for them. The former tenant had them at 26*l.* 5*s.* They are raised now to 28*l.* Taxes, 4*l.* But there is a most formidable thing under the name of fixtures. The carpets, window-curtains, stoves, &c., are left in the chambers, and these I must purchase at a valuation. I believe they will come to near 20*l.* During the year of my pleadership I probably shall not earn 40*s.* But I believe it would be considered as prudent to make the attempt; and I should have been dissatisfied with myself to an uncommon degree if I had let this opportunity slip of enabling myself to open shop. I hold my chambers in Lincoln's Inn till Christmas, but I dare say I shall easily find a tenant before Michaelmas. I am very glad that for three years past I have been here instead of in lodgings. I have now done all my nine exercises, and I need not enter the Hall again till the day I am called. My address henceforth will be 5, Inner Temple Lane.

All thoughts of invasion are now absorbed in domestic politics. . . . The King remains much the same—rather quieter, but not to be relied upon. When the Lord Chan-

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cellor was sent for, he took him out to walk on the terrace. I know for an undoubted fact that after they had proceeded a little way and a sentry had presented arms, his Majesty ran up, shook him by the hand, said, 'How d'ye do, general,' and began to talk with him upon the means of repelling the invasion. The Prince of Wales continues to throw out threats, but he is so near beating Pitt in Parliament that he will not probably call for any public investigation. He gives grand dinners twice a week to all the members of both houses who are on his side. Lord Breadalbane was one of the party on Sunday last. Pitt has not yet been able to prevail upon any one to go as Lord-Lieutenant to Ireland. . . .

I have good accounts from Cupar . . . I really think that in a situation where there was any stimulus to ambition our father would have made a very great figure. Considering where and with whom he has lived, it is quite astonishing to find him so much a man of letters. As to his politeness, his gentlemanly manners, and his knowledge of the world, they exact my warmest admiration. I not only love my father, but I am proud of him. My opinion is not the result of childish prejudice, but is founded on observation and confirmed by my experience among mankind.

Lincoln's Inn: August 2, 1804.

My dear Father, . . . I am glad to hear that you have been preaching so vigorously. Beating the cushion is good exercise, and the lungs must be admirably well ventilated in an harangue of *one hour and forty minutes*. I never had the least fear for your popularity, and it was by no means with a view to this that I humbly talked to you of rewriting a few of your sermons. I believe that taking the community at large, you have been, and I make no doubt will continue, more generally relished than almost any clergyman in the synod—'Primores populi arripuit populumque tributim.'[8] . . . Be under no apprehensions from special pleading. Mr. Pitt has saved me from the perils of easy obscurity. In the new Stamp Act there is a clause that no one shall practise as a special pleader without paying 10*l.* a year. This is

[8] Horace, *Sat.* II. i. 69.

a most oppressive and iniquitous tax. It would be quite as fair to say that a carpenter or a bricklayer should not exercise his industry without a licence. Attorneys are quite a different class, and with them a distinction is made between beginners and those established in business. There are few young men that make 10*l.* during the first year of their practice. For my own share, I shall not think of taking out the licence. Although twelve months will not elapse between the time of my leaving Tidd and the time when I may be called to the bar, I believe the period is in two parliamentary years, so that I should pay 20*l.*, and probably not receive 20*d.* I have been advised to practise below the bar for a number of years. As I have some of the qualifications of the *plodder* about me, I really believe that I might in time succeed in this way, but it by no means suits my inclination. Till I am at the bar my energies will never have fair scope given them. I am not foolish enough to expect any business for a number of years, but by assiduity and perseverance men with as poor prospects as myself have risen by degrees to the highest honours of the profession. I confess this tax has vexed me a good deal. I had taken chambers for the express purpose of beginning business at the new year, in the hope of a little *nucleus* of connection forming itself during the three following terms. I shall thus be put to some expense for no purpose, and very likely when I am called to the bar I may not have a half-guinea motion for six months.

I do not think of moving out of town even for a single day during the present vacation. Sea-bathing would be very pleasant, and I should not have the slightest objection to exchange the noise and smoke of London for the solitude of woods or the gaieties of a fashionable watering-place. But to an excursion of this kind there are some obstacles. In the first place the expense is considerable, and at Michaelmas I shall have occasion for all the money I can muster. What weighs with me still more, I should lose some weeks of the dear-bought year at Tidd's. Consider that I pay about 7*s.* a day for the run of his office. At present very little business comes in, but almost all the pupils have retired to the country except myself, and I find something improving to do every morning.

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I shall work hard to complete my set of precedents; and I am not without hopes of being of use to Tidd—a man always ready to requite favours. He is publishing a book just now for which I translated him a few Latin records, and he is to present me with a copy of it. The summer will soon slide away. I keep my health perfectly, and have yet suffered very little from the heats. The theatres open in September and will bring me an accession of business and amusement. The scene will then change from Lincoln's Inn to the Temple, and I shall not have a moment for languor or ennui.

I am delighted to hear of the amount of your augmentation. You may find some difficulty in collecting it from the little heritors, whose interest suffers by this infamous delay as much as your own. Good God! the alteration seems a thing that might be done in half an hour! The forms of the Scots law are all bad! It would be a happy thing for Scotland if her courts of justice were all new modelled, and instead of the fifteen corrupt old wives that now doze in the Court of Session, two or three good lawyers and honest men were sent down from England. There is seldom such a thing here as a man being raised to the bench for his parliamentary interest, and the integrity of a judge for a century has not been suspected. Indeed it is the pure and expeditious administration of justice that chiefly distinguishes England from Scotland, France and other despotic countries in Europe. 'A very pretty insinuation!' But according to the Lord Advocate's statement (in which he is supported by the nation itself) he is altogether as absolute as the Emperor Napoleon, and I do believe that there is at this moment more liberty of opinion in Paris than in Edinburgh. . . .

Politicians are completely absorbed in the Middlesex election.[9] I wish success with all my heart to Sir F. Burdett. It is only by the recurrence of such struggles that the spirit of liberty can be kept alive in this country and the Constitution preserved. How are you to get unexceptionable men

[9] The candidates were Mainwaring and Sir Francis Burdett. The poll lasted fifteen days, and closed on August 8. Mainwaring 2,828, Burdett 2,823—majority for Mainwaring 5.—ED.

who will throw away their money and head the rabble? Wilkes was a most unprincipled miscreant, but he did a great deal of good. There ought to be a mixture of such men as Burdett in the Senate to balance the thorough-paced courtiers. It is absurd to think that as our government consists of three branches, the attachments of every citizen are to be equally divided between them, and each should show himself third part a democrat, third part an aristocrat, and third part a lover of monarchy. I have no objection to Tories and High Churchmen, and I think at the same time there ought to be republicans and dissenters. The issue of the contest at Brentford is still considered extremely doubtful. Ministers I should suppose will not rejoice much in their experiment upon the poor King. It was quite impossible for anyone who knew what he was about to make such a blunder. Indeed, I understand that there was the most idiotic vacuity in his countenance, and that he read the speech like a schoolboy reading in a language he does not understand.[1]

Lincoln's Inn: August 12, 1804.

My dear Brother, . . . I was one night lately at an exhibition that pleased me a good deal. A large theatre was most brilliantly illuminated by inflammable air. There are tubes fixed round the ceiling, the boxes, and the stage, supplied from a reservoir below, and at the end of each tube there is a very vivid and steady light. The man pretends to extract the gas from smoke, together with large quantities of other valuable products. He proposes to supersede the use both of coal-fires and candles, and to supply every house in London with this gas in the same manner as they are now supplied with water from the New River Company. I understand he is merely a copier of Le Bon, a French chemist, who abandoned the plan as impracticable and absurd.[2]

[1] The Session was closed on July 31 by a speech from the King. 'His Majesty read the speech with great animation, but accidentally turned over two leaves together, and so omitted about one-fourth of his intended speech.'—Stanhope's *Life of Pitt*, vol. iv. p. 211.—ED.

[2] Such, in 1804, was the beginning of gas to give light in houses and streets.

Lincoln's Inn: August 31, 1804.

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My dear Father, . . . There is nothing in the world of which I should be so ambitious as oratory; but you considerably overrate its importance at the English bar. In addressing the bench you must strictly confine yourself to cases and Acts of Parliament, and the man who is most technical is heard most favourably. Few now ever arrive at the honour of addressing a jury in cases of importance, and scarcely any till after the meridian of life. For the first ten or fifteen years one can succeed only from a knowledge of practice,—being able to tell the attorneys when they must file their declarations, and knowing what is a good sham plea. I do not think that the law has at present any right to rank as a liberal profession. I am sure I should receive as much general improvement in making shoes as from copying precedents, and I do actually know several men in excellent business at the bar who cannot speak upon ordinary subjects with more information or intelligence than a common tradesman. . . . .

5 Inner Temple Lane: September 30, 1804.

My dear Father,—I should sooner have answered your very kind letter of the 20th had I not been for some days amidst the hurry and confusion of *flitting*. Upon the subject, however, which naturally so much interests you, I can yet say nothing to remove your anxiety. None of the *regular* Bengal ships have yet arrived. It is supposed that they had been detained at St. Helena for want of convoy. Though it is a cruel thing to be cut off so long from all accounts of one so dear to us, we may console ourselves with this, that we could not have heard sooner. . . .

I was much gratified a day or two ago by receiving a large sheet filled by Lindsay and Magdalen, the one addressing me in good English, and the other in tolerable French. I assure you Lin promises to turn out a very sprightly correspondent. Her thoughts are natural, her style is spirited, and some of her turns are very pretty. She gives me a description of the races that would shine in a fashionable novel, and her remarks upon the Infant Roscius will stand me in good stead when I come to criticise the performances of this

theatrical phenomenon. Mag displays her usual quickness and *naïveté*. As a means of learning the language it may be of great use to her to write French letters, but as an ultimate object writing English is ten thousand times more important. One of the most improving employments which the two have had in Edinburgh I do believe has been the scribbling of the long epistles that yield you so much delight on the Saturday evenings.

I have to inform you of an affair that must have a most material influence one way or another upon my future life. As I consider it as favourable, I once intended not to mention it till the arrival of news from Contai. Just now you are perhaps incapable of feeling pleasure from anything of this kind. But what I am going to state may amuse your impatience till the long expected hour arrives. Instead of leaving Tidd in a few months, I am to remain with him for two years longer. When I undervalued the advantage of attending the office after the first twelvemonth had expired, it arose in a good measure from not having the means. I perceived that I should then be much at a loss what to do with myself, and that I should be called to the bar without proper preparation, and without any professional connections. Pitt's Stamp Act had deterred me from the plan of setting up as a pleader, and the continuation of the war left no possibility of my being taken to the Continent. In the midst of my despondency I heard that Tidd was going to lose the young gentleman who for some time has managed his business for him. This youth's name is Lawes; he is the nephew of an eminent barrister, and is shortly to commence business for himself as pleader. I saw that Tidd would miss him exceedingly, and from the obliging expressions he had often used to me I thought he might perhaps accept of me to supply his place. He did not know but that I was possessed of some fortune, and, of course, unless the proposal came first from me he could not suppose that such an arrangement would be agreeable to me. On Thursday evening last I therefore wrote him a letter to be carried over to him by the clerk, making a tender of my services in the most becoming manner I could, and saying

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that I should wait upon him at Lambeth next morning to see whether the plan met with his approbation. Having never hinted at my intentions to any living soul, you may be sure I felt considerable doubts as to the propriety of my conduct, and frequent misgivings as to the manner in which so unlooked-for an offer might be received. When I walked across Blackfriars Bridge in the morning I was ready to accuse myself of rashness and folly. I could scarcely muster up courage to knock at the door. No sooner did Tidd appear, however, than he put my trepidation to flight. After shaking me heartily by the hand, he said he had read my letter with the sincerest pleasure, and that nothing could be more fortunate for him than my inclination to stay in his office. He had been exceedingly distressed at the prospect of Lawes going away, but that his mind was again at ease. After talking in this style for some time, he said if I stayed barely another year that I should leave him in January in the throng of business, that he was a nervous fellow, and the thought of this would render him quite unhappy, he therefore wished earnestly that I would prolong the period for six months, which would carry him over the four terms, though he would by no means force any conditions upon me to which I might be averse. I answered that I was willing to make a considerable sacrifice to accommodate him, but that I was rather old for one of my standing, and that I wished to begin as soon as possible to do something for myself. I believe he had before given me a hint that he would be well pleased to remove any objections I might feel in a pecuniary point of view, and he now plainly, though with the greatest possible delicacy, intimated that he would make me some recompense for my trouble. He observed that he had been wonderfully successful in life, and that he was now disposed to look to comfort more than money. He added that he was convinced my remaining in his office the time he mentioned would be for my own advantage as well as his; he was sure I was aware of the folly of young men getting on at the bar merely by their abilities,—a barrister setting out without connections was like an attempt to launch a ship without water; by con-

tinuing in the office I should become acquainted with the attorneys, who would afterwards requite any attention I showed them; that before the end of two years something might happen to him, or he might retire from business, as he was getting more tired of it every day. He concluded by saying that he should not call upon me for a positive answer at that moment, but requested that I would turn the matter over in my mind, and we should subsequently come to an agreement. After he had conversed with me about an hour in a very friendly manner, I took my leave. As I walked home I judged that it would be most expedient at once to comply with his terms. I was convinced there was truth in some of the remarks he had made, and it seemed fair that, if he kept me as long as it suited my convenience, he should insist upon keeping me a little longer to suit his own; and if I stayed till July I might as well stay to November. Therefore, when he came to the office between three and four, and asked if I had yet come to any conclusion upon the subject, I told him that, if he consented that I should be absent for a few weeks next summer, I was willing to engage with him till Michaelmas term 1806. He expressed great satisfaction, and hoped I should never have reason to repent the step I had taken. About the year I had offered to stay, he observed he should say nothing, but he could not think of interfering with my plans without making me some compensation, and as it was best upon such subjects to be explicit, he trusted I should think it worth my while to accept of 100*l*. I made many acknowledgments to him for his liberality, and the matter being finally settled, divers fine speeches were delivered on both sides. The whole was understood to be under the seal of the most inviolable secrecy. By Tidd I am sure it never will be broken. Indeed, he is the only man in the world with whom I would have entered into such an agreement. He is a man at once of the greatest good temper and of the strictest honour. Notwithstanding his legal knowledge and his eminence in the profession, he is quite unassuming. He places himself not only on a level with you, but below you. He never speaks to his clerk even without a smile. As he said himself,

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'I am sure that our feelings will never clash.' *Dégoûts* will be experienced, and unpleasant circumstances may very probably now and then fall out, but upon the whole it is still my opinion that the arrangement is prudent and fortunate. It is something very like selling myself for two years, but I do not sell myself to the Devil. Had I been called to the bar in Michaelmas term 1805, I should have found it much pleasanter the following year to attend the Court of King's Bench and the Old Bailey, to go to quarter sessions and assizes, than to sit mewed up the whole time in a pleader's office, engaged in employments that I might consider degrading; but instead of 100*l.* I should not, except by the merest accident, have made 100*s.* My political friends might have got me retained in a prosecution for a libel or some such case, but, having no acquaintance with attorneys, I could have had no regular business. The second year probably would not have been much better than the first. Without condescending to any meanness, or violating any of the laws against *huggery*, I shall now be able, I hope, to make some valuable connections, so that I may look to do something from my first outset. There is one necessary consequence which I think of with great pleasure. I must become a very good lawyer. Tidd has an immense deal of every kind of business, and his law library is complete.

I have done what I could, my dear father, to put you in possession of all the circumstances of the case. You see it was impossible for me previously to consult you. To make me perfectly satisfied it only remains that you shall approve of my proceedings. Be not afraid of my spirits drooping under protracted hope and long continued exertion. I must invigorate my industry and strengthen my courage by looking forward to the end of my labours, and the recompense I may then expect. 'In agriculture,' says Dr. Johnson, 'one of the most simple and necessary employments, no man turns up the ground but because he thinks of the harvest, that harvest which blights may intercept, which inundations may sweep away, or which death or calamity may hinder him from reaping.'

I have been in my present chambers about a week. I

find myself extremely comfortable. I have two sitting-rooms and a bedroom on the first floor. Rent, 28*l.* a year. The garret I lived in in Lincoln's Inn is now to be let for 30*l.* I had to pay 14*l.* 10*s.* for fixtures, stoves, fireirons, carpets, window blinds, &c. My old furniture with some little additions will be sufficient. I intended to have sent you some money that I owe you just now, but after what you say in your last, you might not take it well were I to do so. My pittance from the 'Chronicle' of course has not been sufficient to answer these extraordinary demands. I sold out 50*l.* three per cents. for which I got between 28*l.* and 29*l.* At present I am quite *flush*. Indeed all financial obstacles to my advancement are now removed. I intend to dine frequently here at home, and to lay in a piece of cheese, to stock my cellars with ale and porter, and, as the citizens say, to study *comfort* a little more than I have hitherto done. I have laid down some praiseworthy resolutions upon the score of taking exercise which, with the blessing of heaven, I am in hopes of virtuously keeping. I have no longer the same occasion to confine myself to the desk as when a twelvemonth seemed the time of my stay in the office, and I had Tidd's good opinion yet to gain. You may guess how I mean to employ the week or two I bargained for next summer. I shall be very happy to be introduced to your reading-room. As to my contributions to the paper, they consist almost solely of the theatrical critiques which can't be much relished in the country, and of small, I will not say *witty*, paragraphs interspersed with italics to inform the reader where the joke is to be found. I sometimes write an article aiming at humour, such as *Politico-theatricus*—but this very seldom indeed.

Temple: October 30, 1804.

My dear Father, . . . The King is supposed to be at present very well. Pitt feels himself quite secure, but will be a good deal annoyed about his Defence Bill. What the poor Doctor's might have done (for which he was turned out) heaven knows, but certain it is that Billy's has scarcely produced a single recruit. The volunteer force is melting away very fast. I was in Hyde Park yesterday in the midst of a

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heavy rain for four hours, not only standing but sometimes kneeling down in puddles a foot deep. I shan't be so caught again in a hurry. A man can submit to such things only from the immediate dread of invasion.

Temple: November 20, 1804.

My dear Father, . . . It is now the hottest of the term, and we are very busy at Tidd's. The most agreeable part of my time is spent in the office. The object before my eyes prevents the employment from being in any degree irksome, and I cannot contemplate without satisfaction the sensible addition which every day brings to my stores of legal knowledge. To a mind constituted as mine is, the greatest advantage arises from having a regular task to perform and a settled course to pursue. Care and anxiety and irresolution and despondence will still at times intrude, but for a great part of the day I am actively engaged, and little leisure is left for the workings of a gloomy imagination. Among the pupils I am remarkable for my gaiety and pleasantry. I am not at all satisfied however with the bantering sarcastic strain in which I indulge with them, both as it is against your admonitions and my own judgment. I have repeatedly resolved to reform, but have constantly sunk under the first temptations that the Devil cast in my way. You say, and you say truly, that I ought to recommend myself by all means to those around me. But our office is a perfect *arena* for wrestling, cutting and slashing from morning till night. I must confess that I am too apt to take up any gauntlet, and indeed to throw down my own and become the challenger. We have likewise one or two *butts* who supply merriment in the intervals of disputation. I have sworn a thousand times to spare them, but never can abstain from joining in the attempt to hoax them and make them ridiculous. It thus follows that I do not stand high for good nature and blandness of manners. I am not yet without hopes of amendment; when I take my seat as Chief Justice, perhaps I may be able to assume the grave impartiality and meekness becoming that high office. In the meantime it is not easy to remain neutral and indifferent

in the midst of contending forces. In our office, as on the continent of Europe, little is to be expected from forbearance, and it is necessary to be feared more than to be loved.

It is pleasant to see how the storm gathers round France in every direction. I trust that the clouds will gradually concentrate, charged with the wrath of heaven, and at last discharge their contents against the throne of the Corsican.

Temple: December 19, 1804.

My dear Father, . . . You are unnecessarily alarmed about my petulance in Tidd's office. I have always had the more respectable of the men on my side and it is seldom that our squabbles proceed to decided ill-humour. Of late I have not had much taste for disputation or raillery and, momentary intervals excepted, I have the good will as well as the respect of all my brother pleaders. I continue on the most friendly footing with old Tidd and have everything to expect from my connection with him.

I have no news for you of any kind. I saw the King to-night at Covent Garden Theatre. Although he was dressed rather whimsically, he looked and behaved much as he used to do. I believe I told you some time ago of the dispute between him and the Prince, concerning the Princess Charlotte. Whatever nature may dictate, the law is most unequivocally with the King.

Fox is entirely devoted to the young Roscius. Did you read any of my criticisms upon the boy's performances? I have got considerable credit by them. But unless you recall the time when you took post outside the theatre at midday for the purpose of seeing Garrick, you will not easily conceive the interest that such things now create in London.

CHAPTER VI.

MARCH 1805—NOVEMBER 1806.

Second Year in Tidd's Office—Resolutions in the House of Commons condemning Lord Melville's conduct—Excursion to Cambridge with Mr. Grisdale—David Wilkie—Takes a month's Holiday and goes to Scotland—Gives up his Engagement with the 'Morning Chronicle'—Erskine Lord Chancellor—Wilkie's 'Village Politicians'—Lord Melville's Trial—Visit to the Isle of Wight with Mr. Tancred—Proposed at Lincoln's Inn by Sir Vicary Gibbs—Called to the Bar.

London: March 23, 1805.

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My dear Brother, . . . You acted judiciously as well as generously in sending me the letter of credit. I showed it with no small share of pride to my friends at Tidd's, who must no doubt now consider me a man of some consequence with the command of 500*l.*! That your mercantile speculations may not be cramped by your keeping money to answer my drafts, I may as well tell you when I am likely to draw. Your last bill for 150*l.* (though somewhat anticipated), together with Tidd's 100*l.* and 105*l.* from the 'Chronicle,' will keep me perfectly well till I am called to the bar in November 1806. At that time I must buy a number of books, and in different ways shall be put to considerable expense, while my past sources of gain will be entirely stopped. Then I shall avail myself of your bounty to the full extent that my interests require. Small as your funds now are, in case of necessity I will readily share them with you. I know the pleasure you have had, and would again have, in assisting me. The 100 guineas you supplied me with for Tidd I am sure have yielded you more satisfaction than you ever derived from any sum of the same amount.

Tidd behaves to me in the most delicate and handsome manner. With the pupils I stand on as desirable a footing

as I could imagine. One or two very valuable men have lately entered the office. They have had the best education, possess great stores of learning, are of genteel address, without having the extravagant dissipated turn which prevented me from forming any intimacy with the others. I find them very pleasant companions, and I can now have excellent society as often as I am inclined to relax.

. . . Pitt still clings to place with a convulsive grasp. Old Harry Dundas has got into a confounded hobble by the 'Tenth Report,' whose fame will speedily pervade Hindustan.[1] No one is so pleased with it as the King. Whomsoever he meets his question is, 'Have you seen the Tenth Report? the Tenth Report?' It clearly appears that Dundas, in violation of a positive statute, allowed Trotter to play with the public money to a most monstrous amount, and shared with him in the profits. The result is likely to be very serious. There seems no chance of a continental confederacy. The alarm about invasion has sunk into the most unaccountable apathy, and the volunteer system has melted away like the baseless fabric of a vision, notwithstanding the boast of our 820,000 men in arms.

Temple: April 15, 1805.

My dear Father, . . . Was not the 8th of April a glorious day?[2] I must say that no public event has so swelled my heart with exultation since Lord Howe's victory on June 1, 1794. Gracious powers! how you must have been astonished in Scotland! The idol before whom you had knelt with awe, shivered to pieces by a thunderbolt! The tyrant whose power seemed as permanent as it was despotic, overwhelmed in the midst of his guards! The mail-coach carrying down the *Resolutions* was, no doubt, met by others loaded with applications to his lordship for the situation of one of the sixteen peers—that of a judge—a Lord-Lieutenant—a

[1] Report on the conduct of Lord Melville as Treasurer of the Navy.—ED.

[2] On April 8 Mr. Whitbread moved a series of Resolutions condemning the conduct of Lord Melville. At four in the morning the House divided—for the motion 216; against it 216. The Speaker Abbott gave his casting vote for the motion.—ED.

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sheriff—a parson—an exciseman—a vestry clerk, &c. It must have been some time before you brought yourselves to believe that you read a true account of what had actually taken place. Even here, where Harry's character was better understood, and a somewhat juster sense prevailed of what was due to the public, people were at first incredulous and would not be persuaded that the House of Commons had so much virtue. Your Cupar reading-room no doubt cried out with one voice: 'O infamous Chronicle! O calumnious traitorous, rebellious Chronicle!' I own that I feel something in the nature of a triumph over a personal enemy. I had a great antipathy to Dundas on account of the rude insolence with which he domineered over my native country. But I protest that I chiefly rejoice in the event from the consequences it must produce. After such a dreadful example of national justice there will not be a great officer of state suspected of peculation for a century to come. Above all the Constitution must be endeared to the people. More was done by this vote for the destruction of Jacobinism than all the suspensions of the Habeas Corpus Act, gagging bills, and State trials, that ever were thought of by a short-sighted and arbitrary government. Pitt expresses a hope of having the *Resolutions* retracted. What a cruel dilemma he was brought into—either to desert his old friend or to defend the most notorious abuses! . . .

My private affairs go on flourishingly. . . . At present I know not whether there is any attorney who would bring me a brief; but it begins to be bruited abroad that there is a Scotsman with Tidd of the name of Campbell, a devil of a fellow for fagging, and likely to get on. Before my bondage is expired I shall be pretty generally known in the profession, whether for my advantage remains to be seen. I am not sure whether I can rely very much upon Tidd's exertions in my favour after I leave him. I have heard great complaints of late of his indifference about his old pupils and the selfishness of his disposition. Notwithstanding his extreme fondness for money, I have myself observed nothing of this sort. That he should take a deep interest in every man who pays him 105*l.* and lounges away a few mornings

in his chambers, cannot possibly be expected; but he seems to me always to be very attentive to those who deserve well at his hands.

I cannot by any means give you so good an account of my spouting as of my special pleading. For the soul of me I am unable to rouse myself to exertion in a mock debate. If warmed by any means, I could get on very well, but *hic labor, hoc opus.* However, I am more and more sensible of the importance of being able to deliver myself with facility, and I shall strive to the utmost to acquire this accomplishment. I have had very little to do of late in the way of *criticising.* This is with us the holy season of Lent, during which the theatres are shut several nights every week. Besides, after February there are few new pieces produced, few *débutants* step forward, and theatricals are not much regarded. I wish I could shake off the paper altogether, but I could not justify to my conscience the sacrifice of a hundred guineas, though they cost me a good deal of irritation and anxiety.

Before I conclude, let me not forget to boast of now taking regular exercise. I get up every morning soon after seven, and take a long walk with Lawes before breakfast, from which I find the most salutary effects.

Temple: May 5, 1805.

My dear Father, . . . With respect to exercise I trust your practice corresponds with your precepts. 'Do not, as some ungracious pastors do, show me the steep and thorny way, &c.'[3] I can assure you I continue to take my walk regularly with my friend Lawes, which yields me not only health but instruction, as we generally employ ourselves in discussing some knotty point in special pleading. Lawes opened shop for himself the moment he left Tidd, and has met with the most extraordinary success. He, literally, has more business at present than he is able to manage. A bet has been laid that in the year from Michaelmas 1805 to Michaelmas 1806 he will make five hundred guineas! It is astonishing what may be accomplished by industry in this

[3] *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 3.

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branch of the profession, but I do not hesitate a moment about dashing at the bar.

I belong to two debating societies; but the one of them, having long languished, is now on the point of dissolution, and the other, though carried on with spirit, is composed of such men that it would by no means add to one's respectability to be in the number of its orators. However, I sometimes launch out at our law club at Tidd's office, and no longer ago than Saturday I gained great *éclat* by proving that 'in an action at the suit of an executor along with counts laying a promise to the testator, you cannot add a count upon an *insimul computassit* with the plaintiff concerning monies due to him as executor.' I am not sure that I should not address the judges of the King's Bench with less embarrassment than the chairman of a spouting society. I speak well in proportion as I am roused, and I am roused in proportion to the importance of the occasion. I have still eighteen months to prepare myself, in which time I shall surely acquire the courage that will be necessary to make 'a motion of course,' which is all probably that I shall be entrusted with. I shall be glad to take some lessons from you in the autumn. Suppose that you and I should debate 'whether Brutus was justified in killing Cæsar,' or 'whether theatrical representations are favourable to morals.' We will place Jess in the chair.

Easter term is begun, and we are very busy. I am in the office above ten hours a day. . . . We have excellent sport occasionally in humbugging the attorneys. With some of them I am obliged to be very guarded, as they know a vast deal more than I do; but others I can throw into raptures of admiration by quoting statutes that were never passed, and citing cases that never were decided. I continue on a perfectly good footing with all the pupils. Against Tidd I do not see that anything can be urged except that he is excessively fond of money, and that from having received a confined education his notions are not always the most liberal. He is a man of the sweetest disposition imaginable. I can give you no idea of the handsome manner in which he behaves to me. He positively seems to think me the man

of greatest consequence, and that *I* am entitled to the utmost deference and submission from him. Whatever the result may be, I shall work with him for the appointed time (which I would not wish to be abridged by a single day) with zeal and alacrity. I have been doing disagreeably little for the 'Chronicle' of late. The theatrical season is almost over. As I take money I should wish to do something for it. Did you read 'Lord Melville's Will'? I had the honour to draw it.[4] That was the only one of those *jeux d'esprit* of my composition. Some of them were extremely good, and gained the paper much credit.

If there is not much business I think of going down to Cambridge for two days about the end of the month along with a *wrangler* in our office, who is then to be elected a fellow of Christ's.

Temple: June 2, 1805.

My dear Father,—I have had a very pleasant excursion to Cambridge. I intended to write to you while I was there, but in the hurry and bustle in which I found myself could not in any manner execute my purpose. As the best apology for my silence I shall with your permission give you a short sketch of my travels. I set out on Tuesday morning at eight o'clock. My companion was Mr. Grisdale, son of the Rev. Dr. Grisdale, Chancellor of the Diocese of Carlisle, and Chairman of the Cumberland Quarter Sessions. We mounted on the top of a coach at the White Horse in Fetter Lane. The weather was delightful. I cannot describe to you how much I was exhilarated by once more breathing the fresh air and viewing the green fields. It is now near a year and a half since I entered with Tidd, and during that time I had been only one day absent from the office, when I had gone down to the House of Commons. I am of opinion with Dr. Johnson that human life has few things to offer better than travelling at a good pace in a post-chaise, or upon a stage-coach. We took the same road as the celebrated Mr. John Gilpin, through Islington and Edmonton to Ware. We observed his adventures recorded upon several sign-posts as we passed along. About a quarter before three we came

[4] A squib in the *Morning Chronicle* of April 17, 1805.—Ed.

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in sight of King's College Chapel. I was very much struck with this noble building, one of the most perfect specimens of Gothic architecture extant. In a few minutes we were in the streets of Cambridge—narrow, crooked and dirty. As soon as we alighted we walked up to Christ's College, where there was a numerous party of Grisdale's friends drawn up to receive him. He introduced me to the circle, and from that moment till my departure I met with every kind of attention and politeness. We dined with a Mr. Kaye, a young man scarcely of age, who had been at once a senior wrangler and first medallist (the highest mathematical and classical honours), and who in consequence had been immediately elected a fellow.[5] My friend Grisdale had been second wrangler about three years ago,[6] and had thus acquired no mean fame in the University. To take such a degree requires reading that in Scotland we have hardly any notion of. If there are greater instances of idleness in English seminaries, there are likewise more astonishing proofs of application. We rose from table in time to take a turn on the grand promenade belonging to Clare Hall, where we found crowds of gownsmen and ladies. We had a splendid supper from another man of Christ's. I expected to have had rooms in the college; but, from the number of fellows who had come up to the election, was obliged to sleep at an inn. Grisdale had the rooms of a famous jockey who had gone to some races. Nothing that I saw amused me more than the manner in which they were fitted up. Not a book was to be seen in them. The walls were hung round with portraits of Eclipse, Hambletonian, and other famous racers. From each side of the looking-glass depended a fox's brush. Behind the door were several hunting caps and (upon my honour) ten different whips, which the bedmaker assured us were not half the number this gentleman possessed.

Wednesday was the day of the election, and considerable anxiety prevailed. The fellows met at eleven, and it was not till one that we knew that Mr. Grisdale had been unanimously elected. The greatest part of the morning was occupied in

[5] Afterwards Bishop of Lincoln.
[6] Second wrangler in 1802.

going to the Vice-Chancellor, taking the oaths, &c. A grand dinner was given in the hall. I was taken to the fellows' table, and was asked to sit next the master. As soon as the cloth was removed we all retired to what is called the combination room, where there was such a drinking bout as I have seldom witnessed. 'Alma Mater lay dissolved in port.' Each man must have had above two bottles. Of course those who remained to the last were most excessively tipsy. There was afterwards a supper given by Grisdale, the particulars of which I am not at all able to describe. By some means or other I got safe home to my inn, but several of the fellows continued reeling through the streets for a great part of the night. Next day was chiefly occupied in viewing colleges, libraries, gardens, &c. There is not nearly so much to be seen here as at Oxford, although they show some things which may be considered great curiosities. I saw the bust of Ceres, lately brought from Athens, which, there is the best reason to suppose, is the statue of the goddess worshipped in the Eleusinian mysteries; the original copy of Milton's 'Comus' in his own handwriting, with the various alterations and improvements he had made upon it, together with a sketch of his intended tragedy upon the subject of Paradise Lost; and a great number of papers in the handwriting of Sir Isaac Newton; not to mention Queen Elizabeth's slippers, and the present made by Queen Oberia to Captain Cook, &c. I was more gratified with the opportunity I enjoyed of observing the manners of the place. From breakfasting in one place, dining in another, and supping at a third, I mixed with all the classes of which the University is composed. The various reflections which I made I shall reserve till our meeting.

I must just mention to you one thing that happened to us. For several hours we were in the county gaol. Do not suppose, however, it was for housebreaking or any such enormity. We went to drink wine with Dr. Fisher, a fellow of Christ's, confined there for debt. He had been surety for a brother who failed in business. He is senior doctor at Doctors' Commons, often sits there as a judge, and is intimately acquainted with Sir William Scott, Lord Eldon, Lord Ellenborough, and all the leading men of the day. We had

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here a proof of how much there is in a name. There was nothing to tell that we were not in a well-furnished private house.

The latter part of our stay was somewhat clouded by the news of the death of Dr. Paley. Young Paley, I believe I have told you, is in Tidd's office. On Monday night I parted with him in the highest spirits, and it was shocking to think of the news to be brought to him by Tuesday's post. Besides I was uneasy to think of the inconvenience Tidd might be suffering, being thus deprived of the man he chiefly relied upon in my absence. I was extremely well satisfied yesterday morning to find myself again upon the top of a coach moving towards London. We went a different road, by Hockerill and through Epping Forest. The prospect for some time was very fine, as we saw the richest part of Essex, the most beautiful part of Kent, and the river Thames winding between them. We arrived at the 'Blue Boar' in Holborn about five o'clock. My first visit was to the office. I found that things had been going on pretty well, and that Tidd, expecting my return, had just set out on a little expedition to the country.

I confess I felt, as usual upon entering my solitary dwelling after any absence, rather melancholy and forlorn. It is only custom that could reconcile a man to such an unnatural mode of life. However, I fear there is many a poor henpecked husband who would envy me my solitude. How am I to agree with my two meals—one of tea and plain bread and butter, and the other of buttock of beef and a pint of porter? You can scarcely form an idea of the sumptuous manner I fed and soaked at Christ's, and it seemed to be their common mode of life. This being a small college, the men belonging to it form but one society, and at every meal they are feasting with each other. If they dine in the hall, one of them regularly gives wine and fruit after dinner at his rooms. It is impossible they should spend less than 300*l.* or 400*l.* a year. How different from St. Andrews, where the whole expense of the session may be defrayed for 10*l.* or 15*l.*! But I scarcely ventured to whisper that I had been at a Scots university,

or had any academical degree. The infamous practice of selling diplomas in medicine throws unspeakable disgrace upon the Scots universities and all concerned with them. If M.D. may be purchased by a man who never was within the walls of a college, it is natural enough to suppose that A.M. may be so likewise. As soon as I get into Parliament I shall do something to rectify these abuses. I intend to fag hard now for two months, and then I set sail for the Tay. . . .

Much interest is excited by Lord Melville's promised defence.[7] It is thought that at any rate the question to impeach him will be carried in the House of Commons. But in that case I suppose no progress could be made in the trial during the present session.

Temple: June 23, 1805.

My dear Father, . . . As yet no ships from Bengal! There is a fleet expected to sail almost immediately. It carries a box from me containing a copy of the British Poets, a writing desk, a suit of clothes, &c. . . .

It was only yesterday that, returning home in the evening, I found on my table your letter by young Wilkie,[8] together with his card. I am afraid he may have called several times before, and always found my door locked. You should have addressed to me at Tidd's, where I am to be found all day long. I shall write to Wilkie to-morrow and invite him to breakfast with me. If he is such a young man as you describe, I should be infinitely delighted to be of any service to him. One of the chief gratifications I propose to myself on my elevation to the woolsack, is to patronise genius and to draw merit from obscurity.[9]

[7] On June 11 Lord Melville appeared at the Bar of the House of Commons and made a speech of two hours and twenty minutes in his own defence.—ED.

[8] David Wilkie, the painter.

[9] Sir David Wilkie's father, the minister of Cults, had married a sister of Dr. Campbell, who, however, died early, and was not the mother of the painter. The following passage is extracted from Allan Cunningham's *Life of Sir David Wilkie*, vol. i. page 6:—

"1776. *October* 18.—Was this day married to one of the most beautiful women in Fife, Miss Mary Campbell, sister to George Campbell, one of the ministers of Cupar." This young lady was the aunt of the

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Temple, Sunday evening: August 4, 1805.

My dear Father, . . . I should have wished to embark about the middle of this week, but there is not a smack to sail till Sunday the 11th. Then I shall commit myself to the 'Lord Kinnaird,' Ross master, the very same man (by an odd coincidence) with whom I sailed on my two former voyages to the Tay. I hope to enter this renowned river about the end of the week, and I shall reckon myself very unfortunate if I do not sup with you on the night of Sunday the 18th. . . . Do not, I pray, insist upon carrying me much about on visits. I should be best pleased never to leave the house while I remain with you. I feel inclined likewise to entreat that you would not show me too much kindness. In the first place, I am really hurt by the consciousness of not meriting what you lavish upon me, and in the second place the contrast which is thus occasioned makes the indifference and contempt I experience in the world the more cutting. But how should I be grieved if you were to act as if I had sunk in your esteem and had lost your tenderness!

I dined one day lately at Lambeth with Tidd. He walked homewards with me to Westminster Bridge, and we had some talk together about the shop. He expressed in very flattering terms his sense of my exertions. He threw out something of his being tired of business, &c., but this is mere talk. He is much too fond of money to retire while he is able to work. Were he (contrary to my confirmed belief) to propose by-and-by any arrangement by which, on certain terms, I might succeed him, prudence would compel me to listen to the offer, but as far as inclination goes I would much rather at once try my chance at the bar. I have no innate love of drudgery. I was not born a fag. I do not devote myself to special pleading from a belief that there is

present Lord Campbell, and is still remembered as one of the loveliest women of the land. These sad words follow:—"1777. *February* 8.—This day my beloved wife departed this life, having been taken ill of a fever attended by consumption—an event the most afflicting I ever met with." Thus began, but did not end, the friendship between the families of Wilkie and Campbell.'—ED.

no more agreeable or worthy exercise for the human faculties. I should look forward with much more pleasure to earning a *little* money and a *little* fame as an advocate, than to being perpetually shut up in my chambers settling declarations, though I should, like Tidd, make eight or ten guineas a day. . . .

I wish to heaven I knew how to procure some fashionable music for the girls, but I am quite ignorant of these matters myself, and I do not know any amateur I can apply to. I should probably present them with some pieces composed for the bassoon or the French horn. Of new French publications I might be a better judge if I had time to peruse them, but I am not at all acquainted with the nature of the late importations, so that I shall not run the risk of loading myself with a piece of insipidity or indecency.

By this time next Sunday I shall be on the bosom of the deep. There now blows a gale that would soon carry me past Flamboro' Head. I wish it may continue.

[Between this and the next letter the much-talked-of visit to Scotland has taken place, and he thus writes on his return to London.—ED.]

Tidd's Office: Wednesday, September 11, 1805.

My dear Father,—When I came here about an hour ago I did not intend to write to you for a day or two, but I found upon the table two letters from George, of which you would no doubt wish to be informed as soon as possible. . . .

I was put down safe in Fetter Lane to-day at one o'clock. The journey was really very pleasant, and I feel so little fatigued that I should not mind setting out by the same mode of travelling as soon as I have closed this letter, for the Land's End or John o'Groat's House. I remained on the top of the coach the whole way, but nevertheless, there being a rail round it, I slept a long while very comfortably and with perfect security. I had as good a view of the country as if I had sailed along in a balloon. The road and the weather were in the most favourable state possible, as we had no dust the whole way, and not a drop of rain scarcely after leaving Tranent. I think that during

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the last five days my mind has gained some new ideas and some pleasant images. I regret that I must almost instantly shut my letter. I have not even been in my own rooms yet, my laundress being out of the way. I found Tidd at the oar as usual. He has given me a very kind welcome. While I have been scribbling this note I have had to give him my opinion upon several knotty points of law which he said perplexed him much, and I came very opportunely to answer. Plunging at once into business, I hope I shall be able to drive away the melancholy thoughts which leisure would have allowed to intrude upon me, and which without an auxiliary I should have found it very difficult to combat. Drury Lane Theatre opens on Saturday. I shall have plenty of time to get my admission renewed, and to prepare for entering once more upon the critical career; but I could not without great inconvenience have been absent from town two days longer. Seeing that I have escaped all the dangers of the journey, I hope you will yourself be glad that I yielded to my horror of the sea, and subscribed to the doctrine of old Cato.

I hope to hear very soon from you how you are all going on—whether the irregularity for a time introduced into the family has again given place to application, and whether the cheerfulness and serenity reign amidst you which it is my most fervent wish that you may all constantly enjoy. . . .

Temple: September 22, 1805.

My dear Brother, . . . Alas! I have bidden adieu to my native country as it were for ever. My father talks of yet having me for months under his roof. This can never be. To have any chance of success in my profession I must never stir from my chambers. A fortnight will be the limit of my visit in the North, at least for some years to come. If Fortune should *show her discernment* and smile upon me, I shall not need to take this long journey for so short a stay; but I shall have my friends *for months* under my own roof in England. . . . There is one thing in your letters which gives me concern: you seem too sanguine as to my success in the law, and from the lively interest you take in my for-

tunes you may thus suffer a cruel disappointment. Things certainly have been going on with me of late almost as well as I could wish, but I have still many obstacles to surmount. I am conscious how meritorious my father's conduct was when I proposed to engage in this pursuit. It certainly must have appeared to him a very wild and dangerous scheme, besides running counter to his own plans and prejudices. Yet when he saw me bent upon it, he gave his consent and saved me the pain and the crime of disobeying his commands. He not only did so, but he generously assisted me in carrying my scheme into execution. 'Putting myself in his place,' as you desire me, I do not think I should have behaved so indulgently to a son of mine. In adopting a new profession I took a great responsibility upon myself. I hope I may one day be able to answer to my friends for what I did, but the event will be for some time uncertain.

Temple: December 28, 1805.

My dear Brother, . . . If you blamed me for continuing my engagement with the 'Chronicle,' you must praise me now, for I have relinquished it. I am no longer 'a newspaper man.' I could not conceal from you the growing dislike which I felt to the business of criticising. The reason that at last made me cut and run was my *literary fame* having reached the ears of one or two men in the office. For near two years I contrived to keep it all snug, although in a state of perpetual alarm. But I was not able to do so any longer. I therefore solicited leave to resign, which was granted me in a very kind and flattering manner. My functions as dramatic censor ceased at Christmas. You know I ought to have gone on till the end of July. I feel great satisfaction in this step. My mind is relieved from an oppressive sense of degradation, and I shall now proceed with more spirit and alacrity. The pecuniary loss is trifling, and will never be felt by me.

I have many reasons for not following your advice to push myself into fashionable society. You are not to think that this office is like a solitary study. A great part of the day we have just as lively conversation as if we were sitting over

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a bottle of wine. It is not only politics, but all occurrences in the literary and gay world are discussed by us. We have amongst us men who move in the first circles, and I have 'Life in London' at least at second hand. I believe I have already observed to you that there are two ways for a man to get on here—to force himself into notice as much as possible at once, and to lay in obscurity the foundation of future eminence. They cannot be properly blended together. The first is the most brilliant and imposing; the last suits better with my disposition and the peculiar circumstances in which I am placed. Though I now creep like a worm, let us hope that I shall one day fly about like a butterfly. The young eagle does not rashly leave the nest, but he at last soars above the clouds, and bears the thunderbolt in his talons.

[In the Autobiography he gives the following account of relinquishing his engagement with the 'Morning Chronicle,' which had lasted five years.—ED.]

About a year before I was called to the bar I entirely gave up my engagement with the 'Chronicle.' Since then I have sent articles to be inserted in the paper, but I have never received any remuneration for them. I was induced to renounce this source of income partly from the apprehension that I might not be so well considered if it were known that I wrote for hire in the newspapers, against which there was then a violent prejudice, and partly because I found my attendance at the theatres in the evening sometimes clash with my pursuits in King's Bench Walk. On one occasion, when 'Romeo and Juliet' was acted at Covent Garden, I was obliged to stay and draw a long and difficult plea which must be on the file next morning to prevent judgment being signed. For the first and only time in my life I wrote a conjectural criticism, without having witnessed the performance; and I commented upon the Monument scene as it is in Shakespeare, where Romeo dies from the poison before Juliet awakes from her trance. Having handed this to the printer, I proceeded for a little relaxation to the Cider Cellar in Maiden Lane. There, to my horror and consternation, I heard from a person who had been present that this scene

was that night represented according to the alteration by Cibber, who makes Juliet to awake while Romeo is still alive but after he has swallowed the poison, which in his ecstasy at her revival he forgets till he feels its pangs. I ran to the 'Morning Chronicle' office, altered my criticism, and introduced a compliment to the spirited and tender manner in which Romeo exclaimed 'She lives, she moves, and we shall still be happy.' Except on this occasion, when I had taken care to say nothing that could injure anyone, I can truly declare that my criticisms, whether well or ill founded, were the result of my own observation and expressed my genuine opinion.

I ought to mention that Mr. Perry always behaved to me with great kindness and liberality, and was always desirous to be of service to me. He invited me to his house, where he splendidly entertained the best company, including Sheridan, Tierney and Mackintosh. For his political consistency and honourable conduct he stood high with all the leaders of the Whig party in both Houses, and by his excluding all scandal from his journal and abstaining from personal attacks on political opponents, he raised the character of the daily press in this country. I had afterwards the satisfaction of showing my respect for his memory by obtaining an Indian judgeship for his son, Sir Erskine Perry, whom I could conscientiously recommend to Sir John Hobhouse as a good lawyer and every way above exception.

Temple: February 9, 1806.

My dear Father,—I am afraid I may have given you an extravagant notion of my expectations from the new Chancellor.[1] His appointment may 'lead to something advantageous for me,' but it is yet extremely doubtful whether I might not just as well have seen the Great Seal still in the hands of Lord Eldon. To crave your assistance in the affair is my object in now addressing you. What I wish from Lord Erskine is to be made a Commissioner of Bankrupts. This is considered a most desirable thing for a young

[1] Lord Erskine: 'All the Talents' having come into office January 1806. Pitt died January 23, 1806.—ED.

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barrister. The pecuniary emoluments depend very much upon personal exertion—the pay is according to the number of attendances you give. By diligence in the office a man may make from 150*l.* to 200*l.* a year. To me you know this would be independence. On Monday last Mr. Tidd wrote a letter to Erskine, of which the following is a copy:—'Dear Sir,—Permit me to congratulate you, which I most sincerely do, upon your appointment to the high office of Lord Chancellor, which I understand has taken place—an appointment which as it is highly deserved so I am convinced will give the most universal satisfaction. May I take the liberty of recommending to your patronage two gentlemen who are desirous of being appointed Commissioners of Bankrupts. One of them, Mr. C. C. Pepys, you are already acquainted with, having introduced him to me as a pupil. The other, Mr. John Campbell, who has been more than two years my pupil, is the son of the Rev. Dr. George Campbell, of Cupar, Fife, whom you may recollect as having been your schoolfellow at St. Andrews. They are both young men of very considerable legal abilities, most unremitting application, and of unexceptionable principles, and as I am under particular obligations to each of them, it would afford me great satisfaction to be the means of thus contributing through you to their advancement. I have the honour to be,' &c.

Tidd dedicated his book to Erskine, and thus has some claim upon him; but by recommending two, little is to be expected for either. This Pepys is son of Sir William Pepys, Bart., a Master in Chancery. As soon as Erskine's appointment was known, I consulted Spankie about the means of getting at him, who promised to do what he could in my favour. On Friday night I received the following note from him: 'Dear C.,—I this day mentioned your affair to Dick Wilson, who is to be Erskine's secretary. He thinks that the best way to catch Erskine will be for your father to write him, reminding him of the past, &c., at St. Andrews, and he, Wilson, will back the business. This appears feasible. What think you? Yours truly, R. S.' Now for a proof of your epistolary genius! The task is certainly

delicate and difficult, but you are fully equal to it. The great point will be to make the letter as touching as possible. For this purpose I imagine you will strive to recall to his recollection the scenes of your boyhood. Did you not tell me you had seen him in London, and that he took you to his father-in-law's? You know his wife is dead. He was greatly affected by this event. When you come to mention me, I don't think it would serve any end to say much of my *extraordinary merit*. Dwell however upon the satisfaction I have given to Mr. Tidd. It might have a good effect perhaps if you were just to hint at the difficulties with which I have had to struggle and the ardour with which I have persevered in my hazardous undertaking of following the law. The letter will be delivered to Erskine by Dick Wilson. This seems better than soliciting a personal interview in the first instance. Write so that I may deliver it myself if we should think this more advisable. You will perceive the necessity for despatch. One morning will be enough for you to write the letter, so that I may have it on Tuesday the 18th. Either send it unsealed or let me see a copy of it.

There is no man more apt to be swayed by impulses of sensibility and kindness than Erskine. The proper address I imagine will be 'The Right Honourable Lord Erskine, Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, London.' If I succeed, it will be peculiarly agreeable to my feelings and flattering to my pride that I can ascribe my success to my father. I have neither time nor room to mention any other subject to you.

Temple: March 28, 1806.

My dear Father, . . . I have no intelligence to communicate to you. With regard to Erskine I know nothing further than that he had your letter put into his hand. Considering the multiplicity of business now oppressing him, you cannot be much surprised by not getting an immediate answer. Perry likewise spoke to him in my favour. He called upon him a day or two after his appointment and asked two things from him—a living in the church for an old friend and a Commissioner of Bankrupts for your humble servant. The first Erskine promised very readily and he

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said he should be very happy to serve me, but he did not know exactly when it might be in his power, as he had so many applications of the same kind from other quarters.

Erskine has actually presented Perry's friend to a living, the first that fell vacant.

On Sunday se'nnight I called at his lordship's house with Tidd. He was 'not at home.' We left our cards.

Temple: May 12, 1806.

My dear Father, . . . What do you think of the success of another Fifian? Wilkie is already at the very top of his profession. 'Village Politicians' is not only out of sight the best piece in this year's Exhibition, but the English school has scarcely ever produced anything to be compared to it. It is in the very best style of Teniers. The most skilful judges admire it most rapturously, and it is now quite the fashion to patronise the astonishing artist. Wilkie has commissions from many of the first noblemen in the kingdom, and might engage for more than he could accomplish in seven years. His fortune is made; his fame is fixed. It is pleasing to observe that the flattery he meets with only stimulates his exertions and increases his anxiety. He has very judiciously cut portrait-painting entirely. The branch of the art for which nature seems to have destined him will secure him riches as well as immortality. He still condescends to acknowledge me, but he is a greater and more enviable character than I should be, crowned with the most brilliant success in my legal pursuits. If I have no chance of great renown, I hope to earn a subsistence. There are two or three attorneys who I think will make trial of me, and I place considerable reliance upon the zeal of Tidd and my other well-wishers. Diffidence is certainly my grand obstacle which may upset me on the very threshold, but I shall make it a point of duty to display the firmness which every occasion may require. My health I can assure you is excellent; I have abjured the nocturnal studies in which I used sometimes to indulge, and I have not the parchment complexion which is the true standard of beauty in a lawyer.

I never knew what earthly magnificence was till yester-

day, when I was present at Lord Melville's trial. Ye gods! the peeresses' box! A glory seemed to play round their countenances, and to shoot in vivid flashes to the extremities of the Hall. The general opinion now is that his lordship will be acquitted. Trotter took the whole blame upon himself. Nevertheless the case made out by Romilly for the prosecution seemed to me extremely strong.[2] Ministers get on very badly with their military plans. Much to their credit nothing is known with regard to the communications with the French Government. It is said that Grenville is now very pacific as well as Fox. I suppose you have read Brougham's famous pamphlet, 'An Enquiry' &c. How dull the 'Chronicle' has become!

Temple: June 4, 1806.

My dear Father, . . . No news stirring. The sentence of the Lords in Melville's case may yet be deferred for some time. Ellenborough and Eldon are battling it most furiously. The former said on Thursday night that something laid down as law by the latter was 'neither law nor common sense.'

I was at Windsor last Sunday, and had an opportunity of being within half a foot of the old King. I fear he is again going off as 'the blooming of the pease' approaches. He was habited in the most grotesque manner that it is possible to conceive. White leather pantaloons and half-boots; a German great-coat without any coat under it; a long rapier sticking out beneath the great-coat; a flaxen unpowdered bob-wig; a shovel hat like a bishop's with a high grenadier feather in it; and he groped his way with a huge gold-headed cane. But he seemed in good spirits, and was as talkative as ever. They say he becomes very fond of Fox.

Temple: July 1806.

My dear Father, . . . The long vacation is begun. I worked very hard in Trinity Term, but kept my health per-

[2] The charge brought against Lord Melville was that he had allowed the public money to be employed in speculations in the funds by his confidential agent Mr. Trotter, for his own private advantage. He was acquitted by the House of Lords June 12, 1806.—ED.

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fectly, and was happier than now when there is comparatively little to do. Tidd has made me some fine speeches. He said that, from the state of his health, the business would certainly have knocked him up but for my assistance, and that I had saved his life as much as the man who once picked him out of the sea. He wished much that I would stay another year, and offered me an honorarium of 200*l*. I fear I shall not make a fourth part of this sum at the bar, but it is now full time for me to try the grand experiment.

I rather think I shall not stir from town during the summer. There are several branches of study in which I should engage previous to being called to the bar, much more than sufficient to fill up the interval. I have been talking of a tour to the Isle of Wight with one of our pupils, Tancred, brother of Sir Thomas Tancred, but not with much serious thought of carrying it into effect. . . .

Did you partake in the general enthusiasm which is said to have possessed the Scottish nation upon the acquittal of Lord Melville? The resolution still stands upon the journals of the House of Commons declaring that he had been guilty of a corrupt violation of the law, and that he is unfit ever to be admitted into his Majesty's councils. It was said that his friends meant to have this rescinded, but they have prudently desisted from the attempt. His lordship's delinquency has undoubtedly been very much exaggerated. It does not appear to me that he regularly participated in Trotter's gains, or even that self-interest was the chief motive for his misconduct; but how any honest man could acquit him of the second and third charges is still to me quite incomprehensible. In contradiction to Trotter's assertion, we have his own express acknowledgment that he was aware the balances in the paymaster's hands were applied with a view to private emolument; and it is as clear as the sun at noonday that he could not have been ignorant of the sources from which Trotter supplied him with money to be used without interest. It is understood that he means to retire from public life. The Opposition are said to discountenance the idea of his joining them. He owes his total acquittal to the King, who disliked the idea of a

courtier being brought to justice, and was moreover afraid for his favourite son, the gallant York. The bedchamber Lords and the 'King's friends' were all for the culprit.

Lord Melville's trial, however, is now completely superseded by the affair of the Princess of Wales. Nothing is yet certainly known upon the subject. The sense of the public is very strong against the Prince, and most people are inclined to think that he circulated the story to ruin her character and to facilitate his schemes for a divorce. Lady Douglas and others notwithstanding (whether suborned by him God knows) are supposed to have come forward and deposed either that the Princess was with child, or that she had been carrying on an improper intercourse with more than one individual. Their evidence was given before the Prince's council and was afterwards submitted to the King. Upon the advice of Lord Thurlow, it was said, the affair was remitted to the Privy Council, and a committee was appointed to investigate it. Several meetings have been held, and a number of witnesses have been examined, but no report has yet been made. The Princess behaves very heroically. She has dismissed all her servants, that no improper bias may be suspected to exist upon their minds, and she insists upon a public inquiry. Whatever her deportment may have been, she must be pitied in having been united to such an unprincipled profligate.

I am vexed to think you have not yet got a horse. If you had been very active you must have lighted upon one to suit you long ago. Perhaps the money appropriated for this purpose has gone to defray some necessary expense. If so, I shall send you down 30*l.* without delay.

It is very unreasonable in you to expect the same measures from a man in office he recommended in opposition. Fox is doing as Lord Chatham and every other Minister since the Revolution did. Burdensome as the income tax is, I doubt if the same sum could be raised with less vexation to the subject. . . .

Temple: September 1806.

My dear Brother, . . . Tancred sets off for his brother's on Saturday and, if I am tied here by the foot, I shall be

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very solitary and forlorn during the following five or six weeks. You might suppose that on the eve of being called to the bar my professional studies would go on with vast spirit and would yield me constant and delightful occupation. It is not so: I am not able to read law with any vigour or profit. I don't know whether it is that I had a surfeit before the vacation began, or that my mind is relaxed by my indisposition, or that I have acquired almost as much legal knowledge as I can retain as a mere student, and that I stand in need of the stimuli of fees and public appearances. My stock is not contemptible compared with that of other men commencing their career, although very small compared with what I ought, and hope some day, to possess. About a month ago Tidd meditated an excursion to Ireland and desired me to answer all the cases and do all the business for him that might be brought in during his absence. About two-thirds of his cases by laborious researches in the law books I could venture to give some kind of answer to; the other third I could scarcely with a good conscience meddle with. Elocution will be found my chief deficiency. However I improved a little in the end of last season and I have laid down good resolutions for the ensuing one. I have some thoughts of taking a few lessons from Mr. Thelwall. By the bye, I attended George Dyer, the poet, several weeks and read Greek and Latin with him. I improved a good deal in the English pronunciation of both languages and acquired a competent knowledge of the principles of versification, but to enable me to quote with confidence I should require to read for years under the correction of a good classical scholar. My reading through the summer has been chiefly plays and romances. Of these I have travelled through whole cartloads. Even 'Sir Charles Grandison' did not stop me. The circulating libraries are now quite exhausted, and I am afraid I must learn Spanish with the same view as Lord Camden.

Fox is at the last gasp.[3] Whether he will leave the country at war or in peace is yet undecided. The battle of Maida has raised our spirits and is certainly more important than a victory by sea. Things look better in the North

[3] Fox died at Chiswick, September 13, 1806.—Ed.

of Europe too; but at this moment it is idle to think of resisting. Bonaparte by force. A fourth coalition would lead to a peace to be concluded at Berlin. Parliament I hope will not be dissolved till after I am called, as there is just a bare possibility that I might be employed at some election.

Temple: October 6, 1806.

My dear George, . . . Since my last I have had a delightful excursion to the country. Tancred left town on Saturday the 13th ult. and pressed me to follow him as soon as possible. I hesitated a good deal, for I was of some use in the office, and my Margate trip had cost me a great deal more than I expected. However I found that I could easily get away and upon mature deliberation I concluded I should probably have value for all the money I was obliged to lay out. Accordingly at five o'clock in the morning of Tuesday the 23rd I was upon the top of the Southampton stage-coach. The weather was fine and I had a charming ride through Surrey and Hants. About seven in the evening I arrived at Southampton, where I slept. Next morning I sailed by the packet for Cowes in the Isle of Wight. I never saw anything so beautiful as the banks of the Southampton Water. Having breakfasted in a tavern at Cowes, I proceeded to Sir Thomas Tancred's. I found my friend Harry at home and was received with distinction by Sir Thomas and Lady Tancred. Here I spent a week perfectly to my satisfaction. The Tancreds are not rich, but they have a number of great connections and live in the very best society. Their manners are thus refined and of course perfectly easy. I was quite at home from the time of entering the house. The morning was spent in sailing, fishing, and touring about the island. In the evening we had music, reading and conversation.

One morning we hired a cutter and visited Portsmouth. Do you recollect a former occasion when I wished anxiously to go to this place? I now imagined to myself the spot from which you stept in embarking. Tancred and I travelled over almost the whole of the island in a gig. I need not say that I was highly pleased with the various picturesque views that continually presented themselves. During these journeyings

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I received some lessons in driving. I am now, I flatter myself, a tolerable whip. We returned as we came by Southampton. Sleeping there on Tuesday, we next evening reached London. I look back on the tour with complacency.

To-morrow I see a successor elected to Mr. Fox, and on Friday I witness Mr. Fox's funeral! His surviving colleagues are supposed to stick together pretty well. Whitbread will prove a considerable acquisition to them. All idea of peace is abandoned. It is supposed we must first see the event of the contest between France and Prussia. The mail due yesterday is expected to bring intelligence of hostilities having commenced. We are rather in spirits by the capture of Buenos Ayres, and of these five fine frigates. Upon the whole things look better for us than they did three months ago. But who can tell what will have happened before this reaches Agra? May it find my dear George well and happy, prays fervently his most affectionate brother,

J. C.

Temple: October 25, 1806.

My dear Brother, . . . The public despatches tell us that all is tranquil in India, and I shall hope that you have been leading a soft, easy and unruffled life in your new dwelling. What dreadful scenes are acting in Europe! Heaven knows whether it will long be desirable for you to return to it. In the course of a few years you may not have a country. Every part of the Continent south of the Baltic is Bonaparte's as fully as the department of the Seine, and all the energies of his vast empire will now be directed with rancorous skill against England, without a vigorous statesman or an experienced general. For the ultimate independence of the country I am not seriously alarmed, in spite of all the disadvantages with which we carry on the struggle; but before you revisit us, I think we shall have witnessed much confusion, and have met with many calamities. Peace while Bonaparte lives now seems utterly unattainable. That we shall be able for a long period to spend seventy millions a year, is altogether impossible. The funds, I think, will go in the first instance. But Bonaparte is too wise to expect to conquer us through

financial difficulties. He looks to landing 100,000 men upon our shores, and he may now make the experiment without any risk to his reputation or his power. There is nothing so desirable for this country as that he should attempt an invasion, if the resources of the country were properly directed. What the consequences may be when we meet Bonaparte and his marshals under our King and his sons, I have not courage to contemplate. We can only hope that Providence may work our deliverance when we least expect or deserve it. At such a moment one's private affairs appear quite insignificant and uninteresting. If I had the brightest prospects of professional success, my mind would still be weighed down by the public misfortunes. . . .

November 3.—For eight or ten days I have been too busy to have much time for reflection; *tant mieux*—my spirits are better than they were, and perhaps than they ought to be, upon a just view of my situation. However, I feel alive as the moment approaches for my being invested with the wig and gown. I am somewhat like a young girl about to enter upon a marriage from which she can't reasonably expect much happiness. Amidst all her forebodings and apprehensions she finds something agreeable in the bustle of preparation, and she rejoices at any rate to escape from a state of despised spinstership. The call will be near the end of the month. William Adam should have proposed me to the benchers, but he is in Edinburgh superintending the Scots elections.

After the battle of Auerstadt[4] I suppose you expect to hear of the battle of Dover or the battle of Blackheath. You may—but with another issue to the French. The kingdom is all in a bustle with the general election. The old Whigs are unpopular since they became placemen. Coombe is lowest in the City. Tierney is sure to be thrown out in Southwark, and the mob would not hear Sheridan speak a word to-day in Covent Garden. 'Paull and the people!' is the cry. 'Paull for ever! no property tax! no inquisition! no Wellesley!' Although the tailor's son was greatly at the

[4] On October 10 and 12, 1806, Napoleon destroyed the Russian-Saxon army in the double battle of Auerstadt and Jena.—ED.

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head of the poll to-day, I don't believe he will be returned. You will find his letter to Lord Folkestone very curious. I mean to send you off a parcel soon.

Temple: November 10, 1806.

My dear Father,—The day for the call is not yet absolutely fixed, but that you may not have the trouble of sending frequently to the post-office in vain, I sit down to write a few lines concerning the steps already taken. On Saturday Tidd wrote a letter to Sir Vicary Gibbs, of which the following is a copy:—

Sir,—I beg leave to introduce to your notice Mr. John Campbell, a pupil and friend of mine, who wishes to be called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn this term, and is anxious to have the honour of being proposed to the bench by you. He has been my pupil for three years, during which time I have derived the greatest benefit from his assistance, and from an intimate knowledge of the qualities of his head and heart I have no doubt he will be an honour to the profession. The next parliament will be on Tuesday, and if you will then be so good as propose him to the bench, you will oblige, Sir, your obedient, humble servant,

W. TIDD.

Temple: November 8, 1806.

To which this answer has just been received:—

Sir Vicary Gibbs presents his compliments to Mr. Tidd and will take care that Mr. Campbell shall be proposed at Lincoln's Inn on Tuesday.

Lincoln's Inn, Sunday.

At the first council or parliament a motion is made that the petition presented be complied with. A second council or parliament is then appointed at the distance of some days when the motion is put. If carried it is then ordered that the new barrister be published next day. This ceremony is performed in the hall after dinner, and is in common parlance the *call to the bar*. I shall probably be invested with the wig and gown about the end of this week or the beginning of the next. I have no time to add more at present.

Temple: November 16, 1806.

My dear George,—Behold me a barrister-at-law! I was called yesterday. On Tuesday last I was proposed at a council of the benchers of Lincoln's Inn by Sir Vicary Gibbs.

The order for my call passed on Friday and the ceremony took place yesterday. This consisted merely in swearing some oaths against Popery and going through the form of a legal argument. There were eight of us called together. The benchers did us the honour to drink to our success in the parliament chamber, after which they withdrew and our private friends were introduced, with whom we continued over the claret till midnight. Mine were not the least respectable—four Cantabs—an ex-fellow of Pembroke (Paley), a fellow of Trinity (Coltman), a fellow of Christ's (Grisdale), and a fellow elect of Jesus (Tancred). The expense of my call altogether will be about 120*l.*, not much exceeding my deposit. From your remittances I am able not only to clear all this, but to provide myself with a very respectable law library. I start with all the advantages money could procure me. I shall not spare your dust to make a dashing appearance. I have retained a hairdresser to cauliflower my head who has improved me twenty-five per cent. I look devilish knowing with my gown, wig and band, as you shall see when Wilkie's portrait reaches Agra. I go down to Westminster Hall to-morrow morning to be sworn in before the judges of the King's Bench. The rank of barrister will have a favourable effect upon me. This is not childish vanity, but the result of reflection—confidence inspired by a knowledge of life and mankind.

CHAPTER VII.

December 1806—December 1807.

His first Term—His Clerk—Engaged to write a Book on the Law of Partnership—Attends the Surrey Sessions—The Home Circuit—Fielding — Bolland — Garrow — Serjeant Shepherd — Serjeant Best — Lawes — Marryat—The Duke of Portland succeeds Lord Grenville as Prime Minister—Interview with Lord Breadalbane—Answers Cases for Marryat—Second Circuit—Sessions at Guildford—In Low Spirits at the end of his First Year at the Bar—Agreement with Butterworth to report Nisi Prius cases.

Temple: December 3, 1806.

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My dear Brother, . . . If you think matrimony at present likely to add to your comfort, I most sincerely wish you may speedily meet with a woman worthy to become your bride. I really think that if a man looks to domestic enjoyments he should not be late in marrying. To wait till you revisit this country might be too great a sacrifice. Nor do I see that the thoughts of children should at all discourage you. You will be able to give them education with which they will make their way better than with a portion of the fortune you might accumulate by remaining for some years a bachelor. When I am in spirits and give way to my reveries I conceive myself in a situation to be useful to your children, and able to push them forward in life. I am sure I should love them as tenderly as if they were my own offspring. Upon the whole, knowing that you will do nothing imprudent, I should hear of your marriage with the greatest satisfaction. But I know not whether you are the more likely to marry from talking about it. Your determined bachelor is most readily noosed. My own views upon the subject remain without much alteration. I might as well speculate about what I shall do in a future state of existence. I can't marry before making 700*l.* a year, and at present I see little pro-

spect of my ever making 70*l.* During my first term I had not even a half-guinea motion. To be sure there were about thirty men called during the term, and of these only *one* had anything to do. So I have partners in misfortune. I have been retained in a cause (Hoddinott *v.* Cox) which was to have been tried in London at the sittings after term, but is put off for some months: retaining fee, *one guinea.* After returning from Court the last day of term I had the offer of a half-guinea motion but, instead of going down to Westminster again, I thought it better to be able to say that for my first term I did not wish to exhibit myself, and therefore declined business offered to me. I shall continue for a short while longer to attend Tidd's office two or three hours a day. I must keep myself in his sight or he would forget me utterly. He has goodnaturedly enough got me a little job to do, from which I shall derive considerable advantages. A man at the bar is going to publish a book without having abilities to write it. I am to assist him. The book is already sold to a bookseller for 150*l.*, one-half of which sum falls to my share. Moreover the author is very much beloved by the profession, and is to introduce me to some of the leading members of it. For the present, adieu!

Temple: January 1807.

My dear Brother, . . . I have for some days spoken almost perpetually of '*my clerk.*' Who do you think this object of my boasts may be? A scrubby boy nine years old, son of my washerwoman. He can scarcely read, far less write, but he blacks my shoes in the morning, brushes my coat, carries down my wig to Westminster, and goes errands for me to all parts of the town. The only use I have for a clerk is to keep the chambers open, and this he can do as well as if he had taken his degree at Oxford. When I am Attorney-General he may perhaps, like Erskine's clerk, be worth 20,000*l.*, receiving *5l.* per cent. on all his master's fees; but at present he is satisfied with being clothed from my old wardrobe and receiving *5s.* a week.

By the sessions, circuit, &c., my expenses during the ensuing year must be considerable, but I feel not at all dis-

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heartened, having you to rely upon. About the month of July I shall receive 75*l.* from 'The Law of Partnership,' and perhaps I may make some 5*l.* or 10*l.* in the course of the season in the way of fees. Although I do not see my way very clearly, I am not discouraged. Difficulties greater than those I have now to encounter I have already surmounted, and by continued industry and perseverance I do not despair of your finding me of some consequence at the bar when the happy day arrives of your return to England.

The state of public affiairs continues sufficiently gloomy. Our only ally now is the disease which is said to carry off the French very fast in Poland. I am not without hopes that in some way or another Bonaparte may yet meet with a reverse. Should he be defeated on the banks of the Vistula, I do not see how he would be able to recross the Elbe, far less the Rhine. The conduct of the Government in the negotiation is universally approved of. In fact it is idle to talk of peace with Bonaparte. Peace can't well be his interest, and all ties, human and divine, he despises. Ministers become rather more popular. Their speeches in the new Parliament have done them much credit. Lord Howick (Grey) is now leader of the House of Commons. I was there on Monday, the first and last time of my going this season. Remembering the times of Pitt and Fox, it is impossible now to listen to the debates with any degree of patience.

Temple: February 5, 1807.

My dear Father, . . . I am at a loss to imagine what reason I gave you to suppose I was in such very bad spirits, and my affairs so very desperate. I go on as well as I had any certain ground to expect. . . .

You ask if I have opened my mouth. Undoubtedly! I moved the worshipful justices of Surrey to assign the effects of an insolvent debtor to one of his creditors, and fully succeeded! On Saturday last I held a brief in the Court of Common Pleas indorsed 'Mr. Campbell, two guas. With you Mr. Serj^t^ Shepherd.' In short it would be quite endless were I to inform you of all the pleadings I have drawn, all the cases I have answered, and all the

motions I have made in court. I told you I am retained in an important and difficult cause coming on for trial at the sittings after this term. I can't have less with my brief than seven guineas. The action in the Common Pleas did not come on last Saturday, but will Saturday next. It is on two bills of exchange, and I shall merely have to examine a witness or two as to the defendant's handwriting, &c. My court is the King's Bench. This I attend regularly day by day, going into others only on special occasions. It is the pleasantest lounge in the world. I am very well acquainted with the young barristers, and am on a very desirable footing with them. Here we assemble and talk over the news and scandal of the day. When these topics fail us we criticise the leaders, quiz the judges, and abuse the profession. We again meet at dinner in the Hall, and upon the whole we lead very merry lives. I shall by and by have an opportunity of contemplating the beauties of nature. The circuit begins about the middle of next month. I have resolved to go the Home, including Hertfordshire, Essex, Kent, Sussex, and Surrey. It is the least expensive—the only point I had to consider in choosing my circuit, as my connections are equally powerful in all the six. Thus, my dear father, have I attempted to let you fully and fairly into all my concerns. You see I have got a little sprinkling of business, and, what is of much more importance, I have to a certain degree established my character among my brother barristers as a lawyer and a gentleman. In short, I do not at all despair of being pointed out at fifty as 'a promising young man.' Good or bad success can produce no abatement in the fervency of affection with which I subscribe myself, my dear father and sisters, ever yours, J. C.

Temple: Sunday, March 1, 1807.

My dear Father,—I have had the honour to breakfast with Lord Leven, and to set my foot within the threshold of Lord Breadalbane. I received your letter of the 17th ult. on Saturday the 21st with a note from Lord Leven, saying that his lordship would be glad to see me any morning to breakfast at No. 6 Bury Street, St. James's.

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I went on the Monday and found him abundantly civil. He walked down with me to Westminster Hall, where he left me, having first offered me a frank for you, and said he should be happy to see me in Bury Street.

Of my Lord Breadalbane I have as yet little to tell you. He now occupies a princely mansion in Park Lane looking into Hyde Park. Hither I repaired on Wednesday, our fast day. I wished to deliver your letter into his own hand, and therefore called between twelve and one. His hall was crowded with yellow-clad varlets, who told me his lordship was just gone out. Of course I gave them the letter with my card and came away. The onus thus rests with Lord Breadalbane. As yet I have heard nothing from him. According to the received rules of good breeding, to which in this country the highest acknowledge themselves subject, he ought to have called upon me in the course of the week. I shall regret if he takes no notice of me because this will mortify you. On my own account merely, I feel almost completely indifferent whether he does or does not.

I thought I should have had to give you an agreeable account of the fees and fame I had obtained in the cause of Hoddinott *v.* Cox, which I have before alluded to; but, alas! after I had spent weeks in making myself master of it in all its bearings, the Court of King's Bench (solely to plague me) has thought fit to change the trial of it from London to Somersetshire. To make amends for this I have a prospect of being retained in a writ of right to be tried at Hertford, but after what has happened I shall not consider myself at all secure till the brief is delivered to me and the fee is in my pocket. The Home Circuit begins on Thursday. I am still uncertain to what places I shall go, with whom and in what manner I shall travel. I may very likely write you a few lines from Chelmsford or Maidstone. To-morrow I attend the adjourned sessions for the county of Surrey. You see what a varied and pleasant life I lead. I am becoming a fashionable man too. I yesterday received the following note: 'Mrs. Watson requests the favour of Mr. Campbell's company on Thursday evening next, March 5th. Queen Square, Friday morning.' Now does it not suppose a considerable share of information

in matters of *ton* to know of what nature this entertainment will be, of what sort of people it will consist, and at what hour it will begin? The golden-haired Cecilia will be mistress of the revels. She is an only child, and has a fortune independent of her father. But I have several expedients still to try before I am driven to matrimony.

[The Autobiography gives the following account of the Home circuit, which he joined shortly after writing the foregoing letter.—ED.]

. . . I was very cordially received, exciting jealousy in no one, and I had a very merry time of it.

Fielding, the son of the author of 'Tom Jones,' was the delight of 'us youth.' He had lost the use of one arm from paralysis, but his intellect was unimpaired, and he was the most festive of mankind. He had many humorous songs, some of which would not be permitted at a circuit table in the present day, and he was full of anecdotes of his father and the literary men of the bygone generation. Having little or no business, he was delighted to have *freshmen* for listeners to stories that he had probably repeated till our seniors knew them too well.

Next to him in point of humour was William Bolland, afterwards a Baron of the Exchequer. I recollect, while we were at Chelmsford on this occasion, there was a great complaint of the wine, which had been ordered by Arabin, the treasurer of the wine fund, from Carbonell, a great wine merchant in London. Bolland proposed that we should sing a hymn in their condemnation, and immediately improvised the following lines, which we sang in chorus without any feeling of malice or irreverence:—

Since we thus are met to dine,
Tell us who prepared the wine.
Who prepared it I will tell—
May they both be d—d to h—l—
Arabin and Carbonell.
Arabin and Carbonell—Arabin and Carbonell.
May they both be d—d to h—l,
Arabin and Carbonell!

I was tried for some mock offence, and being found

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guilty, the judge, putting a doyley on his head for a black cap, sentenced me 'to be carried back to the place from whence I came,' which, considering what that was, the court considered punishment enough, and hoped would operate as an example to all Scotsmen. I likewise had a compliment paid to me in respect of my country. Auditors were appointed to overhaul the accounts of the wine treasurer and, on the ground that greater shrewdness was to be expected from Scotsmen in detecting English delinquency, Alexander Pitcairn, a brother of Dr. Pitcairn, the famous physician, and I were selected for the office.

Garrow was easily the first in business. This was a most extraordinary man. He was wholly uneducated, and had never read anything except a brief and a newspaper. I have several times observed that, when sitting as judge to try *quo warranto* cases in which ancient documents were produced, he showed that he was not only ignorant of some of the most notorious events of English history, but that he did not by any means know the succession of our kings. He was equally ignorant of the principles of jurisprudence, although he could be made to apprehend legal distinctions, and seem to understand points of law arising at Nisi Prius. Yet such was his natural acuteness and the effect of a most beautiful voice which no one could hear and not listen to, irrespective of the sentiments it conveyed, that, when I first attended in the Court of King's Bench, in the ordinary run of causes he was fully a match for Erskine, and he was actually running ahead of him. Erskine having left the bar, Garrow was a much greater favourite than Law or Gibbs in London, and had twice as many special retainers. He was actually made Attorney-General from some intrigue at Carlton House, the Prince Regent thinking he would be useful in the disputes with the Princess of Wales. But he broke down at last, his promotion proving his ruin. . . .

His opponent on the Home Circuit was Serjeant Shepherd, who, but for the deafness under which he laboured, would have been a great judge as well as an able advocate. He had not had a classical education, but he was a sound lawyer, and was well acquainted with English literature.

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He succeeded Garrow as Attorney-General, and was offered the office of Chief Justice of the King's Bench on the death of Lord Ellenborough, which he conscientiously declined, preferring the judicial sinecure of Chief Baron of the Court of Exchequer in Scotland.

Next came Serjeant Best, now Lord Wynford,[1] with attainments not much greater than those of Garrow. He early got into the House of Commons, and received a terrible castigation from Pitt, who in parliamentary phrase said he had shown 'a singular unacquaintance with history and constitutional law.' However, there never was a better natured man, and his friends in private life were much attached to him.

The junior business was monopolised by Lawes and Marryat, two old weazened special pleaders, who knew the difference between *case* and *trespass*—and little more.

London: March 22, 1807.

My dear Father,—On returning home last night from Kingston I found upon my table your letter of the 16th. As I leave town again to-morrow morning for Maidstone, I can do little more at present than inform you that I am not 'pale and feeble,' but stout and healthy. . . . I did not go to Hertford at all, as there is little business there and few attend. At Hertford, however, I was proposed as a member of the circuit by Mr. Serjeant Shepherd. I don't know if I ever mentioned this form to you, although I used to look forward to it with considerable uneasiness. Several have been blackballed, and I knew not what I might have to suffer from prejudice or malice. About seven in the morning of Monday the 9th, I set off in a post-chaise for Chelmsford with Mr. Barnwell, the son of a London merchant, called the same day with myself. A third had promised to join us, but made default. We breakfasted at Romford and arrived at Chelmsford about one. After we had provided ourselves with lodgings I accompanied Barnwell to the nunnery at New Hall, where he has some relations, his family being Catholics. Here for the first time I saw females '*the spouses of God*,' religious

[1] Lord Wynford died in 1845.—ED.

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orders being completely abolished in France and Flanders. On coming back to Chelmsford we were ushered into the circuit room. From this, however, we were soon desired to withdraw, as they were to proceed to the ballot. In a few minutes we were desired to return, having been unanimously admitted. Dinner followed. I never sat down with a more jolly or a more agreeable party. The society on the Home circuit, I believe, is pleasanter than on any other, there being here scarcely any jealousies or heartburnings, and men being together not too long for their good humour to be exhausted.

Business began on Tuesday morning and lasted till Thursday evening. At Chelmsford, as at other places on the circuit, I had as much to do as *I could reasonably expect.* On Wednesday the bar dined with the judges, and on Thursday I returned to town. For a third in our chaise Barnwell and myself had Vitruvius Lawes, whom you may frequently see mentioned in the newspapers as having 'opened the pleadings.' Calling on Spankie on Friday, he kindly offered me his horse for the rest of the circuit. I accepted him with some reluctance, as he is worth seventy or eighty guineas and is somewhat unmanageable. The next place to go to was Horsham in Sussex, for which Barnewell and I set off on Sunday morning. We had a delightful ride to Dorking, where my horse fell lame. I then wished I had refused him. The lameness, however, was but slight, and he carried me to Horsham. Here I remained till Tuesday at noon, when, finding my horse no better, I wished to get him off my hands as soon as possible, and therefore made for London instead of crossing over to Kingston as I at first intended. Next morning I was taken to Kingston by Lawes and Pooley. Here I spent my time agreeably as before; hearing interesting trials, eating excellent dinners, drinking capital old wine, and mixing in conversation with men of learning, wit and breeding. While standing in the street one morning in a circle of Oxonians, I was drawn in to do a rash thing for which the event even does not justify me. This line was mentioned—

Heu, quam difficile est crimen non prodere vultu!

which it was contended was bad Latin and the production of some unknown monkish writer. I said rashly I thought I recollected it in Ovid. A bet was offered, and as I could not get off with honour, I staked half-a-crown upon it. I was in a confounded funk, thinking that the verse might really be doggerel and that I should be ruined on the circuit, which in that case I should have been, at least with all the university men. But by good luck, in the second book of the 'Metamorphoses,' fabula vi., describing the amour of Jupiter and Calisto, you may read 'Heu, quam difficile est,' &c. This triumph pleases me more than a five-guinea brief.

I returned from Kingston with a Mr. Andrews, and Morris, my Lord Erskine's son-in-law. The latter, you may suppose, was not a little down in the mouth.[2] At Kingston the lawyers were all expecting king's messengers summoning them to town to be Attorney- or Solicitor-General. It will be a sad blow upon Erskine who, if he goes out, will sink into insignificance. He does not form an integral part of any party, and has in himself neither parliamentary talents nor influence.

[The change of Administration is thus referred to in the Autobiography.—ED.]

. . . Before the circuit got to Sussex I heard that the Bill to allow Catholic officers to serve in the army, brought in by Lord Grenville and Lord Howick after the death of Fox, although the King had sanctioned its introduction, had become so distasteful to him and appeared so much in violation of his coronation oath, that he was determined not to pass it, and to dismiss Ministers who had ventured to propose such an anti-Protestant measure. The next post brought the news of the Whigs being all turned out, and Lord Eldon being again Chancellor. This was a heavy blow and great discouragement to my professional progress, but I have always recollected the precept that instead of yielding to mis-

[2] At the change of Administration; the King having dismissed Lord Grenville and his colleagues, who delivered up the seals of their offices on March 25, and were succeeded by the Duke of Portland, Lord Eldon, Mr. Perceval, &c.—ED.

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fortunes we should summon fresh courage to encounter them. I can truly say that on this occasion my private grief was lost in my consternation at seeing the nation as well as the King so besotted. When we see the mass of the population of a foreign country, under a frenzied delusion, not only unjust to neighbouring States, but reckless of their own essential interests, and disposed to trample upon the rights of a particular class of their fellow-citizens, we Englishmen should feel only humiliation and sympathy. I must admit that in no country is public opinion apt to be more absurdly wrong than in enlightened England. Within a year after the revolution of 1688, if the English nation had been polled, a great majority would have been found for sending back King William to Holland. In the reign of Queen Anne the Protestant meeting-houses were burnt by the Sacheverell mobs with the almost unanimous applause of the nation, which the Court soon sanctioned by the pardon of the rioters. The fable of 'Captain Jenkins's ears' made all Britain violent for a war against Spain, then strictly observing all her treaties with us. However unpopular the American War became after the surrender of Burgoyne and Cornwallis, it was highly relished at first by the bulk of the nation, and the 'Boston Port Act,' and the 'Non-intercourse' as well as the 'Stamp Act' were thought due to English ascendancy. At all times any concessions to the Irish, whether commercial, political or religious, have been disrelished in England. George III. in the spring of 1807 was applauded for changing his Ministers on the ground that they proposed, when we were fighting against Napoleon for our existence, that an English Roman Catholic might serve as a major in the English army. It must be admitted, however, that the hallucination in this instance was not long-lived. The same measure was afterwards passed by Lord Liverpool's Government, and almost as quietly as a Vestry Act.

Temple: Sunday evening, April 5, 1807.

My dear Father, . . . I wish to Heaven I could amuse your attention for a few days till the ships from India arrive, but I have nothing to mention to you except my interview

with Lord Breadalbane.[3] On Monday last I received by the twopenny post a note from his lordship, saying that he should be glad to see me next day in Park Lane at noon. Accordingly between twelve and one on Tuesday I was ushered into his lordship's library. In a few minutes he entered, shook me by the hand, and treated me very courteously. Upon my soul he seemed much more frightened than I was. It is to be sure quite astonishing that a man of his rank—a Westminster boy—and who has since mixed so much with the world, should in his manner be so shy and awkward. He said that from long and sincere regard for my father he should be very happy to assist me, that he had very little in his power, but that I might rely upon him for whatever he could do to advance me in my profession, and he begged I would let him know when I thought he could serve me. I bowed, said I should not fail to avail myself of his obliging offer, bade him good morning, and made off. I believe my intercourse with him began and ended in the same visit, but I am exceedingly happy that he sent for me, as you would have been mortified had he altogether neglected me, and I truly declare that he received me with the utmost possible civility, and in a manner that ought to be the most soothing to your feelings. While we were sitting together a stout rawboned youth came in, whom he called 'Glen,' and introduced to me as his son. The lad is at a school at East Sheen, and was at home for the holidays. His sturdy appearance must throw a great damp upon the hopes of Glenfalloch. I likewise saw my lord's eldest daughter, who is just on the verge of womanhood, and promises to be extremely beautiful. I believe I am indebted to my friend Leven for finding my noble cousin prepossessed in my favour. He said he should have seen me sooner, but he had learned from Lord Leven, who had frequently mentioned me to him, that I was out of town upon the circuit. When Lord Breadalbane is at the head of the Treasury I shall certainly be Attorney-General; and, seriously, if the late Ministers ever get in again, I shall apply through him to be appointed counsel to the Ordnance or the Admiralty.

[3] John, fourth Earl and first Marquess of Breadalbane.—ED.

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Temple: May 1, 1807.

My dear Father, . . . When I wrote last I was preparing to make a speech at the bar of the House of Commons upon the Calico Printers' Bill. Two evenings I went down in the expectation of having the honour to address Mr. Speaker, but the first time the order for the second reading of the Bill was adjourned, and the second time the Bill was thrown out without counsel being heard upon it at all. During the debate I stood at the bar in my robes along with Alexander and Harrison, my opponents, and had got over my trepidation so far that I was a good deal disappointed at being turned away unheard. There would have been some *éclat* in making a tolerable speech at the bar of the House of Commons, and a reporter was employed to take my speech for the purpose of publishing it in a pamphlet. However, it is perhaps as well otherwise. I might have failed, and on my side of the question I could only have had recourse to sophistry and declamation. Fee, thirty guineas! I have not yet received it, but believe it is safe. Alexander, whom I had not spoken with for some years, behaved to me with very great kindness, and pressed me most earnestly to visit him.

Temple: May 19, 1807.

My dear Brother, . . . Since my retainer before the House of Commons my luck has been small. For that job I got twenty-five guineas, no bad compensation for my trouble. I was in hopes of cutting in for something during the general election, but the man on whom I principally relied was called out of town upon the dissolution and is only just returned. There are likely to be few petitions, and my chance of business before the committees would scarcely be augmented by any increase of their numbers. There is only *one attorney* whom I can at all look upon as a client. If I had a little business I think I could improve it by my exertions; but having scarcely any, I am left to the discouraging reflection that I can do nothing to push myself forward, and that all my past labours are quite unavailing. Yet I know that several sensible men augur well concerning me, and

some favourable accident may make me known when I least expect it. I know not whether it is worth while to mention to you that I last term drew some pleadings and wrote an opinion or two for a man of considerable eminence at the bar of the name of Marryat. Very likely this kind of connection will proceed between us no further or, if it does, will lead to nothing. Marryat is of the Home circuit and Surrey sessions with myself, and might be of very great service to me. I conceive it quite doubtful whether he will ever send me anything more to do, but by way of fee for what I have before done I am to have a *third* dinner from him at his house in Russell Square.

'My labours with 'The Law of Partnership' are almost brought to a conclusion. I have now only to write an introduction to the book and I am entitled to my 75*l.*—this payable, however, three months after publication. I have had to go through some horrid drudgery, but without the job my time would not have been either so pleasantly or so profitably occupied. Mr. Watson protests himself to be under infinite obligations to me, and if he could do anything to advance me he would.

. . . I look with confidence to the circle of my relations being most agreeably increased by a sister-in-law from you. I love her by anticipation. My imagination can present to me no scene which would yield me such delight as you living with a woman worthy of you in the midst of a fine family of children. If I could reach independence at thirty-five or forty I should not dislike making an experiment this way myself. But you must understand what is independence for a barrister. He cannot support a family decently in his station of life under 1500*l.* a year. Now you may judge how likely it is I should have so much to spend within the next ten years! . . . I am sometimes forcibly struck with the difference which the accident of my coming to London has made in my notions, in my habits, in my occupations and in all that constitutes life. There is a consideration that sometimes gives me pain: I seem to have deserted my family; my loss may excite deep regret in my father, and his days may not be so happy as if I had been always near him to

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wait upon his pleasure. I really do beg your sincere and candid sentiments upon this subject, which is of more consequence to my peace of mind than you will readily conceive. You will very likely tell me to do what I can to repair the mischief by going down two or three months to Scotland every year; but if you were perfectly acquainted with my situation, you would perceive that this is wholly impossible without frustrating all my plans both for them and for myself. Notwithstanding the pressing solicitations I have received, it will not be in my power to visit Scotland this summer at all, and I think I could convince you I am not to be blamed, if I had not already talked a vast deal too much for one time about myself and my paltry concerns.

. . . I borrowed 100*l.* from John Gray to discharge the expenses of my call. He expects this to be repaid, although he says there is no hurry about it, and it will be as well for us to get out of his debt. The sessions, the circuit and quarter-day are all approaching, but with your help I am not at all afraid to face them. Tancred, my most intimate friend here, has been lamenting to me to-day that he finds his means quite inadequate to the expense of circuits, sessions, &c., as he has barely 400*l.* a year! Great as our intimacy is, he does not know that I have not four farthings a year except from you, although he is well acquainted with the affection that subsists between us and the kindness I experience from you. Heaven preserve you, my dear George.

Temple: June 30, 1807.

My dear Father, . . . My life is rather barren of incidents—the horse in the mill. Immediately after breakfast I go down to the courts, and remain there till near dinner-time. In the evening I sit at home reading and vainly watching for an attorney's knock. Immediately upon the publication of 'The Law of Partnership' I received my 75*l.*, so that I am now in full feather and ready for the circuit. My professional earnings continue much upon the same scale—now and then half a guinea for signing my name, or a guinea brief in an undefended cause. When I meet Tidd he gives me a most affectionate squeeze of the hand, and

with that I must be contented. The Midsummer sessions are held at Guildford on the 14th of next month, and the Home circuit begins on the 20th. How happy should I be to fly to the North when that is over,

> Me si fata meis paterentur ducere vitam
> Auspiciis et sponte meâ componere curas.

But if not fate, prudence and propriety oppose my so doing. It is a mistake to suppose that all the courts of justice are shut up, and that all business ceases during the long vacation. We shall have adjourned sessions at Guildford in September, and the Old Bailey will sit immediately after. From the way in which Easter fell this season (according to which you know the terms are regulated) there will not be the usual interval between the meetings of the different courts, and few men belonging to the Home circuit and Surrey sessions will be from town above a fortnight or three weeks at a time. Now you are aware that to have any chance of success I must be more *steady* than other men; I must be in chambers when they are at the theatre: I must study when they are asleep; I must, above all, remain in town when they are in the country. I shall hope to have a visit from you next spring in London; and things will so happen, I trust, that I may be your guest the following autumn.

Temple: June 30, 1807.

My dear Brother, . . . You shall know the exact amount of my earnings since I was called to the bar—forty-one and a half guineas! I ought to add that of those called this year (perhaps forty) I believe no one except young Adam (who through his father's interest was employed in two election committees) has made more, and that few have made nearly so much. My chagrin arises from my extraordinary exertions to qualify myself yielding me no sort of advantage, for I might have made every farthing as much without knowing the difference between *trespass* and *case*. To be sure my vanity is sometimes a little tickled by being consulted by the young barristers, and being referred to as an arbiter in their disputes. I am afraid to touch upon these topics lest I revive or confirm your old opinion of my *conceitedness*; but I should

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be the stupidest of mankind if, from the application I have given, I did not know more law than most young men called to the bar, and in letting you fairly into my situation it is necessary for me to state what is encouraging as well as what is disheartening. I might at any time have a lucrative engagement to report law for a newspaper. But I will never accept such a thing while I can enlist in the 60th Regiment.

I have as yet had few opportunities of becoming acquainted with the great men in the law. Marryat I think I have mentioned to you. I still continue occasionally to answer cases for him, but my hopes of being patronised by him are not in the slightest degree raised. In the King's Bench I have not opened my mouth either for myself or others. In the Common Pleas I have been in one or two little causes myself, and I have held several briefs for other men. The most I ever had to do was to examine witnesses, but it is desirable to be broke in to do this, particularly as in the meantime one becomes acquainted with the leading counsel in the court. I know Serjeant Shepherd and Serjeant Best, the two chief men in the Common Pleas, to speak to familiarly. Being in the same cause with the latter a few days ago, I privately argued a point of law with him very keenly, and at last convinced him I was right. Taking this altogether, it is surely better than staying another year with Tidd at a 200*l.* fee, as you know he offered, or remaining a special pleader under the bar.

Temple: August 12, 1807.

My dear Brother,—A packet for Bengal is to be made up this morning. I therefore sit down to inform you of my return to town after the circuit. I have spent three or four weeks very agreeably. This has been a better circuit for me than the last by exactly 15*l.*[4] I should be in some slight degree discouraged by this total want of business were it not that there were only two of this year's barristers who had anything, that they had only one brief apiece, and that of these one was the son of Mr. Garrow, and the other had been a pleader under the bar for a great many years. I may likewise console myself by reflecting that I have been much

[4] See letter, January 6, 1809 (p. 234).

better received on the circuit by rousing the jealousies and apprehensions of no one. Besides, I shall relish business more from having known the want of it, and I shall do it better from being in some measure experienced before it comes: so that upon the whole it seems very lucky that the attorneys have not yet discovered my extraordinary merit, and that I have gone a second circuit without a brief. By-and-by I may have to tell you of having conducted a *crim. con.* cause at such a place, and prosecuted a man for murder at such another place. At present, were I to enter into details, I could only mention the time of my entering and leaving the assize town. I went all round in a post-chaise with two other barristers. No public vehicle being permitted, this is by far the cheapest mode of travelling. Upon an average the expense may be taken at five guineas a county. I was in four: Essex, Kent, Sussex, Surrey—twenty guineas. This is a mere trifle compared to the other circuits. The Western cannot be taken at less than 150*l.* a year. But for this reason ours is more overstocked than any other. All married men too are urged to go the Home by their wives, as we are seldom more than four or five days out of town at a time. There are about seventy considered as belonging to the circuit, but we seldom muster above fifty. There are a great many who never go into Sussex. I went, however, having as many clients there as elsewhere. Lewes, where the assizes are held in the summer, is a very pleasant place; and a Sunday intervening while we were here, I went over to Brighton and laved my limbs in the ocean. My fellow-circuiteers, I believe, look upon me as a fellow fond of pleasure and careless of money. We finished at Croydon, where we had a grand fête from fines imposed upon Garrow, Best, &c. for going to other circuits on special retainers. Between eleven and twelve at night I gained great applause by reciting a passage of Ossian in the original Gaelic. One or two Cockneys, I believe, were convinced that the gibberish I uttered was sensible and connected language. I returned to town on Saturday, the business being all finished except two or three things which stood over to Monday.

Since then, however, I have been out of town and gained

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immortal honour. Adjourned Surrey sessions had been fixed at Guildford for Monday the 10th, but Judge Heath and the principal lawyers at Croydon had given it as their opinion that they could not legally be held as the assizes continued, and the sessions men resolved not to attend. Upon looking into the books I was convinced this opinion was erroneous, and as I had been invited to dine with Serjeant Onslow near Guildford on Sunday, I hired a horse and set off early in the morning. On the way I met one of the officers of the court, who told me the sessions were to be put off till Wednesday. I pushed forward to Onslow's. I shook his opinion and made him give me a letter to Lord Midleton the chairman, saying that at any rate if the sessions could not be held for the despatch of business, they could not be adjourned. Early next morning I went to Lord Midleton's seat beyond Godalming,[5] where the clerk of the peace then was. His lordship received me with great politeness, and introduced me to Lady Midleton. While breakfast was going forward I brought him and the clerk of the peace over to my way of thinking and, after his lordship had shown me his grounds and his paintings, we all proceeded to Guildford together. When the court rose I was asked by Mr. Sumner, member for the county, to go home and dine with him. Lord Midleton is in the habit of giving a dinner on this occasion at the inn, and in the end of last week had actually killed a buck for us, but, on the notion of holding the sessions on the Wednesday, he had put the venison into charcoal and could not get it ready. Mr. Sumner left us little cause of regret, for though it was only *pot luck*, in three courses we had every delicacy of the season. At eight o'clock I was obliged to tear myself away to put on my boots and mount my horse. I was twenty-seven miles from London, and by losing my way I travelled five or six more. However, I had finished my journey before St. Paul's struck twelve. Upon the whole a very pleasant excursion! Yesterday I had a good laugh at my friends, who had talked of the commission of the peace under which the sessions are held being absorbed and suspended by the commission of

[5] Peper Harow.

oyer and terminer under which the judges were sitting at Croydon.

Temple: October 1, 1807.

My dear Brother, . . . The barren honour of *barrister* can no longer satisfy me. What else awaits me is yet quite uncertain. I know not that the season about to commence is likely to be more favourable to me than the last. I still do and shall persevere in exerting myself to the utmost to become capable of business, in the hope that it may come to me. During the vacation I have not been out of town a single day. My time, however, has passed off not disagreeably. I have had full leisure to indulge my taste for miscellaneous reading, and I have, at least, kept up my stock of legal knowledge. Writing one opinion and signing two motions is all the practice I have had on my own account, but still I have drawn a good deal for Tidd, and answered a considerable number of cases for Marryat. . . .

Temple: October 26, 1807.

My dear Brother, . . . I have not touched a fee these six weeks. A half-guinea about the beginning of September brought me up to fifty, and there I am likely to stick. I have no luck—or, to speak the truth, I have no talents for this profession. But I am in low spirits just now, and would not have you mind what I say. If a brief or two were to come in, I should perhaps suddenly change my opinion both of myself and of my prospects. To be sure, at present, the one and the other appear to me in a very bad light. I begin to be a little dejected and a little broken-hearted. . . .

I continue to answer many cases for Marryat. When I say *answer*, perhaps from vanity I use an improper term. Our course is this. I write my opinion on a separate slip of paper, and after Marryat has read and approved or corrected it, his clerk copies it on the case. He has never differed from me on a point of law except in one or two instances. As often as I have seen my opinions copied they have appeared nearly as I wrote them. I must in candour allow that for a man of my standing I am a tolerably good lawyer, and if I

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had any business I might do it decently; but, upon my honour, from what I observe of the profession, I am convinced that these considerations are of very little consequence. The useful talent is the talent of forming connections, and of getting business. Of this, I fear, I am altogether destitute.

Term begins to-morrow se'nnight. The new season opens so inauspiciously that I can feel little *disappointment* in the course of it. But even if it should prove as bad as I look for, do not fear that I shall relax in my endeavours from despondence. My patience and perseverance are unconquerable. I have got expedients in store, and I still anticipate final success. My mind feels the easier having thus disburthened itself. Pray Heaven that this be not at the expense of making your heart heavy.

Temple: December 6, 1807.

My dear Brother, . . . Don't you recollect how I once affronted you upon your first arrival in London, by doubting whether you would pass for an Englishman? I have now been between nine and ten years in England, during which time I have mixed almost exclusively with English, taking all possible pains with myself, and having all opportunities of improvement, from the senate, the stage, and the bar; yet to an ear of any delicacy my provincial accent is discoverable. Perhaps it is not easy to say of what particular province the accent is, but it is not purely English.

The two subjects you mentioned as having caused you *anxiety*, I am afraid now only excite *lamentation*. The continental war and my *début* at the bar have neither of them been attended with very brilliant success. However, I will not follow the example of Austria, Prussia, and Russia in sinking under bad fortune. I rally from defeat and call forth fresh energy as difficulties press upon me. Read the following agreement:—

John Campbell, of Inner Temple Lane, Esquire, barrister-at-law, agrees to report 'the cases argued and determined at Nisi Prius,' and to sell all the copyright thereof to Joseph Butterworth, of Fleet Street, bookseller, for the sum of fifty pounds for each and every number which Joseph Butterworth shall sell, retail, at five shillings per copy, and for a greater or less sum in proportion to the retail price. The money to be paid

within three months after the publication of each number respectively. Joseph Butterworth agrees to purchase and pay for the same accordingly.

JOHN CAMPBELL.

JOSEPH BUTTERWORTH.

November 27, 1807.

I have had this plan in contemplation for some months, but had not brought matters to a settlement till about ten days ago. The most embarrassing circumstance was the field being in some measure preoccupied. A barrister yclept Espinasse has reported the cases hitherto, but, particularly of late, in a very negligent and slovenly style. I was in hopes he would have given up to me; however, he says he shall go on. I shall certainly beat him, for not only do I think that I can do the thing better, but Butterworth, formerly his publisher, refuses to have anything more to say to him, and has a complete command of the market, so as to be able to force my Reports into circulation. You will see that, at any rate, I run no pecuniary risk. On the contrary, I expect to make 100*l.* a year. Espinasse has published only one number a year, but I expect to make out two. The chief advantage of the scheme is gaining a little notoriety. I have a sober hope that it may introduce me to business, and lay a foundation for my professional success. I was startled a good deal by the words 'reports,' and 'reporter,' but, in fact, to collect and publish the decisions of the judges is an extremely reputable task, and has been performed either by barristers or the judges themselves. I began to take notes on Monday last, and I hope to have a *number* out by next Easter term. I meet with great encouragement from all my young friends in the back rows of the King's Bench. It was necessary to try something, as there was no prospect of my getting on at all without striking out of the common path. This may prove more valuable to me than a commission of bankrupts.

[Thus he speaks in the Autobiography of his Nisi Prius Reports.—ED.]:—

I was now engaged in a task which in several ways proved very serviceable to me,—reporting the Nisi Prius

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decisions of Lord Ellenborough. Although the judgment of the courts *in banco* had been regularly reported from the time of Edward II., with the exception of a few rulings of C. J. Holt and C. J. Lee to be found in Lord Raymond and Strange, Nisi Prius reporting was not attempted till the time of Lord Kenyon, when Nisi Prius cases were published by Peake and by Espinasse. These, though sneered at, were bought and were quoted.

An opportunity for Nisi Prius reporting now opened such as will never recur. From the unexampled war in which we were involved with Napoleon; from his Berlin and Milan decrees and our Orders in Council; from the violations of neutral commerce; from the system of licences to go to hostile ports granted by both governments; from the blockades declared without power to enforce them; from the right of search now asserted by our cruisers, not only to discover enemies' property but English seamen in American bottoms; and above all from the practice almost universally introduced of merchant ships carrying 'simulated papers,' representing them as having come from any given port from which intercourse was permitted with the port to which they were destined, and representing the goods on board to be of any origin to suit the regulations there in force; paper, seals and signatures being fabricated so as to deceive all the world, by men who openly kept a magazine where they were sold,—more new questions arose between underwriters and merchants, between shipowners and shippers of goods, between foreign consignors and English factors, in a single year than in a century of peace or regular warfare. The perpetual fluctuation in the price of commodities caused innumerable controversies respecting the fulfilment of contracts. The suspension of cash payments and the growing depreciation of the paper currency gave a ruinous impetus to speculations which brought about numerous failures, and necessarily occasioned a mass of bankruptcy litigation before unknown. For these reasons the Guildhall business was ten times greater than when Lord Mansfield was Chief Justice, he never appointing more than one special jury cause in a

day, and finishing his paper within a week after term, whereas the sittings now continued from the end of term for a week after the commencement of the circuits, and eight or ten special jury causes were appointed for a single day.

Probably no other judge than Lord Ellenborough could have supported such a burden as was now cast upon him; and there certainly never was such a judge for a Nisi Prius reporter. He was not only laborious and indefatigable, but he was acute, rapid, bold, decisive, ratiocinative and eloquent. He never shirked any point that was raised before him, or decided it without copiously and pointedly giving his reasons. He had some barbarisms of pronunciation which were supposed to have been brought from Cumberland and which he never attempted to correct, and he sometimes became quaint in trying to be forcible; but generally speaking his diction was nervous, luminous and classical. He had likewise a rich fund of humour and an uncommon power of sarcasm, which often flavoured his judgments, and gave life and animation to the proceedings of the court in which he presided.

Lord Ellenborough ought to have been particularly grateful to me for suppressing his bad decisions. Sir James Mansfield, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, according to Taunton, observed: 'Whoever reads Campbell's Reports and considers the many new and difficult questions which came before Lord Ellenborough, must be surprised to find how uniformly right he is in his decisions.' The wonder may a little abate when I state my 'garbling process.' Before each number was sent to the press I carefully revised all the cases I had collected for it, and rejected such as were inconsistent with former decisions or recognised principles. When I arrived at the end of my fourth and last volume, I had a whole drawer full of 'bad Ellenborough law.' The threat to publish this I might have used as a weapon of offence when he was rude to me; but his reputation is now secure, for the whole collection was reduced to ashes in the great fire in the Temple.

The Reports from the first had a great circulation among

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merchants as well as lawyers, and they were regularly reprinted in America, where, as I am informed by Professor Story, the celebrated American jurist, they continue to be much studied to the present day. Being chiefly on commercial questions, they were cited in New York and Boston and the Supreme Court at Washington as much as in Westminster Hall.

CHAPTER VIII.

JANUARY 1808—FEBRUARY 1810.

First Number of Nisi Prius Reports—Sir Vicary Gibbs—James Allan Park—Scarlett—Gurney—Brougham—Third Circuit without a Brief—Speech as Counsel to oppose a Bill at the Bar of the House of Lords—His Father visits him in London—Courts-Martial at Chelmsford and at Chelsea—Portrait of Dr. Campbell by Wilkie—Fourth Circuit—Publication of Second Number of Reports—His Clerk Cooper—Progress in getting Business—Holds Briefs for Marryat and others—Three Weeks at Brighton—Anecdotes of Michaelmas Term.

Temple: January 1, 1808.

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My dear Brother,—Perhaps you are now beginning this year, as you did the last, by writing to your friends. But I forget that by this time your day is well spent,

> Nosque ubi primus equis oriens afflavit anhelis,
> Illic sera rubens accendit lumina Vesper.[1]

I believe, however, that neither time nor distance will ever have any effect to impair your attachment for those whom you have hitherto cherished with such warmth and steadiness. . . . My scheme has hitherto succeeded beyond my expectations. Espinasse did not take a note during the sittings, and I see little danger of a new rival. Two or three barristers have made overtures to join me, but I apprehend no opposition. What has chiefly gratified me has been the politeness and civility I have experienced from the whole King's Bench bar. I have had little communication, to be sure, with the King's counsel, but all the other men in business in the court, almost without an exception, have encouraged me to proceed, have assisted me with information, and have lent me their briefs. It now remains to be seen whether I am equal

[1] Virgil, *Georg.* i. 250.

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to the undertaking. If I fail I am irrecoverably gone. If I succeed I gain a certain degree of direct profit and consideration, and I lay the foundation for more. My chief danger is that I may displease the Chief Justice.[2] He is apt occasionally to blunder, and he will not be flattered by seeing his blunders recorded. However, I must trust to my own discretion in suppressing cases contrary to decided authorities, and hope from his self-love that he will consider himself right and his predecessors in the wrong. I expect a number out in about a month or six weeks. The chief objection to this will be that it notices the decisions too indiscriminately, but it was of importance to occupy the field as speedily as possible, and I must take such materials as I can find. I think I may have two *good* numbers every year. The labour is severe but improving. In short, though I must still feel much anxiety upon the subject, I think at this moment that the thing is likely to turn out well.

Temple: January 22, 1808.

My dear Brother, . . . Our wiseacre politicians talk much of the march of a French army through Persia into Hindostan. This appears to me if not a chimerical at least a very distant danger. I will indulge a fond hope of India enjoying profound tranquillity while you remain there, and that before you return to this country the storms that now agitate Europe will have completely subsided. . . .

I dined to-day in Russell Square with Marryat. I continue to answer cases for him, although it is very clear that a dinner is all the benefit I shall ever derive from my labour. The exercise occupies, improves and flatters me.

Term begins to-morrow. I asked my hairdresser what he would give me for my profits in the course of it. 'Not half the price of the new wig I am making for you, sir,' said he; and he would have had a bad bargain. But Dunning was seven years without a brief. . . .

[The following notice of the leaders in Westminster Hall is extracted from his Autobiography.—ED.]

[2] Lord Ellenborough.

Gibbs was at this time Attorney-General, and tyrannised over Westminster Hall.[3] He had the greatest reputation for law of any barrister in my time, a reputation which he by no means sustained on the bench as a puisne judge, Chief Baron, and Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. He was the most conceited man of the age, and he was at no pains to conceal his opinion of his own superiority in intellect and acquirements. Having paid an ironical compliment to Garrow, who said, 'This is all very well as a sneer,' he rejoined, 'I meant it as a sneer.' Garrow, feeling himself so vulnerable from want of law, was afraid of him. Allan Park, next in business, licked his foot, and no one else for a long time ventured to resent his arrogance. At length Topping, a rough Yorkshireman who had lately obtained a silk gown on the Northern circuit, threw a stone at this Goliath and laid him prostrate. Topping being by accident counsel for the plaintiff in an insurance cause, Gibbs treated him with more than usual superciliousness, and Topping in his reply ran at him full tilt, inveighed against the air of superiority which he assumed, and introduced the quotation from Shakespeare:—

> . . . He doth bestride the narrow world
> Like a Colossus, and we petty men
> Walk under his huge legs and peep about
> To find ourselves dishonourable graves.

The sensation was very great, and all in court, from the noble Chief Justice to the crier, relished Sir Vicary's wooden looks and ghastly smiles. The attorneys, to whom he used to be intolerably insolent, rejoiced in his humiliation, and showed their gratitude by showering briefs on Topping. The 'Liberator' was introduced into Parliament by Lord Grenville, and might have reached the high honours of the profession had it not been for his intemperate habits. He never, like Clifford, indulged in morning potations, but 'his custom always in the afternoon' was to drink a bottle of port wine, and sometimes much more. I recollect a great City attorney saying to me: 'A very remarkable thing happened to me last night; I found Mr. Topping at consultation quite

[3] He was Attorney-General from 1807 till 1812, when he was made a judge.—ED.

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sober.' His constitution could not stand such a life as some of his stouter companions led, and he soon after died. But these habits formerly were not very uncommon at the bar. One of my earliest consultations was at the chambers of Serjeant ——, then the leader of the Northern circuit, and he was so drunk that he could not be got to talk of the cause; and he would only say to Mr. Chippendale, the attorney, 'Chip, my boy, do you recollect that famous St. Leger when you and I were together on the course at Doncaster?' Another consultation was appointed the evening before the trial, when he was so far gone that he could not talk at all, and soon fell into a deep sleep. Yet next day he conducted the cause with great ability, and won the verdict.

James Allan Park by his book on the Law of Insurance had risen to a considerable eminence. He was a very good-natured man, and very liberal in giving away money; but his extreme obsequiousness gave countenance to the prejudices against the Scottish nation which were so prevalent when Sir Archie McSarcasm and Sir Pertinax McSycophant were exhibited upon the stage—prejudices which were then languishing and have since died away. He was the subject of many epigrams, particularly by Dampier, afterwards a judge of the King's Bench, to whom the following was ascribed:—

James Allan Park
Came naked stark
From Scotland;
But now wears clo'es,
And lives with beaux,
In England.

After he was raised to the bench, by a not unnatural transition, he became very presumptuous and overbearing. But he was still cowed by Gibbs, his chief, who in open court once said to him, 'Brother Park, your authorities all make against the doctrine for which you cite them.'

Scarlett, from Lord Eldon's dislike of his Whig politics, had not yet reached the rank of King's counsel, to which he was well entitled, and not being by any means a favourite with Lord Ellenborough, who spitefully said 'his cross-examinations gave him the best idea of eternity,' he was not

yet in general business; but he led from time to time, showing that quickness of apprehension, subtlety of reasoning, admirable skill in arranging facts proved in evidence, that insight into the hearts of the jury, and that invariable and thorough conviction that he was entitled to succeed, which afterwards gave him an unrivalled ascendency at the bar.

Gurney, now a Baron of the Exchequer—whose father, the celebrated stenographer, had said of him in his early days, when he assisted in defending Hardy and others, prosecuted at the commencement of the French Revolution, that 'his son John was getting on very well in the *sedition line*'—was now coming round to assist the Attorney-General in Government prosecutions, but had no private practice, except in assaults and conspiracies.

Brougham, that erratic star, had appeared above the horizon, *with fear of change perplexing barristers*. He was tried in cases of libel and seduction, and spouted most admirable speeches; but he made no progress in gaining the confidence of the attorneys, who thought he was more solicitous to display his own powers than to win the verdict; and till after the overwhelming renown he acquired in defending Queen Caroline, he had very little Nisi Prius business in London.

Temple: February 10, 1808.

My dear Father,—I was considering to-day what offence I could have given to the family that you should have entirely abandoned me, when your box was brought in by a porter—your box which was as full of blessings as Pandora's was of evils. I am not yet hardened enough to be insensible to such kindness. . . . Now I am supplied with shirts to last me till I am a judge. I really had no occasion for any addition to my stock at present. My cotton ones remain good, and my last linen ones are not at all the worse for wear. The shortbread, I declare, is the most exquisite thing I ever tasted. I am astonished that the English have no cake of this kind. The *bun*, too, is certainly far preferable to a Twelfth-night cake, so sweet and so cloying. The mutton

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ham shall be dressed according to your directions. You endangered the whole box by enclosing the whisky, but it will taste the more delicious for being smuggled.

I am sorry to hear of David Wilkie's illness, and shall call upon him very soon. I assure you my admiration of him by no means falls short of yours. Would that I were in as fair a way to acquire an illustrious reputation!

The only reason for my wishing you to come up in the end of March was that I should then have been at perfect liberty to wait upon you. In May I shall be a slave. However, I do think you had better allow the equinoctial gales to be over before you embark, and we must try to be together as much as possible. It is a pity you could not bring all the girls with you at once. . . .

Temple: February 15, 1808.

My dear Brother, . . . My first number was published on the 11th instant. I have not met with anything as yet particularly gratifying in respect of it, neither have I any reason to be mortified. According to custom, I sent round copies to the judges of the King's Bench and Common Pleas. Lord Ellenborough, as Chief Justice, I at the same time addressed in a letter of which the following is a copy:—

My Lord,—I take the liberty to present to your lordship a copy of the first number of my Nisi Prius cases. I engage in this undertaking at the earnest request of many of my professional friends; but it is only your lordship's approbation which will induce me to carry it on. I feel that at the present moment it is open to someone to render an essential service to the profession and to the community by publishing a proper selection of decisions at Nisi Prius. But it is better that these decisions, however valuable, should be lost than that they should be misrepresented, and upon any intimation of my unfitness for the difficult though humble task of a reporter, I shall discontinue my labours and make way for some gentleman of more accuracy, discrimination and good fortune.

It would be impertinent in me to trouble your lordship with apologies for the faults of this number, or with the rules which a little experience has enabled me to lay down for my conduct in future. I must rest contented with throwing myself on your lordship's indulgence, and declaring that to merit your lordship's good opinion shall be the constant study of,

My lord,

Your lordship's most obedient humble servant,

JOHN CAMPBELL.

5 Inner Temple Lane: February 10, 1808.

Right Hon. Lord Ellenborough.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday passed away without any answer, and I began to be convinced that I had offended him, and that he would certainly prove hostile to the publication. However, yesterday one of his lackeys brought me the following note, which is civil enough, and rather indicates a disposition to be pleased :—

Lord Ellenborough presents his compliments to Mr. Campbell, and returns him many thanks for his obliging communication of the first number of his Nisi Prius cases, and for the very polite letter by which it was accompanied.

Bloomsbury Square : February 14, 1808.

Although he says nothing of the Reports (which, indeed, he could not well praise without praising himself), I confess I was a good deal gratified. Having had the book for some days he had probably looked into it, and I trust he will now hear it cited without expressing any indignation, or asking 'Who is Mr. Campbell?' I did not write to any of the other judges, and of course could not hear from them. I have received congratulations and compliments from many of my friends at the bar; but these would have been precisely the same whatever the merits or demerits of the Reports. Probably, indeed, the persons who offered them had never seen the book or got beyond the title-page. One man (from whom praise would not have been very valuable) said he had discovered several inaccuracies in the cases, which, however, he explained to be in once or twice leaving out the names of counsel who had held briefs in the cause. The inconvenience which I foresaw of reporting erroneous decisions I have felt. One case I was obliged to cancel after it had been printed off, and there are others that had better have been left out. But it was necessary for me to make the most of my materials, and I had no time for consideration.

Temple : Friday, March 16, 1808.

My dear Brother,—I returned last night from Maidstone, and expected I might have found a letter from you on my table; but there are as yet no arrivals from Bengal. I wanted sadly something to recruit my spirits, for I came to

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town quite *flétri*. No brief; no prospect, no possibility, of ever having a brief on the circuit. If I had all the learning and all the accomplishments which I could wish to have, what would it signify? I am quite tired of the circuit, and hate the idea of ever joining it again. Apart from business there is little enjoyment to be derived from it. The men in themselves have amiable qualities and elegant acquirements, but there is no room for these to appear from the occupation and manner of life which prevail. All is bustle, confusion and card-playing. There are two, and only two, ways of acquiring distinction amongst us, *business* and *whist*. I have no business. I do not play at whist. Consequently, I am the most insignificant creature belonging to the circuit. No one dislikes or abuses me, because it is not known that I am present. It is a literal fact that about six weeks ago Garrow asked me if I had yet fixed upon my circuit! At Maidstone I have not even been able to pick up a point of law for my second number. My disbursements, about seven guineas. Among other pieces of good fortune I was obliged to take half a chaise both going and coming. I travelled with Mr. Roberts, one of the most respectable men on the circuit. I could easily have gone in a post-chaise with two scamps, but I would rather have hired a chariot and six for myself.

I don't know whether I ever attempted to convey to you any notion of our proceedings. We never go beyond a day's journey from London. The first day of the assizes at any place we travel down; some arriving before dinner, and the others in the evening. A few ride on horseback or drive gigs, but the far greater number go in post-chaises. We must all live in lodgings, it being forbidden to sleep at the inns, on account of the attorneys being there; but at one inn in each town we all mess. The first night there is a general supper, to which every barrister at the assizes must contribute. We dine together next day, but none pay except those that are present; at least, absentees who give notice previously that they shall not attend by the existing regulation are excused, although it was formerly otherwise. The leader of the circuit (Mr. Serjeant Shepherd) sits at the head of the table, and Mr. Junior at the bottom of it. This is the youngest

barrister present, who has to fill a very arduous and disagreeable office. He orders the dinner, settles the bill, and next day (or when he can) duns every individual for his reckoning. But his principal duty is to take care of the wine. We have a stock at each place, and the *junior* is bound to see a proper quantity brought from the cellar, and to guard it from the depredation of the waiters. We sit down to table about five and rise at seven. The men of business then retire to their briefs and their consultations, and cards are called for by the men of pleasure. A poor stupid wretch like myself is obliged to sit in the room doing nothing, or to walk into the fields, there to gaze at the stars and ponder his melancholy fate. I find it impossible to go home to my lodgings to read. My thoughts are dissipated by the bustle of the day, and I grow more and more melancholy as I have leisure for reflection.

The next day we dine with the judges (at least at three places on the circuit). This is a very formidable, uncomfortable, disagreeable meeting. The two judges sit at the head of the table, cheek by jowl. The barristers range themselves according to seniority. The reverend sages of the law unbend a good deal on these occasions, and come out with their old stories, so that the circle round them is generally pretty cheerful, but dulness pervades all the rest of the table. The dinner is always good and the wine execrable. At last 'Prosperity to the Home Circuit' comes to our relief. This toast is the signal for departure.

In the course of the following day we generally get back to town. None stay after that unless they are detained by business, for the briefs are all delivered and the chances gone. On the first day of business we go into court about [redacted]lve o'clock (the judges previously attending divine ser[redacted]e), and afterwards at eight in the morning. The civil [redacted]l criminal courts sit at the same time, and men go from [redacted]e to the other as business or inclination leads them. I [redacted]w generally stick to the civil courts for the sake of my Reports.

We are to be at Horsham in Sussex on Sunday, from whence we go direct into Surrey, so that we shall not be back to London till the assizes are completely over. I

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doubted a good deal about going into Sussex. It will cost me seven or eight guineas without any chance of reimbursement, and there are several who cut this county entirely. But it is now too late to play a small and saving game. To Horsham I go. One to a thousand millions I may have something to do, and I must always be upon the watch till the opportunity occurs. Besides, Garrow is not to be there, being off for Lancaster on a special retainer. Think of such an opening for a young man! Alas! I must again hear the questions put to me, witnessing the triumph excited by my answers:—'Well! how did you come on this circuit? Many briefs? What, none! Not one all the way round?' All this I could easily bear had I a consciousness of being qualified for the profession, and could I anticipate success at some future period. But I feel frequently the most oppressive conviction of my own insufficiency. . . .

I dined to-day with my travelling companion Mr. Roberts in Brunswick Square, where I saw a perfect picture of domestic happiness. He has an amiable wife and six children, beautiful and accomplished as angels. Next to the *éclat* of public life, this is surely what human nature can boast of as most valuable. The scene suspended my melancholy for a while, but it settled upon me with tenfold gloom on my return through a shower of snow to my cold dreary chambers in Inner Temple Lane. In your friendship I find at all times relief. I have felt a sort of pleasure in complaining to you, and I shall now retire to rest with a better chance of refreshing sleep than if my thoughts had been confined to my own bosom. Forgive and love me.

Temple; Saturday, April 9, 1808.

My dear George, . . . I finished my circuit on Monday week; earnings—one guinea as a kite. This I believe I have explained to you is when a junior counsel has not been retained for the plaintiff, and a fee is given to the junior in court. The weather was so cold as to render travelling very disagreeable. However I drank some good wine and heard some good stories at the circuit table.

On my return to town I did not expect even to sign a

half-guinea motion paper till Easter term. Know, however, that I have since been speaking in the House of Peers and addressing a most numerous and splendid assemblage of their lordships. I shall send you the newspapers in which my name is mentioned. Lest you should think the matter of more importance than it really is, I had better say that I was retained to oppose a bill to prohibit the exportation of Jesuits' bark by a great London merchant, who petitioned against it, having a stock on hand to supply the consumption of Great Britain for ten years. I was heard on Thursday at four o'clock. After opening my case I examined a number of witnesses. I then craved of their lordships that I might have till to-morrow to prepare for summing up. The Lord Chancellor after consulting with Lord Hawkesbury said, 'The lords will now hear you sum up, sir!' I was beginning when Lord Grenville interposed and urged the propriety of acceding to my request. Upon this a debate arose, Lord Grenville, Lord Holland, Lord Lauderdale, Lord Auckland, and Lord Erskine supporting me, and Lord Hawkesbury, Lord Bathurst, and Lord Barrington opposing me. At last the House divided upon the question whether I should be heard then or on the morrow, when, as might have been expected, there appeared a large majority for my proceeding forthwith. So I was again walked up to the bar, making my three reverences, by the Yeoman Usher of the Black Rod, and obliged to sum up the best way I could.

Upon the whole I was very far indeed from acquitting myself to my own satisfaction. But under the circumstances I know not that I could reasonably expect to do much better, or that I have any real ground for mortification. I laboured under every possible disadvantage. I had no regular solicitor; I did not know what evidence I should have till within an hour of going down to the House; I was the only counsel at the bar; the situation was quite new to me; the House was very crowded; I had to direct my discourse to the Lord Chancellor against a measure which he was himself about to defend; I was in the constant terror of being called to order for discussing the bill on grounds too general; I had not the slightest notion of being required

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that day to sum up. I don't believe that I positively disgraced myself. My employers express themselves satisfied and my friends say that I did very well. There is one great step I made—that no human tribunal need now greatly daunt me as an advocate. What shall I care for the Surrey justices after addressing Princes of the Blood? In two newspapers you will see I am puffed. This was from no interference on my part, but must have proceeded from old connections. To conclude, I have received for my services a fee of twenty-one guineas.

Temple: May 17, 1808.

My dear Brother,—I have not written to you for a considerable time past as you had a correspondent in London from whom you will derive the highest degree of information and amusement. The Doctor sailed for Leith on Sunday the twelfth, and as the wind was remarkably fair for three or four days after, I trust that he is by this time in Cupar. The visit went off beyond my most sanguine expectations. Our father (thank God) is stout and active as ever, and his vivacity and good humour are, if possible, increased. He really seemed to me to enjoy every hour of his stay here. From his journal, which he says is very minute, you will see that he was by no means idle, and that he accomplished all the objects of his expedition. He desired me to tell you that he despatched two packets for you from London; the first giving an account of his voyage up and his arrival in town, the second relating his adventures for about three weeks of his abode here, and that he will complete the whole soon after his return to Cupar. He had great reason to be satisfied with the reception he met with from all his old friends. It fortunately happened that I had a good run of luck while he was here, so that he considers me likely to get on. I suppose he has told you of my trip to Chelmsford to attend a court-martial, and my return with 60*l.* in my pocket. In a future letter I must take a detailed retrospect of the last two months. At present I merely write you a line or two with a hope of still catching the fleet. . . .

We are all in high spirits about Spain, but I suppose are again on the eve of disappointment.

Temple: July 1, 1808.

My dear Father,—I intended to have written yesterday that my letter might reach you on Sunday evening, but I had not even five minutes that I could devote to this purpose, and now I have scarcely more. I have had no extraordinary press of business, but I am obliged to attend in court as much as if I were making five thousand pounds a year.

I have been before another court-martial, at Chelsea College, as counsel for Lieutenant-Colonel Maclean, of the Engineers, prosecuted for peculation by General Sir Thomas Trigge. Mr. Adolphus was first retained as his counsel, and attended during the prosecution. He was then suddenly taken ill, when they made a pressing application to me, and I attended during the defence. I was out at Chelsea three days, and had divers consultations in the matter and wrote several papers at home. Maclean, I think, is likely to get off. The only other professional news I have got for you is that I this day argued a demurrer in K. B., and got through with it as well as I expected. The judgment of the court was against me, but I knew from the beginning that I had not a leg to stand upon. Ellenborough and the other judges were civil. I think I am now pretty well broke in, and that I shall soon get rid of the malady under which I have suffered so much hitherto—viz., palpitation of the heart!

Temple: August 1, 1808.

My dear Father,—The sittings (thank God!) are over, and I have again a little leisure to write to my friends. The Home circuit begins to-day at Hertford. I do not go there, as there is no business to be *seen*, although, were my object in going the circuit to *get* business, I should have little more chance of success in any of the other counties which we visit. However, I have at present no particular reason to complain. I had a few briefs in London, one with seven guineas marked on the back of it. In addition to which the most flattering thing happened to me about half an hour ago I have yet met with in my professional career. An attorney I never heard of, recommended he said by

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a Mr. Reay, to whom I am not at all personally known, brought me to settle a replication to a plea drawn by Serjeant Williams to a writ of right, and requested my opinion whether the cause could be legally tried by a common jury as Williams wished it; or whether there must be the Grand Assize of Knights girt with Swords, the *mize* being joined upon the *merum jus!* It will be a hard-earned guinea, but it may draw a few more after it.

I called this morning after breakfast upon David Wilkie. When he first put the portrait[4] into my hand I was disappointed, but afterwards, when I placed it upon the mantelpiece and looked at it from a distance, it struck me as one of the best likenesses I had ever seen. If I were sure it would reach Agra safe, I would send it off immediately, but I do not like to expose it to so long a journey, and shall therefore keep it, I think, till George comes home. Wilkie is to get it framed for me. He absolutely refused taking anything for painting it. I am sorry for this, but I pressed it upon him as far as I could with propriety. I was glad to hear from him that the Duke of Gloucester had behaved very liberally to him. The stipulated sum he was to receive for 'The Card Players' was fifty guineas. His Royal Highness gave him a hundred and fifty. I am rather in pain about 'The Sick Girl and the Physician.' She is a fat, blowsy-looking wench, and he I fear, has not much character of any sort. But I hope that he will yet improve the piece considerably, or that my opinion of it is quite erroneous. On every account I take the liveliest interest in his prosperity.

Temple: August 27, 1808.

My dear George, . . . Your *tour* is extremely lively and interesting. Were I in want of money I could sell it to a bookseller for 50*l*. It contains matter for a very handsome octavo. We might call it 'The Stranger in the Douab, or a Journey to explore the Sources of the Jumna and the Ganges in 1807.' Instead of this, however, I have sent it to Cupar,

[4] While the Rev. Dr. Campbell was in London, Wilkie painted a small portrait of him, now in the possession of Lord Stratheden and Campbell.—ED.

where it will be read with great eagerness and delight. I really quite envy you the opportunities you have to see what is wonderful, and to enlarge your mind by comparing together different climates, religions, stages of society, and races of mankind. You may now be described as Ulysses:—

. . . mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes.

I hope you may have some return for the pains you have taken to amuse us in the accounts our father has written for you of his expedition to London. I have seen no part of it, but I am sure it must be a great treat to you as exhibiting perpetual proofs of the activity of body, the vivacity of mind, the warmth of feeling, and kindness of heart with which our dear father still is, and, I trust in God, long will continue, to be blessed. He has left a most favourable impression amongst my friends here, who often talk of him to me with rapture.

I am sadly vexed that you have sent so very large a sum of money. If my luck continues I shall scarcely want any part of it for my own use. Since the beginning of the present year I have received in fees no less than 220 guineas! About one-half the amount may be ascribed to accidents not likely to recur, but the other half is from good steady, regular business, which I may fairly calculate upon as likely to increase. Then from my first Number I drew 60*l.*, and from the second and third, which I shall publish in the ensuing season, I may expect 150*l.* or 200*l.*

Then, remember, remit me no more in future than what I am to send home or to lay out as your agent according to specific directions given me. You have kept my head above water for a great number of years, but now I shall go on *swimmingly*. I believe you have felt the sincerest pleasure in assisting me, but I believe you will feel not less in knowing that I probably shall not for the future want any assistance. It certainly must yield you considerable satisfaction to think that you have enabled me to follow that plan of life which I had so enthusiastically projected, and that by your means I have now a fair chance of attaining a respectable station in society. I talk not of my obligations to you on

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this score, which I scarcely feel after I think of the unexampled kindness of heart you have ever shown me, the lively interest you have taken in my fortunes, the indulgence you have extended to my weaknesses, and your anxious exertions to support my courage, and to give my mind a tone suitable to the arduous career I had entered upon.

. . . At Maidstone I had my first brief on the Home circuit—fee, four guineas. In future I think I shall go the circuit on horseback, the most salubrious and most independent mode of travelling. The worst of it is that it is difficult to get your luggage along, and your wig and gown sometimes arrive in the assize town when the assizes are over. I must now sit down to work hard with my Reports. As yet I have not been able to get in my hand. One's ideas are dreadfully dissipated by the noise and bustle of the circuit.

. . . We are in hourly expectation of hearing of the surrender of Junot to Sir A. Wellesley. I trust you will have heard of this and much good news besides before the present epistle can be expected to reach you. Adieu!

Temple: October 18, 1808.

My dear Father, . . . At the Michaelmas sessions there was very little business for any one, and all that fell to my share was to make a chance motion and to settle articles for a benefit society. However, I had a very pleasant trip to Kingston; went down on the evening of Tuesday the 4th, dined next day on turtle with the justices; on Thursday joined my friend Leathley who has a cottage on the opposite bank of the river, took a trip with him on Friday to Windsor, and returned to London on Saturday to dine with the Beeswing Club. When I re-entered my chambers my eyes were quite dazzled with the glare of light. The painter's brush has performed as great a metamorphosis as a magician's wand. You can't imagine what a sumptuous appearance my sitting-room now has. I fear the attorneys will think that such an apartment is for a man of pleasure and not a man of business. According to your directions I

have got the walls of my bedroom properly scrubbed with soap and water, in addition to which I have caused the ceiling of it to be whitewashed. I have, moreover, treated myself with a new library table, and there wants only a good assortment of briefs to make my chambers the most elegant and best furnished in the Inns of Court. I this morning corrected a proof of the last sheet of my second Number, so that it will be published in a week. You may be sure I am somewhat anxious to know what reception this Number is to meet with. I have discussed various points of law in the notes, occasionally rather in a bold style, and it may be thought by some that they are useless, and by others that they display more presumption than learning. However I don't as yet repent having added them. I wish to appear something more than a mere reporter.

Our adjourned sittings at Guildhall commence this day fortnight, when I must resume my labours. Having no shooting, fishing, or coursing, I am not at all sorry that the long vacation draws to a close, not but that I have perhaps spent it as agreeably as those who have been devoting themselves to field sports, and I may have a little advantage over these gentlemen in the ensuing term.

Temple: January 6, 1809.

My dear Brother, . . . You have not only more leisure for polite literature than I have, but really you seem to cultivate it much more, and to far greater purpose. Your quotations and poetical allusions are more frequent, apt and felicitous than are to be found in the conversation or epistles of most men at the bar. The men of business with whom I associate, I assure you, are the merest mechanics. Some of my briefless friends, indeed, are very accomplished, liberal fellows. I hope to introduce you to them one day, and I am certain you will be much pleased with the society of each other. I trust you have pretty well got rid of your Scotch accent—a thing of which you know I have a perfect horror. It is not merely the offence to my ear which I dread, but the effect upon my own enunciation which is powerful and inevitable. If I sit a whole evening in a company of

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Scotsmen, I am afraid next morning to open my mouth lest I should hear a compliment upon my Doric dialect.

I must have cleared up in some letter that is lost the seeming contradiction of my second circuit being 15*l.* better to me than the first, although I had not a brief on either. When on my first circuit, in the Crown Court, my pocket was picked of 15*l.*! This I would not mention on any account to our father, but I thought I had told you from the beginning. My circuits have been gradually and steadily improving. First, 15*l.* minus: second, neither received nor lost money: third, had a guinea kite: fourth, had a four guinea brief. The present Master of the Rolls (Sir William Grant) went the Home circuit ten years and never had a brief upon it. I have been more fortunate, but I should not be much surprised were I to go a good many years without having had two. I know not a single country attorney and I have no opportunity of making myself known to them. On other circuits a man often gets business by rotation; but ours is so crowded that unless a man is powerfully pushed he never has a chance.

We are in a state of the most unexampled anxiety concerning our troops under General Moore. Not the least doubt is entertained that before now they have had a tremendous battle with the French.[5] When I think of the inequality of numbers I tremble for the result; but it is better that they should die like brave men with arms in their hands than that they should basely take to flight before coming in sight of the enemy. The report of the court of inquiry gives almost as much dissatisfaction as the Convention of Cintra.

Temple: February 2, 1809.

My dear Father, . . . I remember nothing else that I have got to tell you, except that I am to have the honour of dining with *Jeemy Park*, K.C., on Saturday, and that I have been obliged to discard your old friend my *clerk*. I found it impossible to keep the little scoundrel in chambers when I

[5] The battle of Corunna was fought on January 16, 1809, when the British army was completely victorious; but Sir John Moore was mortally wounded by a cannon-ball, and died in a few hours.—ED.

was absent myself. I have now retained a very respectable looking fellow, seventeen or eighteen years old, and as tall as myself nearly. In consideration of the capital place he is likely hereafter to have of it, he consents to serve me now for 12*s.* a week and the half-crowns. He expects a few years hence to carry my train in Westminster Hall with his hair in a bag and a sword by his side. I was a good deal struck when he told me, after I had hired him, that his name was *Cupar*.[6] What say you to this omen?

Temple: March 18, 1809.

My dear Father, . . . I can no longer complain that my Reports have not brought me a single brief. An attorney called upon me lately and asked me if I attended the Surrey Sessions. I said I did. He then requested I would hold a brief for him—adding that he only knew me from my publication. The following day, at the adjourned sessions in the Borough, he gave me one brief with five guineas and another with two! My third number is all printed, and nothing is wanted but the index to its being published. This I am afraid I shall not be able to finish till the circuit is over. The mechanical labour in preparing a book for publication is very great. I have been two days in making a table of the cases I have reported. I would much rather have been shovelling sand. The index has given me more trouble than you can easily imagine. I was some time much at a loss for a motto, and read whole books of Cicero without finding anything appropriate. At last I hit upon the following sentence in the Pandects, which, although it has nothing to do with Nisi Prius, I think shows the value of Reports in general: 'Si de interpretatione legis quæratur, in primis inspiciendum est quo jure civitas retro in ejusmodi casibus usa fuisset.'[7] I expect to be out by the 19th, which is the first day of Easter term.

[6] His name was *Cooper*. He continued with my father all the time he was at the bar, and was his clerk when he became Chief Justice of England. One of Cooper's sons was trainbearer when my father was Lord Chancellor.—Ed.

[7] *Pandects*, liber i. tit. iii. § 37. The passage continues, 'Optima enim est legum interpres consuetudo.' *Corpus Juris Civilis*, vol. i. p. 62.—Ed.

CHAP. VIII.

A.D. 1809.

Temple: May 11, 1809.

My dear Brother, . . . You seem haunted by the terrors of Bonaparte, and I am afraid not without reason. What will you think when you hear of the battle of Ratisbon?[8] There is no longer any barrier to his conquests in the North or in the East, at least till he reaches our empire in India. Ministers are said to be dreadfully alarmed at the general posture of affairs, and there have been strong rumours for some days of the Duke of Portland's resignation. A change would give me scarcely any pleasure. The present men are bad, but those likely to succeed them are not better. They are equally without the confidence of the country. The popular party now are the Reformers—Burdett, Cobbett, &c. . . .

Since the circuit was over my professional life has been unchequered by anything remarkable—unless perhaps my having a case containing seventeen queries upon the construction of a will, with an eight guinea fee, may be considered worthy of that epithet. About a fortnight ago I published the third number of my Reports, which concludes the first volume. The sale and reputation of the work continue, but I am rather disappointed at finding it of so very little use to me in my business. The poor Nisi Prius reporter *laudatur et alget*!

. . . You think me rather fantastical about *accent*, but to me it really is a most grave and serious consideration. I would surrender a considerable portion of my legal acquirements to have a pure English accent. There are far higher considerations in life than elocution, and therefore I do not strictly avoid all society where mine must suffer; but I would much sooner visit a house where the wine is bad than where the dialect is bad. Your saying that you scarcely distinguish a Scotchman from an Englishman astonishes me not a little. I would at any time listen to the sharpening of a saw or the creaking of a hinge in preference to my native dialect, and unless it is substantially subdued I would rather have it *racy* than adulterated by an admixture of uncouth

[8] Battle of Eckmühl, April 22.

English. As you spoke with considerable propriety before leaving this country, I hope to find you a model on your return. But if I once more heard the sound of your voice I should scarcely pause to analyse it into its component parts of Scotch and English.

Temple: June 11, 1809.

My dear Father, . . . Yesterday I dined with Jeemy Park. Before dinner he took me aside and said with some solemnity, 'I have something to communicate to you which I trust will give you pleasure. On Friday (Grand-day), when the Chancellor was dining with us in the Hall, I pointed you out to him, and asked him if he was acquainted with you. His lordship said "*No; but he is a very sensible and clever man, and I like his Reports much.*" This you know can do you no harm.' I certainly did observe Eldon looking at me very earnestly during dinner; but as to the *good* it will ever do me, I am ready to barter it for a half-guinea motion. At the same time, as from his not answering my note I was afraid he disapproved of the publication, I am pleased to have this apprehension removed.

Temple: August 16, 1809.

My dear George, . . . I have executed your commission about Lindsay's shawl.[9] I thought it better to tell her the truth and to take her to the famous shop for India shawls and let her choose one for herself. I did so accordingly. We could not get a handsome one under thirty-three guineas, and I bought one for her at that price. She was much pleased with it, but I really believe would have been better satisfied with something of much less value sent home to her directly by yourself. However, she could not help exclaiming, 'Who would have thought that I should live to have such a shawl as this!' . . .

On the circuit which is just over I had little luck, but was not entirely briefless.[1] The only advantage I derive

[9] His sister Lindsay was about to be married to David Johnston, Esq., of Overton.—ED.

[1] His sixth circuit.—ED.

CHAP. VIII.

A.D. 1809.

from answering cases for Marryat is that he sometimes gives me briefs to hold for him at sittings which break me in a little to the impudence of Nisi Prius, and (what is of some consequence with the attorneys) hold out the appearance of business. I am a great brief-holder. Being always present in the Court of King's Bench, if men are called away they put their briefs into my hand, conceiving that they may rely upon my attendance, *and that I am not likely to rob them of their clients.* From the bunch of papers I have sometimes got before me, a stranger might suppose I was making 1000*l.* a year. But do not imagine that I am called upon for a display of eloquence. The province of the junior barrister seldom exceeds technically stating the question and examining a witness. Marryat says he knows I had a brief of my own at the last sittings from an attorney being pleased with the manner in which I had examined a witness in his presence. Certainly there cannot be any more unlikely source of business to me, for when I am examining a witness I am frightened out of my wits lest my questions should be objectionable. However, I do not now despair of being one of the most impudent fellows of the age in which I live.

Temple: October 3, 1809.

My dear Father,—Behold me once more a plodding special pleader. On Wednesday last I laid down the character of a man of pleasure and returned to my prison-house. Notwithstanding the shocking weather, my three weeks at Brighton passed away very agreeably. I bathed every morning, fair and foul, rough and smooth. The rest of the day was spent in walking on the Steyne, lounging in the libraries, reading novels, paying visits, &c. I found here a great number of legal friends, from whom I received much civility. I dined with Serjeant Runnington, with Serjeant Best, twice with Jemmy Park, &c. The company in our boarding-house, though respectable, was rather stupid. As to my health, it did not admit of much improvement, but my complexion has become clearer and more ruddy, and I am in excellent plight for beginning a new campaign in Westminster Hall. If I were backed by the attorneys I should like to try whether I could not answer a thousand cases in a thousand hours.

I supped last night with *David Fifensis*.[2] He is employed upon a piece which will raise his reputation as an artist if possible higher than ever.[3] He is, besides, a very sensible and excellent young man.

Temple: October 27, 1809.

My dear Father, . . . Fees come in as well as I could reasonably expect at this season. I have drawn several declarations for the ensuing term and answered two or three cases. The only thing in which I have been engaged worth mentioning particularly was executing a commission of lunacy. Commissioners were appointed and a jury assembled to try whether one W. Plowman was a lunatic or not. I attended as counsel in support of the affirmative, which I established very satisfactorily. My best witness was Master Plowman himself, who insisted that he was Duke of Monmouth. It being suggested that the Duke of Monmouth was beheaded, he said the person who suffered death was only a representative of the real Duke, whom we beheld before us. I got a verdict of *non comp.*, and afterwards an excellent dinner with the commissioners and jury at the poor lunatic's expense. Fee, three guineas.

The town begins to fill, and I mean to indulge in some gaiety before the term shuts me up. To-day I dine with Sugden, the great conveyancer,[4] to-morrow with the Beeswing Club, on Sunday with Tod, and on Monday I eat turtle in Russell Square with Marryat!

Temple: January 8, 1810.

My dear Father, . . . Do not let your cheerfulness at this season be at all damped by any apprehensions that I am in a contrary frame of mind. I assure you I have found this the merriest Christmas I have passed since I left Scotland. I have had a great number of invitations to dinners &c., and the time I have passed in private has glided away most

[2] Wilkie.

[3] This was the 'Alehouse Door,' or, as he afterwards called it, 'The Village Festival,' bought in 1811 by John J. Angerstein, Esq., for 800 guineas. See *Life of Wilkie*, vol. i. p. 256.—ED.

[4] Afterwards Lord St. Leonards.

CHAP. VIII. A.D. 1810.

agreeably. It took me two or three days after the sittings were over to bring up the arrears of my Reports. Since then I have chiefly devoted myself to novel reading. I am happy to find that my zest for romantic adventures is not destroyed by my familiarity with *legal fictions*. You may conceive that term and sittings are a pretty good preparation for an interesting love story, or a humorous delineation of ridiculous manners. I have had two or three delicious mornings with Miss Edgeworth, and I abandoned myself to her so entirely that if a knock came to the door I was afraid it might be an attorney with a case. My present notion of perfect happiness is shutting myself up in a library furnished with all the romances and novels in all languages, and bidding an eternal adieu to briefs and Westminster Hall. But a sailor will tire of vegetable diet after the longest voyage, and in 'eight days of St. Hilary' I shall have no objection I dare say to receive a few half-guineas to oppose or justify bail.

You are dissatisfied that I gave you no anecdotes of Michaelmas term; but I really was mixed in nothing which could at all interest you. The cause in which I was with Jekyll was an action against a master butcher, whose servants had driven through the streets of London a mad and vicious ox which tossed and gored the plaintiff. We fully proved the viciousness of the animal and the injury he had done to our client, but we could not show that the defendant *knew* his vicious character. This objection was not to be got over. I forget what answer my leader attempted when it was made. He is by no means so remarkable for legal discrimination as for his refined humour. On these occasions it is not usual for any but the leading counsel to speak. However, I asked permission of his lordship to say a few words, and contended that the knowledge of the servants was the knowledge of the master and that he was answerable for the consequences of their driving, however cautiously, a bullock through the streets of the metropolis which evidently endangered the lives of his Majesty's subjects. Ellenborough said, 'You have not so laid it in your declaration,' and inhumanly nonsuited us.

I was luckier in a case in the Common Pleas. In this I had myself drawn the declaration and replication, and written an opinion upon the evidence necessary to support the action. You see what responsibility I had incurred Two days before the trial I discovered that I had overlooked a paper which in strictness we were bound to produce, and which was then in a distant part of England. We thought of *withdrawing the record* or postponing the trial; but upon consideration we found that the expense of this would be nearly as great as of losing the cause. We therefore resolved to take our chance. The omission was not observed, and we obtained a verdict. An attorney you know judges always by the event. Serjeant Best was on the other side; and after a very warm panegyric upon the reporter, cited a case against us out of 'Campbell's Reports.' Sir James Mansfield said the case was good law, but not in point. Now, remember that these childish details are not to be imputed to me. I am sure they must appear childish to every human being.

I am afraid you may be disappointed that I am never taken into any popular causes, and that *my name never appears in the newspapers*. I am sorry that I confer no *éclat* upon the family, but really I cannot help it. I may come forward by slow degrees; and if I get bread and cheese in the meantime, perhaps you should be satisfied as well as myself. From my steady attendance at court and in chambers I am considered by a certain set of my acquaintance as a *plodder*, and only fit for professional drudgery. Now although I have resolutely submitted to drudgery as my only chance of success in my profession and my only road to elevation, I conceive there are not many to whose dispositions it is less congenial. Shall I ever be able to show that I make myself a slave for the sake of power and distinction? But I will talk no more of myself—happy if I had recollected sooner that no man can do so without rendering himself ridiculous.

CHAPTER IX.

MARCH 1810—DECEMBER 1811.

Changes to Oxford Circuit—Serjeant Williams—Dauncey—Jervis—Abbott—Puller—Oldnall Russell—Clifford—Charles Phillips—Sir Francis Burdett—Sir Samuel Romilly—His friends Tancred and Coltman—Gloucestershire Sessions—Bragge Bathurst—Ludlow and Taunton—Trial of Cobbett—Summer Circuit—Takes Chambers in Paper Buildings—Pays a Visit to his Father—Success at the Gloucestershire Sessions—Excursion to Cambridge with Coltman—Brougham's Defence of the Hunts—Carstairs' Cause—Increasing Business in King's Bench and on the Circuit.

Worcester: March 11, 1810.

CHAP. IX. A.D. 1810.

My dear Father,—Have you ever had any dream or met with any omen which foretold that a son of yours should be leader of the Oxford circuit? The event being certain, you perhaps may have had a glimpse of it—you may have seen its *shadow* as it approaches. Now do not be angry, do not be disturbed. I have taken a bold step—not a rash one. The result, to be sure, is doubtful; but if acquainted with all the facts on which my judgment was formed, I think you yourself would have counselled what I have done. You will easily perceive that it was impossible to ask your advice, and now I must request you to place a generous confidence in me, and to approve of the line of conduct I have pursued, from the persuasion that I was not likely to do anything to bring ruin on myself and discredit on my family. I could not explain to you in many letters the various considerations that entered into my determination, or detail to you the arguments *pro* and *con*. I must therefore simply say that I saw no prospect of success on the Home circuit, and that I conceive I have a better chance here.[1] The Oxford has not been strong in

[1] He had been for three years on the Home circuit.—ED.

counsel for several years past, and a most extraordinary opening has taken place upon it since the last assizes. Serjeant Williams is so ill that it is doubtful whether he will ever be able to leave London again; Serjeant Manley has been appointed a Commissioner of Excise; Lord, now Owen, has been left an estate of 20,000*l.* a year; Hall, who received 70,000*l.* down with his wife, expects every hour to come into the possession of five times as much by the death of his father-in-law; —— had a verdict against him in a *crim. con.* cause for 8,000*l.* and has fled the country; and Wigley, fatigued by receiving half-guineas, is about to retire to his paternal estate of 6,000*l.* a year in Worcestershire. Few formidable men are left. Of the two silk gowns, Dauncey has nothing to recommend him but a little low buffoonery, and Jervis nothing but being nephew to Lord St. Vincent. Abbott,[2] a very able man in the junior ranks, is likely soon to be made a judge. Then comes Puller, who is a favourite and rises rapidly; but after him you have scarcely anything but classical scholars and men of fashion. You will not suppose for a moment that this state of things is of any immediate consequence to me, or that it is possible for me at once to dash into business; but you will perceive that patience and perseverance must have a far better chance of success on such a stage than against competitors like Garrow, Shepherd, Best, Marryat, &c.

You may perhaps be frightened by the expense which I must now incur. Although this will be considerable, yet, unless my business in town takes an unfavourable turn, I can easily support it. Between the 1st of January and the 8th of March I made by fees alone, without any extraordinary piece of good luck, upwards of *one hundred guineas*! Can I do better than to turn my past conquests into the means of future aggrandisement? A beautiful parallel will be drawn by the distant historian between the military and legal hero of the present age.

Leaving anticipations for facts, I have to inform you that I arrived yesterday in the renowned city of Worcester, so fatal to my countrymen. The circuit began on the 5th at Reading

[2] Afterwards Lord Tenterden.

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in Berks, and on the 8th moved to Oxford, but there is little business at either of these places, and as they interfere with the London sittings I shall never visit them. On Wednesday we go to Gloucester, from thence to Monmouth, Hereford, Shrewsbury, Stafford. On my return to London you shall have a faithful detail of my travels and adventures. At present my ideas are in a complete whirl, and I must fly to the Hop Pole inn, where I am to meet my new messmates. . . .

P.S. *Tuesday, March* 13.—In high spirits. The mode of doing business here below what my most sanguine imagination had conceived. Perfectly well received by the bar. The Oxford circuiteers are accomplished gentlemen, but no lawyers.

Hereford: March 21, 1810.

My dear Father,—Perhaps you may feel some anxiety to know how I proceed on the Oxford circuit. You may conceive that I must now be able to form a pretty accurate judgment upon the step I have taken, and, to be relieved from suspense, you may wish to be informed whether I am utterly undone. I have made *one single guinea* since I left London, and very possibly may not make another before I return! But I continue in good spirits, am pleased with my prospects, and by no means repent the line of conduct I have pursued. This circuit, compared with the Home, and I believe with every other, is wonderfully open. If I do not succeed here I should have had no chance elsewhere. I never felt more self-complacency than at this moment, and I do not say so from false pride or a desire to conceal mortified presumption, but seriously, sincerely, and from sober conviction. Much will still depend upon luck or accident, but I believe that I have a very fair chance of ultimate success in the new career on which I have entered; and I declare to you upon my honour that if I could now draw back and return to the Home circuit without any loss of credit or infraction of etiquette, I should eagerly adhere to the Oxford.

Having quieted your fears upon this subject, I will state to you in a few words the course of my travels. On the evening of Friday the 9th I left London by the mail for Worcester, having previously sent on my clerk by the heavy coach. At

this place we remained till the Wednesday. The rest of the circuit round to Stafford is to be performed in a post-chaise. This mode of travelling has now become the most common, and is not much more expensive than going on horseback or in a gig. Mr. Cooper and I set off from Worcester after breakfast, and passing through Tewkesbury soon reached Gloucester. Here I met an old acquaintance, from whom I received great kindness—Dr. Baron, son of Professor Baron of St. Andrew's. He is settled at Gloucester as a physician, is universally respected, and is succeeding extremely well in his profession. He introduced me to a Mr. Fendall, at whose house I dined with the leaders of the circuit, and he seems disposed to take every opportunity of befriending me. It was in this city that I had the honour to oppose the discharge of an insolvent debtor who was in custody for 2*l.* 4*s.*! I have some reason to complain of bad luck in not having had briefs of more consequence. I had a promise or prospect of business at almost every place on the circuit, but the causes have been settled or delayed, and some of the promises have been forgotten. However, I know by experience how little reliance is to be placed upon the expectations of that sort which are held out to one, and I feel little disappointment. If I have business my second or third circuit I shall be as well pleased that I had none the first.

On Monday morning we started for Monmouth. A view of the scenery on the banks of the Wye is worth a thousand briefs. It literally exceeds everything of which I could have previously formed any conception. At Monmouth I met with a piece of attention by which I was, if possible, still more gratified. At Worcester and Gloucester I dined with the judges along with the rest of the bar, as a matter of course. At Monmouth they had a *private party* to dinner, to which only seven were invited, viz., Jervis, Dauncey, Wigley, Abbott (whom I have mentioned to you before), Moysey (son of the Welsh judge), Primrose (son of Lord Rosebery), and Campbell (son of the Rev. Dr. Campbell of Cupar). Both Lawrence and Wood treated me with great distinction.

I arrived at this city yesterday to dinner. Here a great

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number of causes are to be tried from Wales, and we shall be detained till Saturday night. We then move to Shrewsbury, where my only chance arises from an attorney at Ludlow, for whom I have continued to answer a great number of very difficult cases. If he has a cause at the assizes, I dare say he will think of me. We get into Stafford on Wednesday the 28th. A curious cause stands for trial there, in which I drew the declaration and in which I am promised a brief. The action is brought on a bet whether Bob Booty should win the King's plate at the last Lichfield races, and the plaintiff's expenses are defrayed by the Jockey Club. But I never allow myself to count upon a brief till it is actually delivered. I shall return from Stafford by the mail, and I hope to reach Inner Temple Lane by Sunday, April 1. Let me find a letter lying there for me from my dear father. I am now among strangers, from whom I experience great politeness, but from whom I can expect little friendship. Let me be greeted on my return by the breathings of genuine affection. I fear I can scarcely hope for a letter from George, but the regular fleet must soon be in, and then I trust we shall be refreshed by full accounts of his health and prosperity. My love to all around the fireside. I still indulge in the hope of shaking you all by the hand in the course of the present year. My change of circuit will not at all interfere with this excursion. God bless my dear father and sisters.

Ever most affectionately yours,

J. CAMPBELL.

Temple: Monday, April 2, 1810.

My dear Father,—I returned to town on Saturday, and found upon my table your letter of March 26, which was next thing to being embraced by you and my sisters, and dissipated much of the gloom that would otherwise have overhung my solitary chambers. . . .

You demand the conclusion of my circuit adventures, but I have nothing of much importance to relate to you. The whole went off very agreeably, and I now return to

London in high spirits, and with the most flattering anticipations. My Ludlow friends had no cause at Salop, so that I had there only to admire the beautiful wanderings of the Severn and the grandeur of the Welsh mountains in the distance.

At Stafford I had TWO BRIEFS!!! One was in an undefended action from Macclesfield in Cheshire, the other in the action I mentioned to you on the horse race. Bob Booty won a second time. I would not have lost the verdict for 20*l*. Dauncey led, but I had prepared the pleadings and advised on the evidence, and had I been *distanced*, it would have boded ill to my success on the Oxford course. Jervis was on the opposite side, and rested his defence on the fact that both parties had agreed to cancel the bet. This he was to prove by a witness of the name of *Hope*; but Mr. Hope, being thrice called, did not appear. Dauncey jeered them by repeating the line, '*Hope* told a flattering tale.' I exclaimed they were in the state of the fallen angels, 'Where *Hope* ne'er comes that comes to all.' Lawrence told the jury the defendant had laid a foolish bet, and that he must pay for his folly. Bob Booty's case was over between nine and ten on Friday morning, and, the briefs being all delivered, I resolved to make the best of my way to London. My plan was to go in a chaise to Wolverhampton, and there to get into a coach; but there was no chaise to be had at Stafford, and I was forced to leave my clerk behind in care of the luggage, and to set off on foot. The distance is sixteen miles, which I performed in less than four hours—nothing to boast of, but at the same time an argument of my being in tolerably fair wind. At Wolverhampton I found the London coach ready to start; and, passing through Birmingham, Stratford-upon-Avon, and Oxford, I reached the Temple next day about two o'clock. Mr. Cooper made his appearance with the blue bag &c. late last night. Thus ends the first sally of the Knight Campbello and his Squire Clerko!

I can easily pereeive you are convinced I have done a very foolish thing, and that it requires a considerable exertion of magnanimity to disguise your chagrin.

CHAP. IX.

A rolling stone is ever bare of moss,
And, to their cost, green years old proverbs cross.

A.D. 1810. However, when we meet I will give you saw for saw and argument for argument, and I make no doubt I shall still have your *ratihabition* of the step I have taken. The rule you allude to is that a man shall not change his circuit more than once. Once he may, at least before he is established in business or is of long standing at the bar. You may be sure the first thing I did was to ascertain this point. I put it to the principal men in Westminster Hall, who all agreed that there not only would be no *irregularity*, but that there could be no *indelicacy*, in what I proposed. The expense may be reckoned about double the Home—to a man who joins at Worcester and leaves at Stafford by the mail, something more than 50*l.* a circuit. The chief difference arises from the custom of carrying a servant on the Oxford, and having an entire post-chaise for him and yourself. On the Home the juniors travel three in a post-chaise, and carry no servant at all. Its cheapness and its convenience for family men render it so crowded. The additional expense of the other is no object to me, and there is no one to care for me in London when I am away. Therefore the Home offers me no compensation for its diminished chance of business. I am right, and there's an end on't. The change will not at all interfere, as you apprehend, with the connections I have already formed. I do not expect to make so much through the year as in January and February; but there was no fee that I received during these months connected with the circuit; and when term comes round I shall soon supply the drain occasioned by my late excursion.

Unfortunately (with another view) Easter term is this year as late as it can ever by any possibility be, as it does not begin till the 9th of May. Trinity is thrown back in proportion, and the circuits will not be over till the beginning of September. I must thus give you a call, rather than pay you a visit. A fortnight will be the utmost limit of the time I can spend in Cupar. I shall travel down in three days and return in four, and thus complete my undertaking in three weeks. The Michaelmas Quarter Sessions begin on the 1st of October, and

I might just as well give up the profession as stay away from them. But though I feel cruelly the shortness of the time I can be with you, I look forward to our meeting with unspeakable pleasure; and I think it is much better to be content with it than to put off the journey to the dreary distance of another year.

[In the Autobiography he gives the following account of the Oxford circuit.—ED.]

In going circuit and sessions I had to travel through the most beautiful part of England—Shropshire, Herefordshire, Monmouthshire, and Gloucestershire—which combine richness of cultivation and picturesque scenery beyond any region I have ever visited. So it seems to have struck Gray, the poet, who had travelled over the finest part of Europe; and in one of his letters to Warton talks of 'the succession of nameless beauties to be seen on the banks of the Wye,' and says of Monmouth, 'it lies in a vale that is the delight of my eyes and the very seat of pleasure.' Every summer circuit we had a grand water party, sailing down the Wye from Ross to Monmouth. We lived together very amicably, notwithstanding a few jealousies and rumours of huggery.[3] At Monmouth a grand court was always held for the mock trial of offences committed by the bar. I had the honour to fill the office of crier, and I opened the court with great solemnity, holding a fire-shovel in my hand as an emblem of authority. Sometimes cases were seriously brought before the bar as to the right of barristers to join the circuit or attend particular sessions, or the indirect practices resorted to for getting into business. These brought on very painful discussions, but were necessary for the dignity of our order, and consequently for the satisfactory administration of justice.

The man of highest rank upon the circuit was Williams, a King's Serjeant, the editor of 'Saunders.' Although a very learned man, he was a poor advocate, and was never employed except in *Grimgribber* cases depending on the law of real

[3] I.e. hugging attorneys, i.e. being too civil to them, i.e. improperly trying to get business.

CHAP. IX. A.D. 1810.

property. In one of these a question arose respecting the operation of a *recovery*, and the serjeant laid down a position which Mr. Justice Lawrence, a most learned judge, doubted; but instead of reasoning or citing cases to support it, the learned serjeant only said, 'I assure you, my lord, it is so—upon my honour it is so;' and Lawrence yielded to the authority.

The 'cock of the walk' was Dauncey. He had no law, but infinite drollery and a considerable share of natural shrewdness. Mr. Justice Lawrence, himself a great lawyer, came the circuit continually for many years together; and it was said that Dauncey induced him always to rule in his favour by making him laugh. With Mr. Justice Le Blanc, who occasionally came, Dauncey did not succeed so well. He complained that this judge, always suspecting an attempt to take him in, out of revenge nodded during the argument as if convinced, and then decided smack against the man he had deluded.

The only other silk gown on the circuit was Jervis, a very gentlemanly man in his manners, and very honourably inclined, but famous for *drawing a long bow*. The stories he told were, and probably still are by tradition, a source of amusement to the Oxford circuit. As a specimen, he said 'he kept up a flock of above 1,000 turkeys at his place in Kent, which he fattened on grasshoppers;' and that 'one morning he there saw twenty jays sitting on a tree, and was going to fire at them, when one of them said "Good morning to you, Mr. Jervis; good morning, Tom Jervis;" and he allowed them all to fly away unhurt.' I once mentioned to him that I had been reading the Iliad, and that, with the help of an occasional peep at the Latin translation, I could construe it pretty well. He said, 'I make it a rule to read through the whole of Homer's works once a year.' He had never been at the University, and did not know a word of Greek. We proposed that his epitaph should be: 'Here ceaseth to lie Thomas Jervis.' Nevertheless, he so far retained the goodwill and respect of the circuit, that when he left it a grand dinner was given to him, and he was lauded for possessing all the qualities of a great leader.

The first in junior business was Abbott, afterwards Chief Justice of England. He was then of no mark or likelihood, or supposed to be capable of being more than a puisne judge, an appointment to which he had a kind of prescriptive claim, from having been long 'Chief Devil to the Attorney-General,' or 'Counsel to the Treasury,' and having drawn the indictments for high treason against Hardy, Tooke, and Thelwall. He was the very worst hand at addressing a jury I ever knew to attempt it. He was fully aware of this defect, and only hazarded the effort with great reluctance in the absence of his leader, or when, all the silk gowns being retained on the same side, they were forced to give him a leading brief on the other. I remember one such occasion, on the trial of a great *quo warranto* cause, when he had spoken near two hours and was about to sit down, a barrister present, who thought he was all the time in his usual vocation of junior making a formal statement of the questions to be tried preparatory to the speech of the leader, exclaimed in my ear, 'What a monstrous time Abbott is in this case in opening the pleadings!' But his powers expanded as he was elevated, and he became one of the best judges who ever presided in the Court of King's Bench, not only laying down the law with precision and accuracy, but enforcing his opinion with copiousness of illustration and elegance of diction.

Then came Puller and Oldnall Russell, who, without superior powers of any sort, were promoted successively to the office of Chief Justice of Calcutta, where they both found an early grave.

Another noted stuff gown upon the circuit was Harry Clifford, who had gained high celebrity as leader of the O. P. riots in Drury Lane. He was a great republican, but very vain of his descent from Black Clifford and the ancient Earls of Cumberland. He was a Roman Catholic, or at least he was not a Protestant, and believed nothing which Protestants believe, 'beginning his belief where they differ from the Church of Rome.' He was almost constantly in a state of intoxication. He once had to defend ten persons who were to be tried separately for forging Bank of England notes—an offence then always punished with death; and I heard him

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move that nine of them should enter into a 'consolidation rule,' whereby their fate should be determined by the verdict on the prisoner who should be tried the first. Le Blanc, the judge, said, drily, 'Mr. Clifford, I am of opinion that the consolidation rule does not extend to cases of felony. Take nothing by your motion.' He was sometimes employed for libellers prosecuted by the Crown; and then he showed the finest talent for juridical eloquence, next to Erskine, I ever heard at the bar.[4] I do not except the great Irish orator Charles Phillips, who joined the Oxford circuit soon after me, and expected instantly to be at the top of it. His fame had preceded him, and when he was first to make a splash at Worcester, the whole county were eager to hear him. He was a very admirable speaker—clear, earnest, seemingly sincere, conciliating, and persuasive. Nothing could have prevented him from attaining to great eminence, except a head which not only was not 'a head for law,' but into which no law could be crammed, and which repelled all legal definitions and distinctions.

Temple: April 10, 1810.

My dear Brother, . . . The dread of invasion has entirely subsided in this country. We look for a landing of the Chinese as much as of the French. The volunteer corps have dwindled away to nothing. I myself have not been under arms these four years. You will be infinitely amused by the details of Bonaparte's marriage with the Archduchess Maria Louisa. It renders him far more formidable to the Bourbons, but not to foreign nations. He has consolidated his power, but he will with difficulty extend the limits of his empire. I cannot conceive the French armies fighting with the same fury after the fooleries that have been taking place in Paris. I have now fairer hopes for the world than I have for long ventured to indulge. . . .

[4] He gained his chief celebrity in a contest with Lord Kenyon, who indiscreetly taunted him as a descendant of Clifford of the CABAL, and gave him a fair opportunity of alluding to the time when the Lord Chief Justice had educated himself by carrying a blue bag as an attorney's clerk. Habitual intemperance brought poor Clifford to an early grave.

I do not at all wonder at your military ardour. Even I have occasionally experienced the same feelings. Nothing tends so much to reconcile one to the dull drudgery of civil life as to see what miserable animals your fighting men generally are. The perfection of the human character is formed by a mixture of civil and military employments. This the constitution of modern States scarcely ever permits. A mere soldier, unless he has had some illustrious opportunity to distinguish himself, is not much to be envied or admired. In this country the army is the very worst of all professions, and I never can regret that neither of us entered it. Whether we consider the lot of mankind in general, or the fate of those born in the same rank of life with ourselves, we have no reason to be dissatisfied with the situation in which we find ourselves. In the latter point of view we have most reason to be grateful. For some years of our life our father had not more than 80*l.* a year; and if you take the whole of the United Kingdom, you will find that the sons of a man of such an income are generally without education, and little removed above the condition of day-labourers. We have had the very best means of improvement; we are both in a creditable line of life; we have a fair prospect of reaching independence through industry, and of placing our children, if we should have any, above the difficulties with which we have had to struggle. . . .

The House of Commons, you will hear, has approved of the expedition to Walcheren, and would have done so had it been, if possible, more deserving of reprehension. Ministers are now quite secure for the present session, and most probably for the King's life. They have gained a considerable accession of strength by the foolish conduct of Sir Francis Burdett.[5] Not only is public attention drawn away from

[5] Sir Francis Burdett having (March 12, 1810) moved a resolution in the House of Commons for the discharge of John Gale Jones from custody afterwards published a letter in Cobbett's *Political Register* denying the power of the House of Commons to imprison the people of England. On April 9 he was arrested under a warrant from the Speaker of the House of Commons, and committed to the Tower for a breach of privilege. He, as well as Gale Jones, was released on the prorogation of Parliament, June 21. —ED.

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their past blunders, but a number of weak people, who are of the opposition party, say 'at such a *crisis* they must stand by the Government.' I was with the mob in St. James's Square, Piccadilly and Tower Hill—but took care to make off before the fighting commenced. Burdett is blamed by all rational men. He has not advanced any one of his own objects. He is expected to come out with something very violent in a day or two. There are parties of horse and flying artillery still parading the streets at night, but the town is perfectly tranquil. If the House of Commons had expelled Burdett so as to occasion his re-election for Westminster, the soldiers being all withdrawn, the metropolis would have been laid in ashes. I am sorry to see anything happen to do good to Perceval, but I have very little regard for his opponents. Grey and Grenville have more enlarged and liberal views on all subjects of policy, both foreign and domestic, but they are greater aristocrats than any of the present Ministers. They would centre the whole power of the State in a few great families, and they have no sympathy with the body of the people. My political hero is Sir Samuel Romilly. Upon almost every public question his sentiments are mine. He is the honestest man and one of the most enlightened in the House of Commons. I find it inconvenient to be without a party. A warm partisan has a great advantage over me in conversation, and sometimes in company I am obliged to be silent, or to draw on a general assault. I hate neutrality, and though I have not a party, I have an opinion upon men and measures which I like to express. Fortunately there is no odium on one side o the question or the other. I trust you cherish in the climates of slavery a just regard for the cause of freedom and the rights of mankind.

. . . 'Ohe! jam satis est,' cry you; but I am determined to punish you for saying I write short letters.

Temple: April 17, 1810.

My dear Brother,—I write you a few lines more by these ships, that you may see I am not incapable of amendment. . . .

I have for some time lost my great professional friend, and the man whom of all I have met in life, after yourself, I have liked the best—Tancred.[6] About a year and a half ago he took it into his head that he knew nothing of law, and that he would go and live two years with his mother, Lady Tancred, in the country, to spend his whole time in study. A most ridiculous project. He would not be a lawyer were he to study law for a thousand years. His mind is not framed for this science, and he has no sufficient stimulus for exertion. I expect him back to the world with great impatience. The barrister I associate most with in his absence is Coltman,[7] a Yorkshireman and Cantabrigian. We walk down to court together, and communicate very freely upon private as well as professional matters. He is a very honourable, gentlemanlike, well-informed man; but I shall never be with him on the same easy, delightful footing of intercourse as with Tancred. . . . If I were to sow a dozen cards every morning, dinners would spring up abundantly; but I cannot make the calls, and very often I could not accept the invitations. Therefore my fashionable progress is very slow. I find if I were to succeed at the bar I should be a good deal courted by the mothers of portionless maidens. But my marrying days will be over before I am in a situation to marry with advantage and propriety. This I regret.

. . . The pleasantness of the life I have chosen, and that which I have abandoned, will bear no comparison. I might have had a family in Scotland, but in penury and obscurity what pleasure could this have afforded me? My society would have consisted of boorish farmers richer than myself, and perhaps a laird more insolent but not more cultivated. I now live on a footing of perfect equality with men of high birth, of the best education and most elegant manners. And surely nothing so much determines the value of life as the society with whom one lives. Another agreeable characteristic of my present avocations is their variety. I am never occupied above three weeks at a time

[6] For many years M.P. for Banbury. He died in 1860.—ED.

[7] Afterwards a Judge of the Common Pleas. He died in 1849.—ED.

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in the same way. Now we have term, now sittings, now vacation, now sessions, now circuit. We unite the pleasures of the town and the country, and the delightful agitation of business is succeeded by the soft languor of ease!

I take it for granted you have got in your library the best English classics. If not, it will be worth your while to have them sent out. They bear reading very often, and you can always make them tell. It is good to read the fashionable book of the day if you are going into company. But in a month it is forgotten, and your reading goes for nothing. If you could then repeat it from beginning to end you could gain no applause. But a quotation from Pope or Swift will ever be well received—and both for pleasure, improvement, and *show*, it is better to stick chiefly to such writers. But you are reading Homer in the original. *Perge, puer!* and I will take a lesson from you on your return. I can barely read Greek, and unless it be very simple I cannot translate it. To Latin I have applied with great zeal since I came to England, and though I shall never be a master of quantity, I understand the meaning and relish the spirit of Juvenal or Tacitus fully as well as most men who have been at Christ Church. What say you to Shakespeare?—familiar with every scene? This is the author to study for the sake of conversation in England. Most understand and all quote him. If you would make a brilliant figure in the polite circles when you come over, 'nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ.' Or do you mean to tell us of the Anthropophagi, and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders? Well! after this pretty little gossip I will bid you good-night and go to bed.

Temple: May 7, 1810.

My dear Father, ... I have been to Glo'ster.[8] I started by the mail on Monday evening at eight, and arrived there next day soon after twelve. We did not go into court till Wednesday morning. There was little business. I met with as much success as a man unknown to every attorney in the county could reasonably expect, having had a guinea brief in a parish appeal. Upon this occasion I had only to

[8] For the Quarter Sessions.

make a speech against putting off the hearing of the appeal. Moreover, twice as *amicus curiæ* I laid down the law for the information of the bench. Our chairman is Mr. Bragge Bathurst, Lord Sidmouth's brother-in-law, and organ in the House of Commons. He knows just enough of law to pervert his understanding. At three o'clock on Wednesday the business was nearly over and I had nothing more to hope. I therefore threw off my gown and mounted the mail coach. I was obliged to travel outside or to remain another day at Glo'ster and I was impatient to get up to the adjourned sittings at Guildhall. There I was in my wig and gown soon after nine o'clock on Friday morning. My journey was rather cold, but very pleasant. How beautifully the nightingales sang at Henley! I was not in the slightest degree fatigued, but as fit on Friday for any sort of exertion as I ever was in my life.

Term begins on Wednesday, and a little preparatory business shows itself in my chambers. I was almost in despair. I allow my clerk an additional half-crown on Saturday night, if he has not had one through the week. For three successive weeks was I reduced to this melancholy payment! But two cases, a declaration and a plea, have soothed my troubled spirit. . . .

[The following is an extract from the Autobiography, giving an account of the chairman and leaders of the Gloucestershire sessions.—ED.]

We had for chairman Bragge Bathurst, the brother-in-law of Lord Sidmouth, and celebrated by Canning in the well-known lines:—

> Ever as he speaks most vilely,
> Cheer him, cheer him, Brother Hiley.
> When his speech begins to lag,
> Cheer him, cheer him, Brother Bragge.

Brother Bragge would have done very well as chairman if he had not been so fond of making a parade of his legal learning. I was once present when he tried a man for stealing sheaves of wheat. It was proved that the prisoner was seen to go in the night-time with an empty cart into a wheat-field nearly

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all reaped, the wheat being set up in shocks. A little bit however, remained unreaped. The prisoner was seen to drive back the cart loaded with sheaves, which he carried home and concealed in a cow-house; several shocks were missed next day and the track of the prisoner's cart was distinctly traced to the place where they had stood. The learned chairman thus concluded his summing up: 'But strong as the case is, gentlemen, it is my duty in expounding the law to you to tell you that to take that which is affixed to the freehold (thanks to the wisdom and humanity of our ancestors) does not by the common law of England amount to the crime of larceny or any crime, and is only a civil trespass to be recompensed in damages. Standing corn, according to the best authorities, is to be deemed affixed to the freehold. Now in this case there was a part of the prosecutor's field of wheat which he had not reaped, and if it shall be your opinion that the prisoner on the night in question, instead of filling his cart from the shocks (which from the marks of the wheels there is some reason to believe he did), carried a sickle with him, reaped part of the standing corn, bound it into sheaves and filled his cart therewith, it will be your duty to say that he is *not guilty*.' The prisoner was acquitted.

Shortly after, *ut audivi*, this doctrine was acted upon in a remarkable case by the justices of the Worcestershire Sessions. A man was tried before them for stealing horsehair. It appeared that he went into a stable one night and cut off a horse's long bushy tail, which he sold for the hair, but that the horse at the time was tied to the manger by a halter. The court held that the hair at the time of the severance was affixed to the freehold, and directed an acquittal. I cited this case *ex relatione* in Westminster Hall, when the question arose whether a barge moored to a wharf in the river Thames might be distrained for rent by the landlord of the wharf.

The leaders of the sessions were Ludlow, afterwards a serjeant-at-law and a bankruptcy judge, a most enormous favourite of the attorneys, and Taunton, who had gained great reputation at Christ Church under Dean Jackson, and

afterwards was made a judge of the Court of King's Bench. He was a fine scholar as well as a deep lawyer, and I think he would have made a greater figure in life had not the effect of his good qualities been impaired by the most unaccountable love of saving. As an example, I was once returning with him by the mail-coach from the sessions, when he said, 'I think I have done rather a clever thing. I found that meat is a penny a pound cheaper at Gloucester than in London, and I have brought enough to serve my family for a week.' But as we were leaving the yard of the Golden Cross, Charing Cross, where we alighted, I found him in a violent altercation with the coachman, who insisted on detaining his trunk till he should pay twopence a pound for his extra luggage. He was famous for grumbling at his ill luck. He said if he had only two briefs at the assizes, one in the civil and one in the Crown court, the two cases were sure to come on at the same moment. Hearing how the value of some property near the river Thames had been greatly increased by the construction of Waterloo Bridge with its approaches, he observed, 'It will be long before they build such a bridge near my house in Chancery Lane.' It was expected that he would make a great judge, but his health was impaired and his faculties had declined before he was taken from the bar.

Court of King's Bench: Saturday, June 16, 1810.

My dear Father, . . . I was sitting behind Cobbett yesterday during his trial.[1] His speech greatly disappointed public expectation. Indeed it was the poorest trash I ever heard—without any character at all, or a single feature of excellence. This exhibition must lower him a good deal, but he writes with such vigour and originality, and so well understands the varying taste of the public, that his 'Register' will be read as eagerly as ever, although dated from Newgate or Dorchester gaol. . . .

I have heard nothing yet of my new Number, but I

[1] Cobbett was prosecuted for an article in the *Political Register* on Flogging in the Militia. He was sentenced to be imprisoned for two years, and to pay 1,000*l.* fine.—ED.

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consider it the most valuable I have yet published. M Reports being quoted before Lord Ellenborough about te days ago, he took an opportunity to praise them. I wa advised in presenting this Number to the Chancellor to remind him of my claims to his patronage, but upon consideration I thought I should only expose myself to ridicule. My only chance would be to get Ellenborough to apply to him for a commissionership of bankrupts for me; but they are unfortunately of different parties and on bad terms, a id I don't see how the thing is to be brought about. However, I hope to get on without any favour from the great.

Gloucester: August 8, 1810.

My dear Father, . . . I have the vanity to think that if I once had a little business on this circuit, I should soon have a good deal. The men who now have the business are generally of very inferior talents, and the youths who have joined within the last seven years are only fit to drive a curricle or talk of Greek prosody. There is more ability for business at the Surrey Sessions than on the whole Oxford circuit. But without some lucky accident it may be many a day before I am fairly tried. I lodge here in the same house with Mr. Dauncey, who is the favourite. The briefs are pouring in upon him like hail. I overhear the attorneys squabbling with his clerk about retainers and striving to have him on both sides. No inquiries about Counsellor C——l!

I cannot help sometimes wondering by what a course of accidents your son should now be in this part of the world wearing a wig and gown. Should I have been happier vegetating as a country parson with a wife and children and 150*l.* a year—a dinner at the laird's the most splendid event of my life, and a ride to the market town on Presbytery day the utmost limit of my travels? No disappointment, disgust or despondency however deep has ever made me sigh for the Kirk. You know I honour it, and reverence its ministers, but I never could have been useful, respectable or happy as one of the number. So, whatever my actual lot may be, I have no cause of regret.

Temple: [redacted]

My dear Father, . . . On Sunday at 5 P.M. Ma[redacted] I sail for Leith by the 'Swallow,' White, master. [redacted] have preferred the port of Dundee, but there was but [redacted] little sloop to sail for that place on Sunday, and her cabin [redacted] so small as not to permit a person to breathe in it. The 'Swallow' is a very fine vessel and fitted up most commodiously for passengers. To guard against the crowd I have secured the best bed in the ladies' apartment for Mag, and the best in the gentlemen's for myself. We are to have clean sheets and every sort of luxury. I shall attend to your directions as to stores. 'And so God send us to our destined port in safety.' In the present state of the weather I should think we have most to dread calms. If we are with you on Saturday, the 8th of September, we shall have no reason to complain. As to the length of my stay, this unfortunately is not in the slightest degree in my discretion. I must necessarily be in London on Michaelmas day and I have no desire to be here sooner. This is the shortest possible long vacation there can ever be. Another season I hope to be with you a period more commensurate with my desires. Even this little glimpse of happiness will be a lasting source of agreeable reflection, will soothe my past anxieties and again fit me for the struggles of life. . . .

The principal event of the week has been my taking a new set of chambers. I have been very lucky at last. You remember Paper Buildings, with the gardens on one side and the great square on the other, by far the pleasantest situation in the Temple or any of the Inns of Court. My address in future will be '14, Paper Buildings.' First floor, four excellent rooms, view up the river to Westminster Abbey, with the Surrey hills in the distance, equally adapted for health and for convenience, for pleasure and for business. The attorneys as they pass by will say: 'Ah! he is getting on. He must know something about it. We will try him.' And then attorneys' clerks must bring me innumerable motions to sign that they may enjoy the prospect from the western windows while I write my name. I might have immediate possession, but I shall not enter till Michaelmas. . . .

to meet my sisters from Hackney at the ...ge to attend them to some shops. Adieu.

...n the 2nd of September he sailed for Leith with his ...ter Magdalen, spent a fortnight with his father at Cupar, and was back in London before Michaelmas Day.—ED.]

Temple: Thursday, September 27, 1810.

My dear Father, . . . Here I am once more in the bustle of London and the solitude of chambers. Surely we can be at no great distance from one another. It seems but a moment since we parted at the New Inn. I got to Petticur as the first boat was about to sail. However I was treated a tolerable while with a sight of the Fife shore. I was three hours and a half on the passage, and at last got to land by a small wherry with two or three other passengers. Whether the rest have yet reached the port I consider very doubtful. Got up from Leith to the 'Turf' coffee-house by the stage. One place vacant in the London mail; took it to York, *and no further*. Remember that. Had merely time to get a little refreshment and to buy myself a travelling-cap. Off we set a few minutes before four. I was a little fatigued when we got to Berwick, but there I ate a good supper, and having slept a considerable part of the way to Newcastle, I was in high condition the following day. Travelled outside to Northallerton, fifty miles. I lay along the top of the coach and was quite as much at my ease as if I had been lolling on a sofa. Got inside after dinner and had a pleasant nap. Upon my arrival at York at about ten, I considered with myself whether you would have advised me to stop or go on, and I concluded you would have said, 'Go on by all means; you are quite as fit to travel as you would be to-morrow night; you are not sure of then getting a place; you must spend your time very disagreeably at York, where you have nothing new to see; get up to London as quickly as you can, and we shall hear the sooner of your arrival at Cupar.' So as a dutiful son I went immediately to the coach-office and took my place for the rest of the way. N.B. You pay no more than if you took your place through at once. From Edinburgh to

London, 10*l.*; to York, 4*l.* 15*s.* From York to London, 5*l.* 5*s.*

I had now two hours to sit with my legs stretched out on two chairs, to sip tea and to read the newspapers. At twelve the horn again blows and I go comfortably to rest. However, I was disturbed so early as five by being obliged to get out to breakfast at Doncaster. The weather, which had been foggy, was now become delightful and I had several very pleasant stages on the coach-box. No dust during the journey. The harvest is undoubtedly further advanced in Fife than in Northumberland and Durham. There we saw wheat still quite green. But I will not further detail the observations I made in my mail-coach tour. There is one new sight on the road since you travelled it. You have been shown the house where the great Sir Isaac Newton was born; but the coachman pointed out to me with great rapture the farm on which the *Great Durham Ox* was bred. I must now whisk you along to Grantham, where we dined yesterday. 'Bang up to the mark!' we are at Huntingdon to supper. I am awoke by the rattling of the wheels. Day dawns and Shoreditch church flies behind me on the left. As five struck we were at the G.P.O. in Lombard Street. Alighted at the 'Bull and Mouth' as fresh as when I started from Edinburgh. There being some difficulty about getting a hackney coach, I put my portmanteau on my shoulder and walked with it to the Temple. When I got here I went to bed, *pro formâ*, and lay till half-past nine; but though I dozed a little I missed the rocking of the mail. As I was dressing, a double knock. A letter from George—Feb. 10. . . .

Paper Buildings: October 8, 1810.

My dear Father,—In compliance with your wishes I sit down to give you a short account of my excursion to Gloucester. . . .

From my journey I never felt the slightest fatigue or inconvenience. I could easily have travelled down to Edinburgh again by the return of the mail coach. As to Gloucester, I think no more of going there than of going to Hackney. Mr. Cooper had secured me a place in the mail of

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Monday evening, and I was in my lodgings ready to see my clients by twelve next day. You will rejoice to know that these sessions proved to me highly profitable and flattering. My success compared with my expectations was little short of brilliant. You may now perhaps be disappointed when I tell you that I made 23 guineas; but without a considerable share of good fortune I might have attended for years, as others have done, without making so much. There were eight appeals tried and I had a brief in each. Besides which I conducted two prosecutions, defended one prisoner, and opposed an application that a man should be compelled to give security to keep the peace. I had frequent opportunities of addressing the court, and though I by no means acquitted myself to my own satisfaction, I felt myself improving in confidence and fluency. In one or two cases in which I was beaten I dare say the attorneys grumbled. On the other hand, I received compliments from those for whom I was successful. Two from Worcestershire asked me if I went the Worcester Sessions, and being answered in the negative, said they hoped to have the benefit of my assistance at their assizes. I certainly now consider myself as having taken root at Gloucester. I cannot expect to make so much money as at the last sessions, because there is rarely near so much business, but I am almost sure for the future of having a brief in every appeal, and I may pick up a few stray things besides. When the two leaders, Taunton and Ludlow, are removed, I may then hope to have all the sessions afford. This *per se* is not much, but a man in the lead at sessions has always a great deal at the assizes. The Oxford circuit is now a much better speculation for me than it appeared a week ago. To tell the truth, I was a good deal mortified and cast down by my bad luck in the summer, but St. Michael has stepped in to my aid. We did not finish till Friday at four o'clock. At four on Saturday morning I got into a new post-coach lately set up in opposition to the Cheltenham *Bang-up*, and was in London by seven in the evening, performing the journey, although we breakfasted and dined on the road, in one hour less than the mail.

I took possession of my new chambers on the 29th of last

month, and find myself most comfortably situated indeed. My prospect, next to that from the Castle Hill at Cupar, is the most beautiful I ever saw. I have above a mile of the river before me, presenting a new scene every moment. The Temple Gardens afford the most enchanting foreground to my landscape, and it is closed in by such objects as Westminster Abbey, St. Stephen's Chapel, St. John's Church, Lambeth and the Surrey hills.

Temple: January 1, 1811.

My dear Father,—I received your kind letter on my return from Cambridge on Saturday. I went down on Wednesday with Coltman, a fellow of Trinity, and I have had a very pleasant excursion. The first day we dined at the inn, and in the evening visited the coffee-houses &c. On the morning of Thursday we made the round of the different colleges and public buildings and saw all the lions. Dined in Christ's with Kaye, tutor of the college, where we met Lord Dumfries his pupil, Brown the master, and a numerous party of gownsmen. It is not easy to imagine the luxury in which the Cantabrigians live. I have seldom seen in any private house a more elegant dinner or supper, or things conducted in better style, than Kaye presented to us in his college rooms. Considering your northern prejudices, you will have more difficulty to conceive the ardour and assiduity with which study is pursued in this place. Many of the men are idle, no doubt, but there is a class who for a time at least (viz. till they have taken their degree) fag in a manner almost entirely unknown at St. Andrews or even at Edinburgh. There are so many incentives to exertion at Cambridge, in prizes, scholarships, fellowships, &c., that a great spirit of emulation necessarily must be, and certainly is, produced. My sons shall *all* go to Cambridge. On Friday we dined in the hall of Trinity College. Everything on a grand scale. The revenues of the college exceed 30,000*l.* a year. After partaking of a sumptuous dinner, which began at three, we retired with the fellows to the combination room, where we sat soaking port till eight or nine. Cards were then introduced, and the entertainment concluded with a magnificent supper. We reached town on Saturday by

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four o'clock, and I went to dine at the British with the Beeswing Club.

Leathley, one of our members, is just married. It is the general opinion of the club that I am to go next. On Sunday I had the honour to dine with the new married pair, and my ideas of domestic happiness were not at all lowered. However I fear I shall be in no situation to marry till it is too late. I shall be satisfied if I am able to maintain decently my state of bachelorship, and of this, if I continue to enjoy health, I have no reasonable cause of doubt. My fees for the year just ended amount to 530*l.* 4*s.* Of some considerable size I found myself obliged to refuse, but I have certainly received above 500*l.* This for the fourth year of my professional life is not to complain of.

I shall have plenty of leisure for the next fortnight. The sessions do not begin this year till the 15th. I have one retainer, which comes from persons and from a part of the country I never heard of before. My vanity you see begins to rise. I had at one time a good chance to be retained for the Gloucestershire election, and Sir William Guise has said that if either of the gentlemen he has retained should be unable to attend he will resort to me. I wish him success from the most disinterested motives. The conspiracy between Lord Berkeley and the Duke of Beaufort to bring in Dutton is infamous.[1]

It is generally said the King is likely to die. When at Cambridge I heard from unquestionable authority that he was mad, not only about the year '64 or '65, which I before knew, but likewise when a lad of fourteen. Kaye was told so by Lord Bute before this illness broke out. Lord Bute was told so by his father, who together with the Queen found the greatest difficulty to keep the matter a secret from the nation.

Temple: February 22, 1811.

My dear Father, . . . Brougham acquired great *éclat* today by his defence of the Hunts.[2] His speech was the best

[1] This election cost each of the parties above 100,000*l.*

[2] Howell's *State Trials*, vol. xxxi. p. 367. John Hunt and Leigh Hunt,

that has been made in the King's Bench these seven years, and from the extraordinary luck of getting a verdict against the Attorney-General and the Chief Justice in a case of libel, he is a made man. If he chooses to stick to the law, he is now sure of getting its highest honours.

Public affairs continue in the same anomalous state. The Prince's resolution to make no change was produced by Sir Harry Halford, who assured him that the certain consequence of turning out Mr. Perceval would be bringing on a fresh paroxysm and rendering the King incurably mad. I hear and I believe that H. M. has remained during the last month very nearly *in statu quo*. His bodily health is good, and he can talk for a few minutes as rationally as he used to do, but he goes off again and talks the most inconceivable nonsense. I do not imagine that he will ever be in such a state that if he were a private man he would be entrusted with the management of his own affairs.

I don't much like the approaching prospect of the circuit. Unfortunately we are to be kept out a week longer than usual. The order of our route is likewise altered. I join at Gloucester and we finish at Worcester. I shall have plenty of leisure to write to you from any one of the circuit towns.

Hereford: March 20, 1811.

My dear Father, . . . I have not been entirely without luck. There was a man in considerable business who was taken ill at Gloucester and he gave me a brief to hold for him in a prosecution for murder. The case excited great curiosity, and the court was very crowded when it came on. For the first time since I have been called to the bar, I performed to my own satisfaction. The prisoner was acquitted as he ought to have been and as I anxiously wished that he should be. Indeed I was very much frightened by Baron Graham summing up too strongly against him. If the man had been convicted I should have been very unhappy, although I certainly conducted the prosecution with great

prosecuted for libel by Sir Vicary Gibbs. The alleged libel was contained in an article in the *Examiner* newspaper on Military Flogging. See *Lives of the Chancellors*, vol. viii. p. 274.—ED.

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moderation and candour. I received compliments upon the occasion, and promises of briefs for future assizes.

At this town of Hereford I have made no less than four guineas by prosecuting a man for stealing a cow. I got one guinea for an opinion that he might be tried here, although the cow was stolen in the county of Salop, the prisoner having afterwards brought her into Herefordshire, and I had three guineas more with my brief. I killed my bird. I was in great apprehension of an acquittal, which would have exceedingly disgraced me. The case was very clearly made out against the prisoner, but Baron Graham for that reason summed up rather in his favour.

If I should not open my mouth again during the present circuit, I should by no means repent coming here. I should not have done so much upon the Home, and my prospect on the Oxford is infinitely better. There are not here more than two men who are better lawyers than myself, nor more than *five*, leaders included, who are better acquainted with business. Under these circumstances, time and accident I think must bring me forward. And there is not much danger from new comers. The expense is so great that it can only be supported by men of fortune, who are not very formidable. I conceive a man can't go this circuit unless he is able to spend 500*l.* a year. To do that for seven years, without making a penny, exceeds the means of most men who are to make their way in the world by their own industry. From my good luck in getting business in London, I shall be able to wait till I establish myself on the circuit. In a pecuniary point of view, it would be much better for me not to leave London these ten years to come. But it is only on the circuit that a young man has any opportunity of learning the art of speaking, or can hope to attain the honours of the profession.

On Friday we start for Shrewsbury, but we shall stop that night at Ludlow, and pay our respects to Lucien Bonaparte and his pretty daughter.

Temple: Sunday night, May 12, 1811.

My dear Father, . . . Although not retained for or against the Fife Gaol Bill, and thus neglected and affronted by my native country, I will not altogether despond. These

Englishers have somewhat a different opinion of me. The same week your Bill was suffered to be knocked on the head, I made, without the assistance of Provost Fergusson or James Stark or any Scotchman whatsoever, *fifty-five guineas and a half*! I made twenty-three at Gloucester, and thirty-two and a half in London, all by regular common law business. At Gloucester we had four litigated appeals. I had a brief in each, and in two of them I was offered briefs on both sides. We had one most important question as to the rating of beech woods to the maintenance of the poor. I had the luck to be on the winning side. I likewise got considerable applause for my defence of a beautiful girl indicted for felony, whom the jury acquitted contrary to the directions of the court. I have had no reason to complain since I returned; and in short I don't despair of meeting with much civility and attention from my townsmen of Cupar, which I shall not fail to do when they know that their assistance can no longer be of use to me.

. . . I must break off as I have some papers to look over for to-morrow morning. I dined yesterday with the leader of our circuit, Mr. Jervis. Miss Jervis, to captivate me, played 'The yellow-haired laddie,' 'Ye banks and braes of bonnie Doon,' and a great number of other Scotch airs. I dare say she had been practising them constantly for a week on purpose. You see my vanity is not to be repressed by Cupar magistrates and Fife lairds.

Temple: June 19, 1811.

My dear Father, . . . This is the middle of Trinity term. I am tolerably busy. Carstairs's cause stands for argument on Friday. I must return to the subject of implied warrants, 'that a ship shall be properly documented according to the law of nations and the treaties between the country to which she belongs and foreign states.'[3]

Temple: July 11, 1811.

My dear Father, . . . You will be glad to hear that Carstairs's cause has been decided in his favour. It came on to be argued on Tuesday the 25th ultimo. I spoke above

[3] Bell *v.* Carstairs, 14 East, 374, the first great insurance cause which he argued.

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an hour and a half and acquitted myself respectably. The question being of great importance and nicety, the Court took time to consider till the 2nd inst., when they gave judgment for the defendant. The sum insured amounted to 22,000*l.*, of which the underwriters had paid 10,000*l.* before the action was brought, so that they save only 12,000*l.* There was one man who had refused to settle who had 1,500*l.* upon the ship to his own share. There were great rejoicings at Lloyd's when the decision was announced, and the underwriters proposed to give me an extraordinary fee of one per cent. upon the amount of their subscriptions. I put a stop to this the moment that I heard of it. I had before received the regular professional fee of five guineas for arguing the case, and I could not with propriety accept more after the event. This piece of good luck may get me some City briefs —a matter of more consequence than money. Both Carstairs and Blunt, who was the attorney, were highly pleased and have been puffing me since with considerable zeal.

By the bye, I was much amused with your affectionate hope that 'if I persevered in reporting Nisi Prius cases, I *might at last* be known as a lawyer.' When my reputation may reach Provost Fergusson and James Stark I don't exactly know, but I flatter myself I have been for some time known as a lawyer to the twelve judges of England, to the English bar, and to every respectable attorney in London. It is no bounce that I had more business last term in the Court of King's Bench than any man of my standing. Therefore do not be guided entirely by the judgment of James Stark. Do not despond if Provost Fergusson even should withhold his patronage, but rely upon it with some degree of confidence that I shall *at last be known as a lawyer.*

I dined on Sunday at Stratford Green, in company with Professor Leslie. I saw him repeat his freezing experiment at the Royal Institution, and have since had the honour to entertain him at breakfast. He is a mighty clever man, and his attainments are stupendous. He reflects great lustre upon the Fifian peninsula.

I subjoin the following fashionable epigram, which the young ladies may not have seen:—

To ready Scotland boys and girls are carried,
By passion urged, impatient to be married;
But wiser grown, to the same land they run
With equal haste to have the knot undone.
Kind Scotland thus, where England's law too nice is,
Sanctions our follies first, and then our vices.

Shrewsbury: August 11, 1811.

My dear Father, . . . You might see from the newspapers that I was at the bar of the House of Lords upon a writ of error. Do you wish to know whether I distinguished myself? Counsel being called in by their lordships in the case of Carlen *v.* Smith, I was introduced by the usher of the Black Rod, and made my three obeisances. LORD CHANCELLOR: "Mr. Campbell, do you appear for the defendant in error?' JACK: 'My lords, I do.' LORD CHANCELLOR: 'Does the plaintiff in error appear?' JACK: 'I believe, my lords, that he does not.' LORD CHANCELLOR: 'What is the amount of your costs?' JACK: 'I am instructed to ask for 120*l.*' LORD CHANCELLOR: 'You may withdraw.' Judgment was immediately affirmed with 120*l.* costs. For this I had my ten guineas.

Since I came upon the circuit I have had a mixture of good and bad luck, but the former has considerably preponderated. At Gloucester, the gaol was '*a very bad one*' (only twelve prisoners). I was in one civil cause which excited considerable interest. The action was brought by a barber's daughter at Gloucester against a Devonshire squire for a breach of promise of marriage. Hereford, however, is the place that will be for ever memorable as the scene of my first spreading envy and alarm among my brother circuiteers. Here I had no fewer than three briefs, and made no less a sum than twelve guineas. Two of the cases were trumpery actions of assault. The third was another breach of promise of marriage, and would have afforded much amusement; but, unfortunately, before the trial came on, the gentleman agreed to give, and the lady to accept, 100*l.* as a settlement of all their differences. I shall have had a little taste of business at every place upon the circuit.

We have had most delightful weather Coming by the

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mail to Worcester, I went part of the way outside, during which I heard a lively sally from the guard. He asked me how the King was. I answered that he continued very ill, and that he had talked nonsense for seventy hours without stopping for a moment. 'Lord, sir,' cried the guard, 'what a famous *counsellor* he would have made! He'd have beat you all.' I have walked no inconsiderable part of the way. For instance, Wednesday week I walked from Worcester to Great Malvern to breakfast; I then rambled over the tops of the Malvern Hills, from which you may at once see Worcester, Gloucester and Hereford (I protest the view is little inferior to that from the Castle Hill at Cupar); I then walked to the Wells, and from thence to Upton. There I dined in the very same house where Tom Jones met with so many adventures, but nothing occurred to me worthy of being recorded. . . .

Temple: September 3, 1811.

My dear George, . . . I have only one motive that could influence me to try my fortune at the Calcutta bar—which is, the prospect of meeting you. But as I trust we shall pass many happy days together in England, my impatience to see you will not lead me to abandon Westminster Hall. By remaining there, I think in the ordinary estimate of human life I shall enjoy a greater share of respectability and happiness than I should do were I even sure to amass considerable wealth at the Calcutta bar. But my success there would be somewhat uncertain. I really believe there is no instance of any barrister with as much business as myself, and as good professional prospects at home, going out to practise at any settlement abroad. Somewhat more than a twelvemonth ago I was afraid my health would not permit me to continue my labours in London. I had an attack of the yellow jaundice and had some reason to apprehend that my constitution had suffered. But by country air, exercise, and calomel, I soon got well, and have since enjoyed perfect health, to which my new chambers have not a little contributed. At present I have a fair prospect of being able to persevere in my present career, and I believe it is for my interest to do so. I thought it right to satisfy you upon this

point, and I know it will gratify you to find that my views correspond with your own.

Temple: November 11, 1811. A.D. 1811.

My dear Father,—I have the pleasure to receive both your letters of the 14th and 31st ultimo. That entrusted to Wilkie he sent me by the twopenny post. I thus remain entirely ignorant of the place of his residence, which I regret very much. I have a great regard for him, and should be extremely happy to keep up a friendly intercourse with a young man so amiable and so eminent in his art. If Dr. Baillie had thought it requisite this time twelvemonth that he should go into a warm climate, I had made arrangements to furnish him with the means of doing so with the most perfect delicacy to his feelings. I mention this confidentially, merely to obviate an impression you seem to have taken up, that I feel no interest in his fate.

I do assure you upon my honour that I heard with the liveliest satisfaction that you were laying out the money I had repaid you in buying new furniture, which I was well aware you very much wanted. I was silent, that more might not be said about a matter which had already overwhelmed me with unmerited acknowledgments. On the return of spring, I do hope you will set about getting yourself a proper horse. Above all things, let him be surefooted. Don't mind giving 10*l.* or 20*l.* more than you would be inclined to do, to procure an animal to suit you. We are rather getting up in the world, and a small sum of money is no longer an object to us. . . .

Since I came to town, commonplace, humdrum business flows in as fast as I could reasonably desire. Rest assured that I am quite independent of Fife lairds and Cupar bailies. As to their Bill, it would really be a matter of very little importance to me. Committee business has become a distinct department in the profession, and is by no means a good one, as it leads to nothing and is very uncertain. This Bill will excite no notice; it would not be known to six people with whom I am acquainted that I had been concerned in it, and it would never get me another brief. A good popular *traverse* at Gloucester would be of much more service to me. The

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only thing that in any degree interferes with my indifference upon the subject, is that I am grieved to see a sort of slight put upon you in passing me by, but to this I hope you will pay very little attention.

Temple: December 11, 1811.

My dear George, . . . I begin to be oppressed with the cares of wealth. Instead of lodging my surplus cash in the funds, I think I shall lay it out in books. At present I have hardly anything but law, and I wish very much to have a good English classical library. Bank paper may be depreciated ever so much, but this will always keep its value.

. . . I dislike the intolerance of the present Ministers; but on the other hand I approve of their *Peninsular policy*. Spain can never be subjugated by France while we retain possession of Portugal. What we have already done there has raised the national character more than naval victories, and I think we are now in a better condition to carry on the struggle for our independence than if we had *husbanded our resources*, and kept all our army at home.

I look with eagerness for law promotions. Without an opening made by some men being withdrawn from the field, one's progress must be slow and painful.

Temple: December 31, 1811.

My dear George, . . . You need no longer delay your return for my making 500*l.* a year. In 1811 (including 100*l.* for my book) I have made above double that sum. The fees upon my business amount to 948*l.* 9*s.* There is necessarily a considerable share of uncertainty in the future, and it is impossible to say what reverses I may meet with; but I believe I may rationally expect that my business should increase rather than diminish. Thanks to a kind Providence, I am now placed in a creditable situation for life, in which I am almost sure of a competence; and whatever my ulterior success may be, I shall be contented.

. . . In these times lawyers are the only men who thrive. From bankruptcies, and from the new questions arising out of irregular trading, the number of causes tried at Guildhall has been doubled. We were obliged at Christmas to

adjourn to the 7th of January. I expect then to come in for a share of the plunder. On the 14th I go down to Gloucester to attend the quarter sessions, for which I have two retainers. Do you know what a *retainer* is? When a man has a cause coming on, he is frightened out of his wits lest you should be against him; he therefore as soon as possible sends you a guinea with a bit of paper mentioning the name of the cause, and thereby secures you on his side when the trial arrives. Nothing I have met with flatters me so much as a retainer from persons I never heard of before.

CHAPTER X.

FEBRUARY 1812—DECEMBER 1814.

Account of the Spring Circuit—Assassination of Mr. Perceval—Raid into Monmouthshire—Victory at the Quarter Sessions—Goes as Assessor to the Returning Officer at the Cirencester Election—Lord Apsley, Mr. Hicks Beach, and Mr. Cripps—Joseph Pitt—Brougham—Horner—Lord Ellenborough's Conduct to the Bar—Stays in London through the Long Vacation, and learns to dance—Disasters of Bonaparte—Rejoicings in London—The Emperor Alexander—Case of Murder at Stafford—Tintern Abbey—Meeting with his Father at Cupar—The new Actress, Miss O'Neil—Victory over Ellenborough—The Verulam Club.

CHAP. X.

A.D. 1812.

Temple: February 13, 1812.

My dear Father, . . . Once more let me assure you that I am quite independent of 'Fife lairds and Cupar bailies.' You may tell them with truth that I have more business in the King's Bench than any one man of my standing, that I am making above 1000*l.* a year, and that upon any opening taking place in the court my income is likely to be doubled. You know I am not given to boasting, and in general I would rather check than elevate your hopes, but I think it necessary to hint at my situation for once, lest you should fall into complete despair because I am not employed by the bailies of Cupar to support their Prison Bill. No longer ago than yesterday I was retained in a case of much more importance where I shall make more money and acquire more information. This is an appeal from one of the West India islands to the Privy Council. If it please God to give me life and health I shall get on without any extraordinary patronage. Although you do not read my name in the newspapers, rest satisfied that I am laying a sure foundation for future eminence.

Temple: March 3, 1812.

My dear Father, . . . The appeal is from the island of Curaçao. It is not likely to be heard for months to come. On account of my clients not having so many causes I have not had quite so many briefs at these sittings as the last, but there is no desertion among them, and as yet I perceive no symptoms of a decline. I this morning led a cause of some consequence at Guildhall. The action was for running down a ship. I was by myself for the defendant. The merits were quite against me and I was beaten, but I was thought to acquit myself creditably in examining the witnesses and addressing the jury. I believe I did myself good.

On Saturday night I go by the Worcester mail. The appointment of Counsel to the Bank on the circuit was at last made in a way rather to tantalize and provoke me. Shepherd, who had the strongest interest, was held too incompetent, but another man quite unobjectionable, with strong City connections, was started. At last it came to be between him and myself. In the Court of Directors after a good deal of talk it was agreed that, as we both appeared to be very proper men, it should be decided by seniority. The friend of Barnes, the other candidate, asserted that he was senior. Davison, my patron, was unable to contradict this, and Barnes was appointed. In point of fact I am his senior nearly two years. I thought I should have been able to get the matter rectified, but found that the votes of the Bank Directors, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, may not be rescinded. The appointment is of far more consequence to Barnes than to me, for, though a sensible man enough, he will never get any business except through the favour of friends.

Gloucester: April 1, 1812.

My dear Father,—The moment I arrived here on Saturday evening I ran to the post-office and was made happy by your letter. Amidst the envy, jealousy, mortification and disappointment to which I am exposed on the circuit,

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the language of affection and encouragement issuing from the paternal mansion is peculiarly soothing and delightful.

I have had more luck upon the circuit since I left Stafford than I had any reason to expect. At Shrewsbury there were only six causes in the Civil court, but I had a brief in one of them by myself from an attorney I never heard of before. This gave me an opportunity to address the jury for the defendant, which I did at considerable length and with some effect. I was rallied by my *learned friends* for being so *eloquent upon a butcher's bill*! In the Crown court I was in a prosecution which excited considerable interest. There are two rival attorneys at Ludlow, one of whom had indicted the other for an assault committed in the course of professional business. I was counsel for the prosecutor. The trial lasted five hours; much hard swearing on both sides. Our witnesses were contradicted (*inter alios*) by a fox-hunting parson, whom I made tolerably ridiculous in cross-examination, and licked with great severity in my reply. The judge summed up rather against us, but to my unspeakable satisfaction the jury after five minutes' deliberation returned a verdict of *guilty*. I am sure I felt more anxiety during their deliberation than three fourths of the prisoners tried during the assizes on capital charges. I went to the public reading room in the evening, where I was congratulated on the result by the gentlemen of the town, and particularly complimented upon the dressing I had given the parson.

When I arrived here no one had called for me. Saturday night passed away and no one called for me. On Sunday I found there were the greatest number of causes to be tried ever known (no fewer than sixty-four, besides sixty-seven prisoners). At three o'clock no one had called for me. Rap! rap! rap! at the door every five minutes. 'Is Counsellor Dauncey arrived?' 'Is Counsellor Dauncey's clerk within?' 'A brief for Counsellor Dauncey.' Not a word for me! Men junior to me had got briefs and were inquiring for mine. I was in the deepest despair. Gloucester! my sessions town! where I had exhibited so often! which was to be the origin of all my success on the circuit! I fully anticipated the horror of going into court next morning without a single

brief in my hand. The mortification attending this you cannot easily comprehend. A girl at a ball who sits all night without a partner, while her rivals are taken out every dance, perhaps suffers something like it in kind though not in degree. I cursed the hour I ever left the Home circuit, and almost thought for a moment my fate would have been hardly more deplorable as a member of the Kirk of Scotland, when in the course of a quarter of an hour a two guinea brief, a four guinea brief, and a five guinea brief were tumbled down upon my table. I have neither paper nor time to relate particularly my exploits at Gloucester. It is enough to say I have been extremely lucky. I have had a very good sprinkling of business in both courts and I have done it satisfactorily. After a long altercation with Marshall, I made him completely recant some bad law which would have hanged my client, by insisting that his lordship should take a note of my objection for the opinion of the twelve judges. And on the civil side, in a case of some interest in which I was with Dauncey, I originated and supported a point which got us the verdict, although at consultation we thought we had not a leg to stand upon.

Friday, April 3rd. . . . This morning, by availing myself of some absurdities of the English law, I got off a man indicted for burglary. He had broken into a house in the night time and stolen two grates and a furnace. But as these things were affixed to the freehold, I contended they were not the subject of larceny, and as the prisoner did not commit felony by actually taking them, it was not burglary to break into a house for that purpose. I had some difficulty in driving this into the judge; but he at last directed an acquittal, and my client got off *scot* free.

I am most heartily sick of a circuit life. For a whole month I have been living in a mob. Instead of the luxurious dinners and desserts to which we daily sit down, I should be most happy to have in my chambers in the Temple a slice of cold meat, a crust of bread and a glass of water. I am likewise quite tired of the society. Our men talk of little else but of the business done in the court, and who is getting on and who is falling off, abusing and backbiting one another.

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There is one thing to be considered, that on my returning to London my importance is most materially lowered. You can hardly imagine with what respect *a London counsellor* is looked up to in the country, even by the higher orders.

That you may not abuse my vanity for nothing, I must tell you of the chance I had of the glory of being brought on a special retainer to the Bristol gaol delivery. A man was indicted there about a fortnight ago for forgery. He had retained the principal men who attend to defend him, and a letter was written to be sent to me, then at Shrewsbury, to request that I would come to prosecute. However, before the letter was put into the post-office, the prisoner gave notice that he meant to plead guilty, which he did accordingly.

This epistle reminds me much of 'the memoirs of P. P. clerk of this parish, who writeth this history.' If by any fatality it should fall into the hands of my brother circuiteers they would be amused with this instance of the importance of a man to himself *and his father*. The circumstances I have recorded they hardly noticed while passing and they instantly forgot. Nevertheless the narrative will please you if you are sincere in what you have said; and if you are not, you are justly punished.

April 13th.—To show you that I can take an interest in matters which do not concern my own advancement, I conclude with the tale of my saving an innocent man from the gallows—without brief or fee. A chimney sweeper was tried before Marshall for the murder of his apprentice. He had treated the boy with some harshness, and there were most violent prejudices against him. He had lately come into Gloucestershire, and it was currently reported and believed that, instigated by the devil, he had (*inter alia*) committed all the recent mysterious murders in Ratcliffe Highway, and had assumed the disguise of a chimney sweep for concealment. He had no counsel. Marshall, as judge, instead of combating these prejudices, was himself carried away by them, and with perfect good intentions delivered a most murderous charge to the jury. They immediately delivered in a verdict of *guilty*, which they had formed in

their own minds before hearing a word of evidence. The prisoner had no more been guilty of murder than of witchcraft. I was shocked beyond expression to hear the man sentenced to be hanged and anatomised within forty-eight hours. Soon after the trial was over I got up and spoke privately to Marshall while he sat upon the bench. Urged by an imperative sense of duty, I told him my mind very freely and, recapitulating the substance of the evidence, showed him that the prisoner's offence could not amount to murder. He heard me very patiently and said he should read over his notes to Baron Wood. Next morning he complained that from what I had said he had not slept a wink, and that the prisoner was in a more enviable situation. The man has been respited and will, I believe, receive a pardon.

Temple: May 15, 1812.

My dear Father, . . . The town is still in a great consternation on account of the assassination of Mr. Perceval.[1] Before I left Westminster, where I have been all the morning, we heard that Bellingham had been convicted and was sentenced to be executed in Palace Yard on Monday morning. I understand, however, that the trial is still going on. There can be no question as to his conviction. Had Perceval fallen down dead in a fit, I should not have been at all sorry for the event, disapproving entirely of his principles and views as a statesman, but these principles and views will rather be strengthened by the manner of his death, and, from the sentiments it excites among the ill-disposed, there is no saying to what scenes of confusion and bloodshed it may lead. The Nottingham bonfires exceed any of the atrocities of the French Revolution. And we are in such hands! The Prince has not yet sent for anyone to make a new Administration. The feud between Castlereagh and Canning will probably prevent Lord Wellesley from coming in. He will not sacrifice Canning, and Lady Hertford will not sacrifice Castlereagh. I believe an attempt will be made to go on without the accession of any new strength to the Cabinet, but this seems wholly impossible, as Perceval has

[1] Shot through the heart with a pistol by Bellingham, May 11, 1812.—ED.

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carried with him all the little talent his party could boast of. As the Opposition have lately been abusing the Prince very scurrilously, I should not be surprised if he were to take them into his confidence and treat them with kindness, till they again talk of him with some respect.[2]

Temple: June 20, 1812.

My dear George, ... Garrow has been appointed Solicitor-General, but no new silk gowns have yet been made, without which juniors will derive no advantage from the promotion. We are now holding the sittings after term (that is, trying causes by jury) at Westminster, during which I am invariably in a desponding mood, for they seldom produce me a brief. All my clients are in the City. I have no reputation at the west end of the town. The City business is by far the most respectable and most profitable, but there is no such thing as content in this world. It strikes me as rather hard and discouraging that, after my long and laborious attendances at Westminster, there should be two or three hundred causes to be tried there without my having a brief in one of them.

Temple: July 1, 1812.

My dear Father, . . . There is no saying when the irresolute Eldon may decide upon making any new King's counsel. Marryat has now a better chance of promotion than he ever had before. It has been supposed that Lord Ellenborough had a spite against him and would put a spoke in his wheel, but on Saturday last he gained over his lordship's heart by entertaining him with a turtle dressed in the highest style by a cook from the London Tavern. You probably know that our chief is a tremendous *gourmand*. As to turtle, he beats every alderman in the city of London by three plates. There is no legal writer he is so fond of as 'Coke's Works.' Marryat's turtle he declared the best seasoned he had tasted for a twelvemonth, and, in consequence, he will second instead of opposing Marryat's application for a silk gown.

[2] The old Ministry went on under the Earl of Liverpool.—ED.

Temple: August 21, 1812.

My dear Brother, . . . I feel more than usually derelict just at present. The bustle of business has completely subsided, and my acquaintance are almost all out of town. I have been amusing myself by taking some lessons in riding from an eminent master, and still more by laying the foundation of a good English library. I have bought above 100*l.* worth of the first writers in our language. Do you remember our father's library—three odd volumes of the Spectator, two of Tom Jones, Thomson's Seasons, and Miss Betsy Thoughtless? I hardly know how I acquired my taste for reading. I suppose from the difficulty of indulging it. I longed for books as I longed for peaches. I can hardly express to you the delight I have lately had in perusing once more Hume and Gibbon. The pleasure may be heightened from the circumstance of the copies being my own property and the fruit of my own industry.

. . . Two other barristers and myself mean henceforth to practise at the quarter sessions for the county of Monmouth, which have hitherto been attended only by attorneys. We have got the justices to make an order that we shall have exclusive audience. I am senior, and I shall be a great man—a sort of village Garrow. I do not think I have yet said anything to you of my success last circuit. It was not much to boast of, although affording no room for despondency. I made as much money as paid my expenses—near 60*l.* I amused the Doctor with an account of the little causes in which I was engaged; but, positively, I do not think that any part of my narrative could amuse any other rational being. I hope soon to have you to go a circuit with me. I long daily more and more for your return. When I meet with luck I wish you to see my prosperity, and in adverse fortune I stand in need of your comfort and support.

Temple: September 29, 1812.

My dear Father, . . . By this hour I suppose the Chancellor has put the seal to the proclamation for dissolving Parliament. There is still a possibility, and but a possi-

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bility, of my being employed in some quarter. I have been fagging election law very hard since my return from Brighton;—an accession of knowledge must always be a benefit. On Saturday evening I start by the mail for Usk. The plot is thickening there very fast. The Monmouthshire attorneys have presented a petition to the chairman of the sessions, praying that they may retain their privilege of practising as advocates; and from so petty a cause the county seems to be quite in an uproar. I am not at all dismayed. I fear the first trip will not be very profitable, but we must ultimately prevail.

Temple: October 13, 1812.

My dear Father,—I believe you expect some account of my *raid* into Monmouthshire. On the evening of Saturday the 3rd, I started in the Gloucester mail along with Conant, son of the Bow Street magistrate. We arrived at Gloucester next day about twelve. Not being able to get places in the Welsh mail, we took a post-chaise to Usk. The roads were dreadfully bad, and we did not arrive till nine. This is a most miserable town, though lying in the midst of the most beautiful country my eye ever beheld. We found as we passed along that our visit was expected, but there were no briefs or retainers for us on our arrival. We could not think of attempting to get habitable lodgings, so we remained at the 'Three Salmons,' the only house in the town deserving the name of an inn. Our coadjutor Price, who is a native of the country, soon joined us, and with the help of punch we contrived to keep up our spirits notwithstanding our situation.

Early next morning the attorneys began to arrive, but instead of applying to us they scowled upon us most dreadfully, and seemed much disposed to throw us into the river. They stationed themselves outside the inn door, and the moment a magistrate appeared they canvassed him for his vote and interest in their favour. One or two magistrates paid their respects to us, and expressed a determination to support us, but eleven o'clock arrived and we had no symptom of business, and the general appearance of things was exceedingly hostile. The court then sat. We marched in robed

and wigged—to the no small amusement of many Welshmen, who never saw human beings so disguised before. I, as senior, headed our little band, carrying a blue bag filled *with books*. We took post under the bench, displacing our opponents from the ground they had occupied. The chairman, Sir Robert Salisbury, ordered the Clerk of the Peace to read the resolution adopted at the adjourned sessions at Monmouth, whereby it was ordered that barristers should have exclusive audience. This being done, a magistrate rose and, after a long speech in favour of the attorneys, moved that this resolution be rescinded. The motion was seconded by another orator, and a regular, or rather *ir*regular debate began. The best speaking was decidedly with the adverse party. I felt a very strong inclination to address the court; but I thought it more for our dignity not to interfere. Lord Arthur Somerset, member for the county and brother of the lord-lieutenant, rather regretted that the resolution had been adopted so suddenly, but wished to leave the matter to the resident magistrates. At last they came to a vote, when there appeared for the motion seven, against it ten. I then delivered a short address in the name of the bar, which was generally approved of. I most seriously thought for some time that, although we had come down upon a recorded resolution of the court, of which the chairman had delivered me a copy in his own handwriting, we should be obliged to make our bow and withdraw. You may see how ticklish it was, as we had a majority of only three. Had the decision been the other way, I should have incurred infinite ridicule. What were the poor attorneys now to do, being gagged for evermore? They retired and compromised privately as many things as they could, but some could not be smothered. Several briefs were immediately handed over to me. There were only three contested matters which came before the court. I was wrong in point of law, but succeeded in each of them. I felt some remorse of conscience, but there was no perversion of substantial justice. Before leaving the court I received a retainer for next sessions. I made nine guineas, Price two, Conant one.

The magistrates invited us to dinner, and treated us with

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the utmost possible consideration and politeness. In return for the kindness we experienced I saved the magistrates from getting into a scrape. They were about to order the owners of the ship moored to Chepstow bridge, which caused the dismal accident you may have read of in the newspapers, to be indicted, till I showed them the owners were not liable *criminally*, and persuaded them to direct the prosecution to be carried on against the master and the pilot. We sat up drinking with a few that remained till past midnight.

Next morning we set off for Gloucester. We breakfasted at Raglan, and I had an opportunity of seeing the castle which stood such a famous siege in the civil wars. I was delighted beyond measure; but do not be afraid I am going to encroach upon the privileges of the Welsh tourists by attempting to describe it. This day we had a very pleasant journey. The country through which we travelled, particularly on the banks of the river Wye, certainly combines richness with picturesque beauty to a degree hardly conceivable to one accustomed only to English or Scottish scenery. Our victory, you may be sure, was talked over with great exultation, and what added not a little to our hilarity was meeting, near Ross, Taunton, the leader of the Gloucester sessions, going down to the Pembroke election. We did not get to Gloucester till past six. On going to my lodgings I found the following letter lying on my table:—

Sir,—We shall have a contest for this borough, and, unfortunately for me, I am the returning officer. Circumstanced as I am, I would wish to have an assessor or assistant, and if you will undertake this office for me I shall be obliged to you. You will have very little trouble. As the election will commence to-morrow at ten, you had better come here this evening. I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

JOSEPH PITT.

Cirencester: Monday morning.

Before going further I must tell you something of Joseph Pitt. He used to hold gentlemen's horses for a penny; when, appearing a sharp lad, an attorney took a fancy to him, and bred him to his own business. Pitt soon scraped together a little money by his practice in the law, and by degrees entered into speculations as a brewer, a

banker, a farmer, and a land-jobber. Everything has thriven with him. He has now a clear landed estate of 20,000*l.* a year, and returns four members to Parliament. He has besides two magnificent houses, one of the best libraries in the kingdom, and 10,000*l.* worth of pictures. On such a scale are things conducted in England. He may be considered the man of the same class here as your friend Christie in Fifeshire, who I suppose has realised well on to 1,000*l.* a year in the same way, has great influence in the election of the Cupar bailies, and has got the portraits of two of his sons in his drawing-room. If you will observe that this letter is dated 'Monday morning,' and that I did not receive it till Tuesday evening, you will see I was rather in a perplexing situation, for one day's poll was then over, and if the election was going on, another assessor was probably provided. Therefore I could not go to Cirencester myself. Yet I did not like at once to give up what promised to be a better thing than even the lead of the quarter sessions, which I should otherwise have had, Ludlow being engaged in the election at Bristol. I therefore judged it best to send an express to Cirencester with a letter for Pitt, saying that if he was still without an assessor and wished my assistance, I was ready to go over. Between three and four next morning the man returned with the following answer:—

Sir,—I wish I could have had your assistance this day, but half a loaf is better than no bread, and, therefore, I beg *as a most particular favour* that you will breakfast with me to-morrow at eight. At nine we go to the hustings, and a little conversation before that will be absolutely necessary. I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

JOSEPH PITT.

Cirencester: Tuesday evening.

I immediately ordered a post-chaise, and left Gloucester before daybreak, abandoning without much regret several good briefs to be returned with the fees thereto belonging. What annoyed me was that I had brought no election books with me, and that I was wholly ignorant of the constitution of the borough of Cirencester. I was most desperately frightened lest I should expose myself and do mischief to others. However, I put my trust in Providence, and when from the elevation of Birdlip Hill I saw the sun rise in full

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majesty and illumine the valley of the Severn, my sensations were considerably more pleasing than painful. The moment I arrived I laid hold of the Report of the Proceedings of a Committee of the House of Commons upon a former Cirencester election, in which they decided the right of voting to be in 'householders inhabitants of the borough, legally settled.' This tranquillised me considerably, settlement law being as familiar to me as to most men in the profession, and the definition of *householders* and *inhabitants* being pretty well known from the decisions of select committees under the Grenville Act.

I found that the candidates were, Lord Apsley, son of Earl Bathurst; Hicks-Beach, a country gentleman of very large property, put up by Pitt; and Cripps, a gentleman living in the town, not very wealthy, but very much beloved. The contest was between the two latter. Half the electors are Lord Bathurst's tenants, and Apsley was therefore quite secure. He had for counsel a young man of the name of Wilbraham, Dauncey was for Beach, and Cripps was his own counsel.

Having breakfasted at Pitt's, we went to the hustings. Cripps and the counsel and agents sat round a table. I was placed in an elevated situation above. As you may suppose, I funked a good deal at first, but I got through the business to my own satisfaction and, as far as I could learn, to the satisfaction of all concerned. The election went on till Monday morning, and in that time I did not decide upon fewer than sixty disputed votes, each of which was like an appeal at quarter sessions or a cause at Nisi Prius. Witnesses were called, arguments upon law and fact were delivered, and I was obliged to exercise the functions of both judge and jury. I prefaced my decisions with a short speech, stating the reasons for the opinion I had formed, and I was told I did this with considerable neatness and precision. The difficulty of my situation was, that I had to determine for or against the man who employed me, with whom I lived and who was to pay me. However, I trust in God, I observed the most rigid impartiality. Indeed, Cripps and his friends expressed them-

selves satisfied with all my decisions except one, which I know to have been right. If a voter has received parochial relief within a twelvemonth he is disqualified. Last Christmas the parish paid rent for a man which had become due at Michaelmas. Was he disqualified? To be sure he was, because he remained liable to the payment of the rent down to the moment when it was paid, and then only was he relieved, which was within the twelvemonth. On Saturday night Cripps was completely exhausted. Beach was only six ahead of him, but had about a dozen more to poll. It was then agreed between them that, in consideration of all thoughts of a petition being dropped, Beach's majority should not be raised above six. On Monday morning, therefore, I had only to give judgment in two or three reserved cases, and to see that the poll was closed with all due formality. By eleven the successful candidates were placed in their chairs to be carried through the town, and I returned to Pitt's house. He then asked me whether I should think 100 guineas, which he had given on similar occasions, a sufficient fee. I said *quite sufficient*, whereupon he gave me a cheque for 110*l.* 5*s.*, including five guineas for Mr. Cooper.

I spent my time at Cirencester very agreeably. The business of the day was very fatiguing, as my mind was kept constantly on the stretch for nine hours. But a splendid entertainment was provided for us on our return from the hustings. Dauncey dined with us every day, and generally Lord Apsley and several others. Beautiful claret in the greatest abundance! I met with particular attention from Lord Apsley, who is one of the most amiable young men I ever met. He took me to church with him on Sunday, and afterwards he made a party expressly to show me his father's park, which is one of the finest in England. I was mounted on a prime hunter and, accompanied by Dauncey and Beach, was conducted by his lordship over the grounds formed by his grandfather, and which Pope admired and celebrated. A bust of the poet, placed over his favourite seat, was lately pulled to pieces by the populace, who thought it was meant to represent the Pope of Rome.

If I had had a little money, or perhaps if I had merely

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been of Pitt's way of thinking, I know not whether in this excursion I might not have become a Parliament man. One of the members whom he meant to return for Malmesbury comes in for an Irish county, and he was very much at a loss how to fill up the seat. I heard a whimsical conversation between him and his agent for this enlightened and independent borough, in which there are only thirteen electors, who are called burgesses. After some talk as to who the members were to be, the agent said, 'You must take care, Sir, to make the burgesses remember the names before going to the town-hall on Tuesday.' *Pitt*: 'I will take care of that, I will write them down.' *Agent*: 'That won't do, Sir, for the burgesses cannot read.' You have here, as far as I remember, the very words, and I swear the substance of the dialogue. The election for Malmesbury is this day, and to-morrow Pitt himself is returned for Cricklade. The latter is by no means a rotten borough, but his property there is so great that he commands one seat. At his request, I wrote for him an advertisement, returning thanks to his constituents, to be printed after the election. I look upon it as a matter of some consequence to have made the acquaintance and gained the good opinion of such a man, to whom I was formerly an utter stranger. Though of the strictest honour in private life, his political principles I regard with abhorrence, and I would reject the offer to become one of his members without a moment's hesitation. Yet professionally he may have it in his power to be of great service to me, and I believe he will think of me again in any of his future electioneering contests.[a]

I thought to have amused you with some of the humours of this Cirencester election, and particularly with an account of a ragged and greasy citizen who polled and gave Lord Apsley a plumper in rhyme. But my paper is exhausted. In walking through the streets yesterday after the chairing, I got into a disappointed Crippsite mob, who began to hiss

[a] Mr. Pitt went on a good many years trading in seats as it was thought very prosperously, but long before the Reform Bill a smash came, and he died insolvent

me, calling out 'justice!' I asked an old woman, who hissed lustily, what I had done to offend her. She hissed on; I then turned round, took her in my arms and kissed her, whereupon I was applauded to the sky, and they regarded me as a Daniel. I can only add that I got into a coach at four which brought me to Oxford. There I was taken up by the Shrewsbury mail, which this morning at seven o'clock set me down at Temple Bar. My love to all at home. Ever yours most affectionately,

J. C.

Temple: November 30, 1812.

My dear Father, . . . I am sorry your poor have so bad a prospect for the winter. I authorise and request you to put down my name for 10*l.* towards their relief. Everyone must see what an expenditure rapidly increasing, and rapidly decaying resources, must necessarily lead to. The great bankruptcies you mention are only a prelude to a still greater. However, I have been making some pretty successful exertions to get rid of my superfluous cash. I have bought a dozen silver forks with the family crest, 32*l.* 7*s.*; knives and forks &c., a gold chain and seal with the boar's head beautifully engraved thereon; about 150*l.* worth of miscellaneous English books; an atlas, 11*l.* 5*s.*; and the Statutes at Large, 40 guineas! Some of these items, I suppose, will make your hair stand on end. It is well I had the prudence to keep secret what I paid for my seal. Do you remember when I told you I had taken expensive chambers in Paper Buildings, your saying, when you had a little recovered from your consternation, 'Well, Jack, perhaps after all it is better to go on with spirit, and it may be for your advantage to have first-rate chambers even if they should cost you as much as 30*l.* or 40*l.* a year.' . . .

Brougham, who is my junior here,[4] from his starting was infinitely above me in point of celebrity. But he owes everything he has at the bar to his political and parlia-

[4] Brougham is my junior at the English bar, but I rather believe was an Edinburgh advocate before I was entered of Lincoln's Inn.—Letter of June 5, 1812.

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mentary influence. Even now he has no regular business in the Court of King's Bench. I know him intimately and consider him a very clever man. His prospects in the profession are much more flattering than mine. With little comparative labour, he is sure to reach its highest honours. My success has been caused, and must be continued, by the painful exertions of industry. But when the difference of our situation at starting is considered, this difference in our career ought not to excite either discontent or despondence. If Brougham distances me, I get ahead of Horner. He has no business of any sort either in law or equity, and politics are not likely to make him much compensation for his professional disappointment. He is not yet even returned to Parliament, and it remains somewhat doubtful whether he will be brought in. I certainly would by no means exchange my situation with his. . . .

You are wrong in saying the law furnishes no parliamentary orators. What think you of Lord Mansfield and Charles Yorke, of Thurlow and Wedderburn, of Sir William Grant and little Perceval, of Romilly and Brougham? We might almost claim Pitt himself, who was called to the bar and several times went the Western circuit. In my most enthusiastic and absurd moments, I do not hope that my name may be inscribed in the list. There is no chance of my being able to get into Parliament till a period of life when it must be much too late to think of oratory, and then I should be too much occupied with professional business to give the necessary attention to politics. Under such circumstances a seat in the House of Commons would be of little use except to give the privilege of franking. The probability therefore is that even if I should succeed in my profession as far as I can in reason expect, I shall never be a Parliament man. It is not impossible, however, to be both happy and *honest* without such a distinction. If I am not in Parliament myself (what is more glorious) I have two of my servants there. Strahan my printer and Butterworth my publisher are both M.P.'s.

Lord Eldon cannot yet make up his mind to give any more silk gowns. They say Ellenborough has urged him

strongly in behalf of Scarlett and Marryat, but all to no purpose. This is very hard upon the juniors. The men who ought to be promoted now hold the business which ought to devolve upon us. Except the removal of Gibbs,[5] there has been no sort of step or promotion in our court since I was called to the bar. However, something must be done for us in the course of six months. Half the judges are superannuated, and an attempt will be made to force them to resign.

Gloucester: Tuesday, April 6, 1813.

My dear Father,—Owing to the inefficiency of our judges the assizes are not yet over. The business ought all to have finished on Monday, but it may drag on to the end of the week. I have not been so long from town at one time during the last twelve years, and I long most earnestly once more to behold 'the full tide of existence at Charing Cross.' I have had some little consolation during the last week of my banishment. Since I came to this place I have had twenty briefs, and I have made above forty guineas! This is pretty well for 'a young man endeavouring to bring himself into notice.' I confess I am a good deal amused by the language you use from time to time respecting my success at the bar. If you give credit to my assertions, you know that my progress has been more rapid than that of any man of my standing, however great his advantages, and that I am actually making above 1,500*l.* a year. Yet you talk and appear to feel as if I remained equally obscure as when I was first called to the bar, and as if I had not raised my condition above what it was when I reported parliamentary debates for the 'Morning Chronicle.' I confess I am a little hurt at the casual expressions upon this subject that now and then unconsciously drop from you. They seem to indicate that you are secretly dissatisfied with the figure I make in the world. There is nothing that I should value higher than your real respect, and I must therefore suffer from the apprehension of not enjoying it. It is not any high-flown compliments from you that can yield me any pleasure, but it would give me the purest satisfaction to perceive from

[5] Sir Vicary Gibbs was appointed a judge in June 1812.—ED.

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your unguarded flow of sentiment that you sincerely honour my character, and that you justly appreciate the station I have attained in the profession. I do not think you have ever recovered from my not being employed in the Fife Gaol Bill, and you continue of opinion that the Cupar writers are more competent judges of my merits than the London attorneys. My own notion is that, all things considered, you ought to be satisfied with the situation which your son now occupies in society, and the prospects he has before him. I may be mistaken upon the subject, and you can no doubt view it with more unprejudiced eyes. My success in this county at the same time ought not to excite much dissatisfaction in you. It is exactly three years since I first entered it, and then I did not know one individual within its limits. In this field I have had to contend with men long established in business, and of powerful local connections. Yet during the present assizes I have been decidedly the second man in the Crown Court—at no very great distance from the first.

I am preparing another number of my Reports for the press. Their reputation has long been firmly established, and I believe they have been of the most essential service to me.

Temple: April 19, 1813.

My dear Father. . . . I got back to town as I expected on Friday the 9th. I have been very busy since. I find by the news from the circuits I have no great reason to be dissatisfied with my progress on the Oxford, slow as it is. Brougham had not above two or three briefs on the Northern; Spankie not more on the Home; Horner not so many on the Western; young William Adam not one! So much for the Scottish connection. Among the English there is a young man of the name of Gifford[6] who has got on most astonishingly on the Western circuit. He is an Exeter man, and has very powerful local patronage joined to very considerable abilities. With this exception, I believe my circuit station is as good as that of any man of my standing. In the King's Bench I continue to keep the lead. How

[6] Afterwards Lord Gifford.

long this may be so, it is very difficult to say. I *funk* before Ellenborough as much as ever. I almost despair of ever acquiring a sufficient degree of confidence before him to put me in proper possession of my faculties. The other eleven, however, I now mind as little as the justices at quarter sessions, and my impudence is gradually developed. Upon the King's death Brougham will get a silk gown as Attorney-General to the new Queen, but he will never do much without the bar. We do not yet know who is to be Solicitor-General in the room of Garrow. I am afraid there is not likely to be any move in our court. Eldon is said to have declared he was so much puzzled upon the subject that he had at last determined never to make any more silk gowns.

Does your Presbytery mean to address the Princess of Wales upon the overthrow of this conspiracy against her life and honour? I have almost the same portion of respect for this equal couple.

'Tis strange this pair should disagree,
Although so equal are their lives:
The very worst of husbands he,
And she the very worst of wives.

Temple: June 16, 1813.

My dear Father, . . . I have heard nothing from Lord Breadalbane. Do, my dear father, dismiss him from your thoughts. Both you and I are wholly independent of him. . . . I talk thus magnificently to-day as I am just come from beating Mr. Attorney-General Garrow. Scarlett, being suddenly called away to the House of Lords, left his brief with me in a cause which was to decide a question of great interest to the mercantile world. I was opposed singly to Garrow assisted by Puller. Lord Ellenborough was at first strongly against me, but I brought him over; and after a hard struggle and the examination of a great many witnesses on both sides, I obtained the verdict. This is the pleasantest professional incident I have met with for a long while. As the case had nothing to do with seduction or *crim. con.*, I don't suppose it will be mentioned in the newspapers.

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Temple: October 11, 1813.

My dear Father, . . . Here I am again established in the Temple, ready for the opening of another campaign. On the night of the 1st I made a rapid journey to Bristol by the mail, which is the swiftest in England. We went whole stages above ten miles an hour. Next day I dined with my friend Ludlow, the provincial barrister. On Sunday I sailed across the Severn and proceeded through Chepstow to Usk. Sessions bad! We are ruined by the fine harvest and the general prosperity of the times. Unless the next be a year of scarcity, and orders of removal multiply, sessions will not be worth going to. What was to be got I had. I still remain a sort of Monmouthshire Bonaparte, notwithstanding the coalitions formed to humble me. My three rivals are not very formidable and there is no great glory in overcoming them. At the same time my ascendency is not to be despised. My receipts far exceed my expenses, and the situation I hold here immediately leads to full employment at the assizes. My expedition to Usk was decidedly the luckiest hit I have made since I was called to the bar. Now I shall be stationary till about the middle of January. We do not begin any business in court till the 1st of November, but I shall have sufficient employment till then in bringing up the arrears of my Reports, and clearing my table of several heavy things with which it has been too long encumbered.

I remained in town the whole of the interval between the circuit and sessions. And how do you think I employed my time? In learning to dance! You may remember I was initiated in this divine art by the illustrious Clarkson, and I believe I was a tolerable proficient. For some time after I came to England I had no opportunity to practice, and afterwards I found I was only fit to be a spectator at a ball. I had not only forgot my native acquirements, but I perceived that the style of country-dancing in the two countries was essentially different. Here were new steps, new figures, and entirely new names where the movements were the same. I remember asking a lady what the dance was. 'Oh!' said she, 'the simplest in the world

Whole figure at top, hey on your own side, set and half right and left, chase round one couple, swing corners, and half poussette.' The consequence was that I never made the attempt, in which I should only have exposed myself. I avoided all places where dancing was likely to be and, when I could not, I assumed a fashionable nonchalance, said I hated the fatigue, or perhaps quoted Cicero's maxim 'Nemo sobrius saltat.' This proved a considerable disadvantage. I lost elegant amusement, I excluded myself from society and, from a consciousness of my deficiency, I sometimes felt positive pain, dreading that I should be unable to conceal it. I had as great a horror of a fiddle in a drawing-room as a Scotch Covenanter of an organ in a church. I was at last driven to the resolution of applying to one of the dancing masters who teach grown gentlemen. Accordingly on my return from the circuit I waited upon a celebrated artist from the Opera House. Chassé! Coupé! Brisé! One! Two! Three! I may say I devoted the long vacation to this pursuit. I did not engage in special pleading with more eagerness. I went to my instructor regularly every morning at ten, and two or three times a week. I returned in the evening. You may be sure I was frightened out of my wits lest I should be seen by anyone I knew. I might have met an attorney's clerk accustomed to bring me papers, or possibly my own clerk. It required some courage to face this danger, and I give myself infinite credit for the effort I have made. I have been highly lucky: not recognised a single face I had seen before! My morning lessons were private, but to learn figures it was of course indispensably necessary to mix with others. I met several dancing masters from the country, dashing young shopkeepers, ladies qualifying themselves for governesses, etc., etc. I have attended so diligently and made such progress, that I verily believe I pass for a person intending to teach the art myself in the provinces. I entered by the name of Smith; but my usual appellation is 'the gentleman.' My co-pupils in general make no mystery about their family or situation. I have now discontinued the morning lessons, but still go in the evenings. If you were to see me perform, you would call me 'le dieu de la danse.'

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Seriously, I conceive I am 'qualified to join the most polite assemblies,' according to the advertisement which attracted me. Instead of shunning I shall now court opportunities of figuring upon the light fantastic toe. In short I mean to become *un beau garçon*. Heaven knows, but this dancing master may be the means of giving you a daughter-in-law before the year is out. If a pretty girl of respectable connections should fall in love with my *brisés*, I should have no objection to make her my partner for life. I could now venture on marriage without imprudence and I have no time to lose. I sadly fear, however, that the return of the Morrow of All Souls will drive all these thoughts from my head, and reduce me once more to a mere special pleader.

I need not say that I was exceedingly delighted with your letter of the 16th September. Your excursion to Falkland is indeed a most gratifying proof of your continued vigour. I have little to boast in that way myself except that during the last circuit I walked to the top of the Wrekin in Shropshire, where none of our men had been, although we pass its base twice a year; and that, being unable to procure a chaise at Ross, I walked on a very hot day to Gloucester, which is sixteen miles, within four hours, leaving Mr. Cooper to bring up the baggage, without feeling the slightest particle of fatigue. I have a tendency to get fat, which I am not entirely able to check, but I retain as much strength and activity as at any former period.

Sir Edward East is succeeded by two men of the names of Maule and Selwyn. I believe I could easily have stepped into the reportership myself. It is worth above 1,000*l.* a year. If it were double the value I should decline it without hesitation, as it is almost entirely inconsistent with practice at the bar.

Temple: November 11, 1813.

My dear George, . . . When you heard of the destruction of the French army in Russia, you must have regained all your ancient gaiety. How will you feel when you receive news of the battle of Leipsic, and Bonaparte's flight across the Rhine? You express surprise that I say nothing in my letters of public affairs. The plain reason is that I conceive

the topic would be wholly uninteresting. You know of all the great events that take place by the newspapers long before my letters reach you, and there could be no interest in speculating upon a state of things which you know has completely altered before the speculation is read. Domestic politics have ceased to exist. There are no longer any parties in the country. People have no great regard for the present Ministers, but a change is neither desired nor thought of. The Opposition is wholly discomfited and dissolved. Nor do people at all care about the Prince or his wife or his Court. The struggle with Bonaparte engrosses the national attention, and that you have the same means of being acquainted with as myself. I can assure you no one has hailed with more enthusiasm this happy turn of affairs. It has given a fresh value to my existence. I now look forward with renewed and redoubled pleasure to your return to your native country. For a long while I hardly thought you would have a country to return to. The independence of England and of Europe seems now established for this and probably for many generations. It is almost impossible for you to imagine the general joy on this occasion. It is not merely sentimental. Thousands and tens of thousands are now employed who have been starving for years. There never was such a demand known for colonial produce or manufactured goods. Many articles have risen 100 per cent. In short, there have not been such times since the year 1793. We are content to make peace, Bonaparte giving up Holland, Italy and Switzerland; but no terms short of these will now satisfy us. What our tone may be a twelvemonth hence I will not pretend to anticipate. But it is impossible we should ever be reduced to the state we have emerged from—and there is a fair prospect of our enjoying a long train of prosperity. So keep up your heart, my dear brother! Believe that many happy days are yet in store for you—

> ——crop the morning rose; the time improve;
> And when 'tis given to love, indulge in love.

. . . I was much gratified to find the other day from my tailor's measure that I have not increased in size these three years. I never taste malt liquor, nor soup, never eat anything

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after dinner, and swallow a small quantity of liquid of any sort. My health upon this regimen is extremely good. I am in far better health than I was in a few years ago. No touch of jaundice! My only misfortune is that I am getting bald. For this I suppose I am partly indebted to my wig. There is no part of my head absolutely bare, but the hair upon the whole of the sinciput is exceedingly thin and threatens to leave me altogether.

India Office: November 24, 1813.

My dear Brother,—I am now sitting here while a packet is making up for Bengal. . . . In times like these one has hardly time to think of private or domestic matters. 'Orange-Boven'! You will be quite delirious when the news of October and November reaches you.[7] The independence of Europe is established for ever. How much more pleasure I now have in the prospect of your return! I shall be in Amsterdam next summer. Perhaps in Paris!

The Solicitor-General is not yet appointed. Abbott is no longer speculated upon. However, now that Bonaparte is overwhelmed, I have no fears as to my future prospects. The three per cents are above sixty.

Temple: December 26, 1813.

My dear Brother, . . . Nothing particular has occurred since my last. The year closes auspiciously. We look for a glorious and secure peace. I expect to be in Paris next long vacation. Would you had been at home that we might have gone together!

My private affairs continue to prosper. My fees during the present year exceed 1,700*l.* This is a monstrous sum of money for a man of my standing to make. Still I make no figure at the bar. I continue, perhaps foolishly, to aspire to something more. My confidence in court improves. I can now examine witnesses and argue interlocutory matters with some satisfaction to myself. What do you think of the three per cents at sixty-seven!

[7] On November 14 the Orange flag was hoisted at the Hague and Amsterdam, amid the ancient acclamations of 'Orange-boven!' (Up with the Orange!), and the French troops departed.—Walter Scott's *Life of Napoleon*, vol. vii. p. 431.—Ed.

Temple: January 25, 1814.

My dear George, . . . Thank God, the *good cause* continues to prosper. I am afraid this snow must impede the advance of the Allies, but with common prudence I think they must get to Paris a few weeks sooner or later. The French nation does not declare against Bonaparte, but shows no enthusiasm in his favour or in its own defence. I cannot express to you the gratification I have felt from the turn of affairs within the last fifteen months. Hardly any private good fortune could have given me so much pleasure. I still hope to visit France next long vacation. Perhaps your furlough *desiderium* may have returned, and we may go together. I want some vision of this sort to divert my attention from present circumstances. I pass my time very stupidly. I have only been at two or three gay entertainments during the whole course of the holidays. I am pleased, however, to find that when I do go into society I can support my part with decency. On Sunday I assisted at a grand dinner, given by Sir Nathaniel Conant, the chief magistrate of police, where I met the Solicitor-General, his wife, and a great number of dashing people. My matrimonial schemes, however, are not likely to prosper. Two girls that I had thought of are going to be married to my rivals. At the same time I had not met with the disgrace of a rebuff, for I had never spoken to either of them in my life.

Temple: February 1, 1814.

My dear Father, . . . We are exceedingly dull this term in Westminster Hall. There is literally nothing to do. The general decrease of business is quite alarming. We are almost as ill off as the watermen who, the Thames being frozen over, walk up and down the streets with their oars on their shoulders. We shall all soon be in the King's Bench prison if things do not materially mend. I have some thoughts of offering myself to assist in shovelling the snow from the streets. At that work I should make five shillings a day, which is nearly as much as is now produced to me by plying at the bar.

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I met with a mortification last Friday that I have not yet altogether forgotten. I had to argue a case reserved by Lord Ellenborough for the opinion of the whole Court of King's Bench. The sum in dispute was 3,000*l.*, and it involved a very important point of law. I thought it so decidedly with me that my only apprehension was the judges would not hear me. They wished to stop me, but it was from being decidedly against me, and thinking my positions wholly untenable. I was not to be put down, however. They might decide against me, but I was determined they should hear me. So I kept it up with them the best part of two hours, during the whole of which time I had all the four upon me. If I posed one of them, down came another and tried to overwhelm me. It was a complete baiting. They were so puzzled by me that they found it convenient to hear the opposite side, and I had my reply. Sentence was then passed upon me in most elaborate speeches, from the whole of them *seriatim*. I don't know that, having made so stout a fight, I lost my reputation. My consolation was that Park and Marryat, who were with me, although they had not an opportunity to speak, had expressed a confident expectation of success, and complimented me upon the manner I had advocated the cause.[8]

I cannot now with a safe conscience plead want of leisure for not filling my sheet, but I really have no better materials to fill it. Lord Eldon is determined to make no more silk gowns till Bonaparte is dethroned, and when the news arrives he will take seven years to read the affidavits, and make up his mind whether the event has really happened.

Temple: April 26, 1814.

My dear George, . . . I came to town on Friday the 12th, to see the illuminations for the downfall of Bonaparte. As I passed Albemarle Street I saw Louis XVIII. preparing to depart for Paris. When I observed the Guards mounted before his door wearing the white cockade, and thought of the revolution thus testified, I could not refrain from tears. It can hardly be a greater change to pass into a future state

[8] Moorsom *v.* Kymer, 2 Maule & Selwyn, 304.

of existence. There is nothing like it in the past history of mankind. You may now return on the peaceful seas and find your country in glory and tranquillity. But you must have heard it all long before this reaches you, and I can suggest nothing that has not before entered your mind. The Doctor will give you a lively account of the Cupar rejoicings. There have been similar manifestations of rapture in every town and village of Great Britain. I expect to be in Paris in little more than four months. All the world are already on the wing. In a few days we are to have a visit from the Emperor Alexander. I hope he will be received with every mark of respect and admiration. Some say the Princess Charlotte is to be married to the young Prince of Orange during his stay here. There is no doubt the marriage will take place speedily. Every man for himself. I expect the event will be celebrated by some promotion at the bar.

Does our father say to you, 'I yet fondly hope to see the day when Jack shall be independent, employed and respected'? This is the language he occasionally holds to me,—knowing that I make somewhere near 2,000*l.* a year and have more business than any other man at the bar of my standing. He thinks he ought to read my name constantly in the newspapers, like Garrow's or Romilly's, and that all the great causes should be entrusted to me.

Temple: June 22, 1814.

My dear Father, . . . I have, you may suppose, seen all the emperors, kings, and field-marshals repeatedly. I had the best view of them at the opera. The human imagination can conceive nothing more brilliant than the *coup d'œil* on this occasion; and when the Princess of Wales came in and seated herself opposite her husband, the interest was at its height. The poor Prince has got himself into such a scrape as no man of his rank ever was in before. It is a fact that he cannot show himself without being hissed and hooted. I have myself several times witnessed this within the last ten days. Unhappily the public are more and more exasperated against him. On Monday as he was riding through St. James's Park to the review, the yells of the mob were so

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loud that they frightened his horse and he was very near thrown, while the King of Prussia was by his side. As he was returning from the City they called out to him, 'Where is Mrs. Wales—why is she not with you? George, where is your wife?' Decent people of course do not join in this expression of indignation, but I recollect no question upon which there ever was such complete unanimity. The most devoted friends of the Court and Ministry abuse him. The wantonness and folly of the thing strike everyone. Without any compromise of his feelings to his wife, he might now have been the most popular prince that has sat on the throne since the time of Edward III. She had fallen into complete insignificance, and would soon have been entirely forgotten. But where the storm he has raised is to end I know not. The Princess Charlotte's match is in consequence certainly off. He wished her to go to live with her husband abroad, being jealous of the importance she would acquire. Fortunately the character of the sovereign is not of vital importance in this country, or we might expect to see dismal times. It is rumoured that Lord Castlereagh resigns. I do not believe this, but he is certainly out of favour. The Prince would not accompany the Emperor to his fête. I hardly wonder at the wish expressed in several of your Scottish addresses, which have been thought rather *gauches*, 'that it would please Heaven yet to restore the old King to the exercise of his authority.'

Of his Imperial Majesty I can tell you little more than you read in the newspapers. I was amused by the account Brougham gave me, who had it direct from Lord Grey, of the conversation when Grenville and he were introduced, showing the intimate knowledge the Emperor has of our affairs, and the great benefit of foreign travel! He said 'he very much admired the English Constitution, and particularly that part of it called the Opposition, which he thought a very fine institution, being a sort of mirror in which Ministers might at all times see themselves and discover their faults. But there was one thing which rather puzzled him. As the object of both parties was of course the same—the public good—he did not exactly understand

why the Opposition might not privately give information and advice to Ministers, secretly telling them what measures they should avoid and what they should adopt. Ministers would derive the same advantage from these friendly conferences as from debates in Parliament, and there would be no altercation, exposure or *éclat*.' This was chiefly addressed to Grey, who did not know well what answer to return. His Majesty then turned suddenly round to Grenville and said: 'Qu'en pensez-vous, milord?' Grenville observed that the plan appeared very beautiful, but he doubted whether it was practicable. If all this had been said maliciously by his Majesty, it would have been admirable, but being spoken with the most perfect simplicity and good faith, it certainly argues not a very profound acquaintance with political science. However, he observed that he approved of the English Constitution so much, that he intended to introduce it by degrees into Russia. They were not capable of receiving it there all at once, but he should give them as much of it as they were able to bear. He certainly is an extremely benevolent and amiable man. As might be expected, he is by no means a favourite with our magnanimous Regent, who is heartily tired of him. Amongst other delinquencies, he has been civil to the Dukes of Sussex and Gloucester, visited Lord Grey, and danced with several ladies not admitted at Carlton House.

Shrewsbury: August 6, 1814.

My dear Father, . . . The only case of interest I have been engaged in, was defending a man at Stafford for the murder of his wife. I never felt such anxiety before, and I hope I never shall again. There was strong evidence against the prisoner, and yet his guilt was extremely doubtful, so that his fate very much depended upon the manner in which his defence was conducted. He was a man of the most excellent character and was most devotedly attached to his wife. He was supposed to have stabbed her in a fit of jealousy. I believe that he did the deed, but from the obscurity cast over the transaction and the sympathy excited for him, I expected an acquittal. The jury after long de-

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liberation found him *guilty*. I am certain I was much more agitated than the prisoner, and felt the blow more severely. I have often heard sentence of death pronounced upon my clients with great composure, but on this occasion I almost fainted away. I laid my account with his being hanged on Thursday. However, in about half an hour after, the gentlemen of the county constituting the grand jury, who had withdrawn after the trial, returned in a body and petitioned the judge that execution might be respited, to give an opportunity to apply for mercy to the Crown. The judge immediately granted the petition, and there is no doubt the man will be pardoned. I was selected as his counsel by persons to whom I was an entire stranger, and who had merely heard me defend Howe. (This client of mine was hung in chains near Stourbridge, and I pass him always in travelling from Worcester.) If you were not already tired with this subject, I might have amused you by pointing out the marvellous resemblance between the case of Bryan, my client at Stafford, and that of 'Othello, the Moor of Venice.' They both reasoned, spoke, and acted almost exactly in the same way. There was this remarkable difference between them, however—that the former, instead of 'putting out the light,' wanted 'a flaming minister,' and before revenging his supposed wrongs, he got up and lighted a candle. Nor did he resolve not 'to sear that whiter skin of hers than snow, and smooth as monumental alabaster,' for he at once stabbed her in the thigh with a carving knife. I wish you had heard me examining the surgeon about arteries, the muscles, &c. The night before I went to a surgeon's, and he showed me a prepared subject, and gave me a lecture on anatomy an hour long.

There is a madman at Oxford of the name of Bickerton who has taken it into his head that he is a barrister-at-law. He has accordingly contrived to procure an old wig and gown, in which he travels about the country and walks into court, following us regularly from town to town. He is perfectly harmless, and people rather encourage his fantasy. If his going the circuit in this manner were to be considered conclusive proof of insanity, it might be very alarming to many

of us. We must live on hope. Eldon may still be compelled to make silk gowns, and Abbott may be a judge before Lent. In the meanwhile, notwithstanding an occasional pang of disappointment, the time runs on not disagreeably. The young men who have joined as recruits are extremely pleasant companions, and with the two judges, Dallas and Richards, who are uncommonly gentlemanlike men, I am almost as familiar.

Temple: August 29, 1814.

My dear Father, . . . When at Monmouth, my business being over, I resolved to see Tintern Abbey, ten or twelve miles off, the most beautiful Gothic ruin in Great Britain, and which to my disgrace I had not before seen. The sure way to make attorneys come is to be from your post. In this instance I was hardly gone when applications came for me to attend three different writs of inquiry which must have brought me ten guineas. However, I hardly regret the loss, so much was I gratified with what I saw. We stopped so long that we were benighted and missed our way. When we thought we were close by Monmouth, we found we were approaching the Forest of Dean in Gloucestershire, and we did not reach home till one in the morning. We had walked near thirty miles. Yet I was not at all fatigued. I was greatly delighted in passing through Cheltenham from the circuit to ascertain that I am now half a stone lighter than I was three years ago.

Cupar: September 19, 1814.

My dear George,—Behold me once more under the paternal roof. All well and happy! I left London, as I told you, on the evening of Saturday the 10th. I came down straight to Edinburgh, where I arrived on Tuesday morning at six o'clock, not at all fatigued by my journey. According to the directions I received from my father, I took a place in the Fife Union coach, which has been established about three years. It starts every morning, whatever be the state of the tide, at half-past seven from Shakespeare Square for the new ferry at Newhaven, and arrives at Cupar almost invariably before three. They don't start from Kinghorn till eleven, however soon the passage may be

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made, making allowance for the passage being bad, so as to be regular in the times at which they pass the different places in crossing the country to Dundee waterside. We crossed the Forth very expeditiously, but had to wait at Kinghorn an hour and a half. I might easily, by leaving the mail at Leith and travelling in a post-chaise, have reached Cupar by eleven o'clock A.M. As it was, I fancy no one ever before travelled thither from London so expeditiously. I had an inside place by the Fife coach, but seated myself by the coachman, and very much enjoyed the prospect as I rode along. The improvement of the country is wonderful, and there are few such fertile districts in the island. In a little time there will not be a spot in the country that does not carry corn or trees. As I came in sight of Eden Bridge I recognised the venerable figure of our father. You may be sure it was not long before I sprung from the coach-box into his arms. He looks, thank God, fresh and hearty. He continues to enjoy all his faculties mental and bodily in the completest manner. He is a little stiff and can't stoop very well, but he can walk five or six miles with the utmost facility. He says he is now sixty-seven—that is to say, in his sixty-eighth year—his birthday being in June. I really believe there are few men of his age who have a fairer chance of longevity. . . .

Temple: October 3, 1814.

My dear Father, . . . The pleasure of our meeting and the bitterness of our parting we need not express to each other, our feelings being, I believe, completely reciprocal. The fortnight I spent with you I consider as that in which I enjoyed the most happiness, and shall look back upon with the most satisfaction, of any period of my life. The question naturally occurs, why do you not taste such happiness more frequently? I hope it will be in my power in time to come, but I can declare upon my honour, and with the most certain conviction, that if I had been in the habit of visiting Scotland in the long vacation, I should never have visited you in the same respectable situation which I have now attained, and that the exercise of self-denial in remaining

away has upon the whole contributed to the happiness of us all. I confidently expect to see you much oftener and longer in time to come than I have done of late years. Having got a step or two more, I shall command business and regard the long vacation as my own property,—not to speak of the possibility of my marrying and having a visit from you in the winter!

I continued very wretched till we reached Newcastle. There I bought 'The Pleasures of Memory,' and placed myself on the top of the coach to muse over it without interruption. About half way to Durham we met the mail from London carrying a large flag, 'Washington taken and destroyed!' I thought of the fillip this would give to your spirits on the arrival of the Union at Cupar on Friday. I met with pleasant company, and completed the journey without any fatigue. If you wish me to dine with you any day, you have only to drop me a line. I can partake of your hospitality and return with great ease in six days—spending with you one day and one night. If you make it on a Tuesday, Wednesday, or Thursday, I can be with you three days and two nights, being out of London only six working days. This last trip has brought me much nearer you in idea than formerly.

Temple: November 5, 1814.

My dear Brother, . . . My poor friend Tod died yesterday morning at six o'clock. I never met with so much kindness from any human being out of my own family. He suffered the most dreadful pain for years. . . .

My chief amusement lately has been the theatre. A new actress, Miss O'Neil, has lately come out, the most exquisite creature that ever was beheld. I not only admire her enthusiastically as an *artiste*, but I really think I am in love with her. My romance, however, will soon be sobered down by the labours of special pleading. It will hardly be possible for me to go to the play again before Christmas.

Court of King's Bench: November 29, 1814.

My dear Father,—I have just got a frank from my friend Serjeant Best, and I will send you an account of my

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victory over Ellenborough! On Friday I had been arguing a question 'whether a consul is privileged from arrest,' and in commenting upon Barbent's case before Lord Talbot, in which the privilege was disallowed, I observed it was remarkable that (as appeared from a note to the report) the Secretary of State afterwards interfered and satisfied Barbent's creditors, so that he was discharged out of custody. Ellenborough came down to the court next morning in a great fury and, having taken his seat on the bench, the following dialogue took place:—

Ellenborough. It was stated at the bar yesterday, that it appeared from a note to Barbent's case, the Secretary of State interfered and he was discharged out of custody.

Campbell. Yes, my Lord, that circumstance is mentioned in a note subjoined to the report of the case in *Cases tempore Talbot.*

Ellenborough. I have looked at the report, and no such note is to be found.

Campbell. I cited the case from the octavo edition, in which there certainly is the note I referred to. I have got my copy in an adjoining room, and I can now produce it to the Court.

Ellenborough (*furibundus*). Sir, that is the edition I have looked to. I have brought down my copy, which is now before me. There! I will hand it down to you, Sir, and I will thank you to find me out the note. (Book handed down, or rather thrown at my head, by his lordship).

Campbell (with great firmness and dignity). My Lord, in the book which your lordship had the *kindness* to hand down to me I find subjoined to Barbent's case the following note: '*Note*: The Secretary of State afterwards interfered and satisfied the creditors, and this person was discharged out of custody.'

Ellenborough (in confusion). Indeed! Let me see the book. Yes, it is so. I had overlooked it. You were right, Sir; you were warranted in what you said.

A great sensation was excited in the court, and I was *congratulated* by my friends.

Temple: December 1, 1814.

My dear Brother, . . . Ellenborough continues to use me very ill. I do not much mind him. Not but that his enmity is a serious evil. From the perpetual dread of his interruptions and rudeness, I certainly do not acquit myself so creditably before him as I should before any other judge; but I do not believe that he materially impedes my progress. My receipts still go on increasing, but I am forced to enslave and devote myself in a manner which I very much dislike. I am cut off from all society except what I meet in the courts of justice. Nor do I know how I could act otherwise. I cannot say, I will go into company three days in the week and give up half my business. Were I to make the experiment, I should soon be left without any. This is a very great drawback upon the profession of the law in England. Marriage really seems out of the question with me. I have not conversed for months with any woman I would marry. A.D. 1814.

The club which I mentioned to you is now established, and is called 'The Verulam.' I hope to see you a member of it upon your return. If you are living in London you will really find it a very great resource. There are four hundred of us—peers, bankers, merchants, but chiefly barristers. We have taken a most magnificent house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, for which we pay 375*l.* a year. It is superbly furnished. We have a *maître d'hôtel* and a variety of footmen to wait upon us. We go at all hours to read the newspapers and periodical publications. Every day there is a house dinner for fourteen, served up in the most splendid style. As many more as choose may dine separately in the coffee room. In the evening the rooms above stairs are lighted up for cards and conversation. The original subscription ten guineas, and five guineas a year afterwards. I assure you it is a very pleasant thing, and secures you an admission at all times to excellent *male* society. I do not say ours is the most fashionable circle in town, but I am sure there is none more intellectual. We have a good many members of Parliament, and a vast number of young men recently from the universities, besides the dignitaries of the profession of the law. I dined there

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two days ago in company with the Attorney and Solicitor-General. The expense is more than that of a coffee-house, but this to me is no longer of importance. The house dinner approaches a pound; the other somewhat more than half. I am afraid I shall not be able to dine there very often, but I propose to go frequently for half-an-hour in the evening. It is rather a bore that you must be dressed, but were it not for the time required by the toilet, this would rather be an advantage. I trust I shall have interest to get you admitted, and I really know no place where we could meet so comfortably together.

CHAPTER XI.

JANUARY 1815—DECEMBER 1816.

Epiphany Sessions—Wilkie's 'Distress for Rent'—Battle of Waterloo—Gifford's Success on the Western Circuit—Letters from Paris—Increase of his Business in Case-answering—Miss O'Neil and Mdlle. Mars—The Waverley Novels—Case before the Master of the Rolls—Abbott made a Judge—Case of Webster against the 'St. James's Chronicle'—Lady Frances Webster—Squabble with Sir Vicary Gibbs—Lays down his Reports and sets up Riding Horses—Retires to Bognor for his Health—Publishes the last Number of his Reports.

Temple: January 16, 1815.

My dear Father,—I had the greatest pleasure in receiving your letter of the 6th at Gloucester. You appear to be going on as well as we could desire. Continue a determined *aquatic* and you may play at curling for many winters to come. I have often heard a saying of Dr. Baillie quoted, that 'no man ever suffered from giving up wine, which is as unnecessary and unnatural to a man as to a horse.' . . . Serjeant Lens is about sixty. Romilly, of the same age, has lately abjured wine, and so has Mr. Baron Adam, who is as old as yourself. By a person who has a relish for intellectual pleasures, I should think, the privation cannot be very severely felt. Paley (the son of the Archdeacon) and several young men of my acquaintance, who never taste any thing but water, tell me that they not only have better health than when they drank wine, beer, &c., but quite as much enjoyment of life.

I got back to town by the mail yesterday morning. I met with nothing like disaster in the course of my excursion, except when travelling between Gloucester and Monmouth. In going down I was obliged to walk the greater part of the way, from the road being frozen and the horses not rough-

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shod, and in coming back the coach was almost demolished, from the state of the road occasioned by the thaw, and I was forced to come on with the guard in a chaise and four. What I have chiefly to boast of this Epiphany, is keeping his Grace the Duke of Beaufort, our Lord Lieutenant, in a roar of laughter for an hour together. I assure you he thought it a very witty speech. I was afraid he would have gone into convulsions. He was in particular danger when I was describing a *bed of justice*, held by a farmer and his wife about turning away a maid-servant who had returned from the fair after the family had retired to rest and, in pursuance of a resolution formed by her master and mistress before they rose, was discharged in the morning without any opportunity of being heard in her defence. The poor girl had only been out with her sweetheart, and I quoted in her favour the lines of my countryman Burns, in his 'Cotter's Saturday Night,' that picture of rustic purity:—

> But hark! a rap comes gently to the door.
> *Jenny*, wha kens the meaning of the same,
> Tells how a neebor lad came o'er the moor
> To do some errands and convoy her hame.

I expected on my arrival in town to have heard that Chambre and Dampier had resigned, and Park and Abbott were appointed in their places. I find Dampier better, and Chambre having given up all thoughts of retiring. It is hard that ours is the only profession in which there is no promotion.

The American treaty is sure to be ratified.[1] The funds are kept down by the Congress at Vienna, and the enormous arrears to be paid off if tranquillity were finally established.

Temple: May 8, 1815.

My dear Father, . . . I am very apt to be dissatisfied and to think that I am going to the Devil. Yet when I examine my fee book I find the result always exceeds the corresponding period of the former year. I have not lately had any serious set-to with my Lord,[2] but we do not get on

[1] Peace with America had been concluded at Ghent December 24, 1814, the war having lasted nearly three years.—ED.

[2] Lord Ellenborough.

comfortably together. He has still particular pleasure in discharging my rule or in making one absolute against me. However, he shall treat me with respect, if not with favour. I chiefly regret his brutality on the ground that it makes me so nervous, and checks the fair display of my faculties. Now, as when I was first called to the bar, when it approaches me to move, my pulse goes at the rate of about 250 in a minute, and I hardly know whether I am on my head or my heels. But I am fierce enough when the combat is once begun. I never speak above two sentences without being interrupted. Then I stick up in proper style. Upon the whole, things have about as good a chance with me as in the hands of most others. Indeed, there is nothing very peculiar in Ellenborough's manner to me. He is almost equally boisterous to all.

In the midst of professional mortifications I am rather revived by the aspect of public affairs. We are all persuaded here that Bonaparte is going on very badly, and that he will make but a poor fight of it. The royalists hate him; the Jacobins distrust him, and all the rest of the nation stand indifferent. There is no saying what he may accomplish; but he certainly never had such difficulties to struggle with till the very close of the last campaign.

I have been to the Exhibition. The great attraction there is Wilkie's 'Distress for Rent.' It is out of sight the best picture in the whole collection. Nay, from what I have myself observed and heard, I believe he is a greater artist than any one of the Dutch or Flemish school. His execution is equal to that of Teniers or Ostade, and he has far more genius. They are mere copyists of gross nature; but he represents what never was actually seen, and yet may be conceived to exist. There is more mind in this single piece than in a whole gallery of Flemish boors smoking and skating. A very choice collection of that school is now exhibiting in Pall Mall. The Regent and all the great collectors have contributed to it, but it contains nothing as good as Wilkie.[3]

[3] Wilkie's 'Distraining for Rent' was bought by the Directors of the British Institution for 600 guineas. See *Life of Sir David Wilkie*, by Allan Cunningham.—ED.

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Temple: June 29, 1815.

My dear Brother, . . . What will you say when you hear of the battle of *Waterloo*, and its consequences! I can settle to nothing. We believe that Wellington will be in Paris to-day. Otto is just arrived. The Jacobins behave very absurdly. They cannot expect to be recognised for a moment as the Government of France. I intend to go to the Continent in the end of August or beginning of September. Before Bonaparte returned I had talked of going to Rome. Now I shall be satisfied with a tour of Dieppe, Paris, Waterloo and Ostend. But I should not be surprised were there still some bloody doings at Paris before the thing is settled.

July 5, 1815.

My dear Father, . . . A friend of mine returned two days ago from Waterloo, having run over to see the scene of the battle. He says there are very few marks of devastation to be discovered. The corn is trampled down along the line, which extended about a mile and a half, but in the next field to that in which thousands were slaughtered, the clover was growing most luxuriantly. The dead had all been buried in deep pits, the fresh earth over which was very distinguishable. But in all other respects the country had resumed its former appearance, and the operations of husbandry were going on as if nothing had happened. I hope to give you an account of the scene from my own observation before the long vacation is over.

Temple: August 14, 1815.

My dear Father, . . . If it please God that my health continues, I conceive that I may calculate with certainty upon being the leader of the Oxford circuit. Since I was called to the bar there is only one man who has succeeded more rapidly upon any other circuit. That is Gifford, who goes the Western, and will soon be at the top of it. He is a very clever man, and at present does business in considerably better style than I do. My general acquirements are superior, and I flatter myself my mental resources not inferior, but he addresses the court with a steadiness and

neatness which I can only hope to imitate. He owes his success, however, in a good measure to powerful local connections. He had that mixture of luck likewise which is always necessary to produce any brilliant result; for just as he was getting forward, Dampier was taken off, and he stepped into his shoes. Had he gone upon the circuit a mere stranger, and worked on without assistance from any quarter, and without the removal of any man in business, I know not that he would have been much higher than myself. I have far more business in London; but anyone would prefer his station and reputation in the profession to mine. Consider, however, that several hundreds have been called to the bar since we started, many of whom had more formidable advantages of various descriptions, and that I have been outstripped only by one. Ought I not to be satisfied both with myself and with my good fortune?

We finished at Gloucester on Saturday the 5th. I was nearly knocked up. One day we went into court at eight in the morning and adjourned at half-past two the next morning. I resolved to stay at Cheltenham a few days to recruit. I had a very agreeable companion, Maule, a senior wrangler (that is to say, a man who has gained the highest mathematical honours of the University of Cambridge).[4]

I have passed my time very pleasantly since I returned to the Temple. I have often told you how I like London in the long vacation. I now chiefly devote myself to novel reading, for which I thank heaven I have lost no whit of my former relish. Those puppies of attorneys do intrude upon me a little, and compel me to answer cases for them. This very morning I was forced to break off in the middle of a critical interview between two lovers, to tell the owner of a ship, which has been wrecked, whether he can forward the cargo to the port of destination by another vessel and so earn his freight. A paltry fee of two guineas is a poor compensation for such an interruption. I have not yet definitely laid down any plan for my continental tour. Tancred and I once talked of going to Rome; but that is quite at an end. Your old friend Erskine entered Paris with the Duke of

[4] Made a judge of the Common Pleas November 1839; died 1858.—ED

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Wellington. . . . My chief curiosity is to see the red coats and the tartans in the Champ de Mars.

Hôtel de la Paix, Rue Richelieu, Paris: September 3, 1815.

My dear Father, . . . I have again awoke this morning without finding my throat cut. In truth, Paris never was more tranquil, and I am as safe as if I were sleeping under your own roof. I left London as I intended this day week. Embarked in the packet next morning between ten and eleven. Landed at Dieppe about six the following morning. During the passage I had made acquaintance with a Spaniard who had recently come from Paris, and had left his carriage at Dieppe. He asked me to take a seat in it, which I very readily agreed to. Don Antonio speaks French extremely well, and I found him a most intelligent and agreeable companion. . . . He had been in Paris during the time of the Revolution, then in the service of King Joseph, then among the Liberals, and is now persecuted and obliged to leave his country by Ferdinand. He had likewise some law. Seeing from my passport that I was *avocat anglais*, he stated to me that a policy of insurance had been effected some years ago for his father, a merchant at Tortosa, and that though the ship was lost the underwriters would not pay. So I gave him my opinion upon it and told him what was to be done. He had no high opinion of English law, and was particularly shocked by the permission given to a husband as soon as he is tired of his wife to sell her in the market-place with a halter about her neck. It was in vain for me to say that this was no part of the law, and only a mystification. He replied that it was constantly done, and the instances mentioned in the journals, along with the births, marriages and judicial divorces. However, I was quite *accablé* with his incessant kindness and politeness. I got to Paris for a trifle, paying only half the expense of the post-horses, which altogether was not so much as a shilling a mile, the rate of posting in England being exactly double. We did not get on, however, quite so rapidly. . . . It was very near midnight before we reached St. Denis. They pressed us to stop, but

it was necessary to proceed. We were under some slight apprehension of being robbed, but we got safely on. We met several parties of cavalry scouring the road, but they took no notice of us. The greatest exertions are made to render safe the transport of provisions, &c., to Paris, and hitherto they have succeeded. On reaching the *barrière* I was again thrown into transports by finding it guarded by English troops. I have never been asked for or shown my passport since I entered France—very different from 1802!

. . . *Thursday.*—Dined at Véry's, went to the Théâtre Français, saw 'Iphigénie,' by Racine, in which Talma and Mdlle. George acted, and a sister of the latter made her *début*. Infinitely gratified. I hardly know which to prefer, the French or the English stage. I have no difficulty, however, in saying that altogether their pieces are much better represented. In England we never have above one or two good actors on the scene, and the details are very much neglected. Here all is perfection.

Friday morning.—Went to Ruel, about six miles from Paris, to deliver a letter of introduction to Sir John Elley, Adjutant-General of the Army. Saw at a distance a review of the Prussian troops as I passed along. Breakfasted with Elley and met with much civility from him. He was in every engagement in the Peninsula, and distinguished himself very much at Waterloo, where he received three wounds and had three horses killed under him. He showed me his Talavera, Salamanca and Vittoria medals and clasps, and his Russian, Austrian, Prussian and Portuguese orders of knighthood. He says Bonaparte did not fight the battle of Waterloo skilfully, for that if he had made a simultaneous attack with his infantry, cavalry and artillery, his superiority of force was so great that the English must have been overwhelmed before the Prussians came up. He carried me to Malmaison, which is close by, and where Lord Combermere was quartered. Everything remains as in the time of Napoleon and Joséphine: I saw the bed in which she died. I was particularly interested by a chair in which Bonaparte used to sit and cogitate, and on which he had made innumerable cuts with a penknife, a practice he was given to when en-

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gaged in deep thought. I sat in this chair and leant upon the table at which he used to dictate his despatches to his secretaries. While I was with Elley thirteen complaints came in from the mayor of Ruel against a corps of Brunswickers for depredations the preceding night. He ordered them out of cantonments, to be encamped. He has not received a single complaint against an English corps since he entered France. I walked with him in the garden of the house where he lives, and gathered a large quantity of peaches, nectarines and grapes, which were growing in the utmost profusion. As I feasted on them I pleased him by saying that these were '*the fruits of victory.*' In the evening I went to the opera, where by way of ballet they gave the 'Prodigal Son.' The history was strictly adhered to, except that the swine were not introduced. I thought of your sermon on the *husks*. Nothing could be more beautiful than the *pas de trois* between him and two of the ladies he entertained during his riotous living!

Paris: September 11, 1815.

My dear Father, . . . I do not intend to remain here above a week longer. I have been very active, and have seen everything in Paris and the environs. This morning I am in a particular hurry, as I am going to have consultation with Webster respecting the libels upon him and the Duke of Wellington. I met my old pupil one morning in the Louvre, and immediately went up and spoke to him. We were very cordial, and he talked to me in the most confidential manner of his mother, his wife, and all his affairs. I cannot mention to you more than that I am certain the story is false and calumnious. But the Duke certainly paid, and is disposed to pay, her the most particular attentions. The object at present is to discover the authors of the libel and to bring them to punishment. I was introduced to Lord and Lady Mountnorris, and one evening I supped with them. They all live together in a splendid mansion in the Place Vendôme.

It is quite impossible for me to enter into any description of what I have seen or felt. The most recent impres-

sion is that of Versailles and St. Cloud, which I visited yesterday. It was the fête of St. Cloud, and all Paris was in the park. I never saw a scene of such gaiety. Surrounded by English sentinels and with English troops exercising in sight of them, several thousands were dancing cotillons and waltzes. . . . I should have liked much to wait here till the 25th, when the Legislative Body meets, but I begin to get tired, and I wish to be answering cases in the Temple. One my clerk sent me over here, and I dated my opinion from the Rue de Richelieu. Ney's trial is expected to come on in a day or two, and I have hopes of getting admission. On Saturday I heard a man tried at the Palais de Justice for forgery. The *avocats* spoke extremely well, and the trial was very fairly conducted. But in the same time we should have tried a dozen at the Old Bailey. Yours ever most affectionately,

J. C.

P.S. After returning to Paris last night I was walking in the Champs Elysées, and was amused with an attempt at humour by a Scotch soldier. He made a woman selling fruit understand that he wished to buy a peach. 'Quatre sous, monsieur!' 'We hinna mony peaches in Scotland,' said he; 'but we can get ane cheaper than paying a *cat* and a *soo* for 't.'

Hotel de la Paix, Rue de Richelieu, Paris:
September 16, 1815.

My dear Brother,—You little thought that your letters written in the end of 1814 and beginning of 1815 would be delivered to me in the capital of France. I certainly never had more pleasure from your correspondence than amidst the blandishments of Paris. I said to myself that your presence was alone wanting to make me perfectly happy, and I now seem to have you by my side. All that I propose to do at present is to give you a *valeo* from Paris, which I will enclose to my clerk, and direct him to forward. When I get back to the Temple I will give you some account of my adventures. I am in perfect good health, and exquisitely enjoying every moment as it passes by. The only inconvenience I suffer from is the heat, which is dreadful. I

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never before knew what heat was. At night I cannot even bear my shirt as I lie on the top of my bed, and there I broil like St. Lawrence on the gridiron. For miles round you perceive no symptoms of verdure or vegetation—a wide waste of sand. Whence come the milk and the vegetables with which we are so plentifully supplied, I do not understand.

Most of the lawyers arrive in pairs. I am here by myself—a plan I strongly recommend to all travellers. Let two men be very well informed and very well tempered, they get tired and dissatisfied with each other. My actions are quite unconstrained, and I join any party of my *connaissances* according to my fantasy.

If you ask what gives me most delight, I will enumerate several things that have pleased me much, without meaning to class them according to any supposed preference—1. To see Paris in the hands of the English and Prussians. The red coats and the blue divide it between them, the former on the north side of the river, the latter on the south. Louis is left nothing but the Tuileries. The national guard acts to preserve the peace, but the barriers and all the military posts are occupied by the allies. There are several Scotch regiments encamped in the Champs Elysées, and I find it peculiarly interesting to hear my native tongue spoken under such circumstances. 2. I have a vulgar pleasure in seeing and being so near emperors and kings. I have several times been in the midst of the Emperor of Russia, the Emperor of Austria, the King of Prussia, and archdukes, dukes, and great generals without number. This is a pleasure chiefly arising from the obscure corner where I was born and reared, which, upon the whole, I believe I have no reason to regret. I shall never forget the wonder with which I at first contemplated the magnificence of Dundee. But to return to Paris. 3. The vast assemblage of strangers from all parts of the world. If I dine at Véry's I am surrounded by men of every nation and tribe, from the Wall of China to Gibraltar. Their different features, dress, language and manners make a *mélange* of which no description could convey an idea. 4. The gallery of the Louvre. This, as

yet, remains almost entire. The Prussians have carried away a few pictures, but nothing of much value. Such a collection never existed since the world began, and probably never will exist again. There is no doubt that all the statues and paintings are to be restored to their former owners, and we daily expect to see the dispersion begin. 5. The drama. You judge rightly that Corneille's tragedies are very fine in the mouths of the great French performers. It is with their comedy, however, that I am chiefly delighted. There is here a comic actress, Mdlle. Mars, who greatly exceeds anything I ever before saw upon the stage. She is beautiful, elegant, sprightly, arch, everything in the highest possible perfection. But the performers are all excellent. Each part is as well supported as it can or ought to be for the general effect of the piece. But I must hasten to conclude my catalogue by mentioning, lastly, an undefined sense of danger, mixed with a conviction of security. The French look very ferocious, and we are told of meetings nightly in the Faubourg St. Marcel for planning a general massacre of the English. Yet we know they can attempt nothing, as there are 150,000 allied troops within four hours' march of Paris. One seems to be in the midst of transactions to be mentioned in history. This is a new sensation, and therefore delightful. I cannot, however, elucidate my meaning upon this head, and 'must, therefore, reserve it as the subject of a future discourse.' *Le bon Dieu vous bénisse.*

Paris: September 20, 1815.

My dear Father, . . . Perhaps you will not be less surprised to hear that I am become a notorious gamester. M. le Marquis de Livry, the chief of one of the most ancient families in France, is now at the head of the most famous gaming house in Paris. To attract company he gives the most exquisite entertainments. You are introduced to him and leave your card. Soon after, you have an invitation to dinner, where you meet men of the first reputation, and dashing belles of the worst. You are expected to play and lose at least enough to pay for your dinner. I had an invitation a few days ago, which I very readily accepted. The *coup d'œil*

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at table was brilliant—quite a blaze of stars—and the ladies, you may suppose, extremely beautiful. We soon adjourned to the gaming-rooms. I had resolved to lose two napoleons and no more, and I had therefore furnished myself with eight five-franc pieces—two of which I staked at a time. I first tried 'rouge et noir'—but found my money increasing. I then made an attempt at 'par et impar,' with the same success. At last I thought that 'hazard' would do my business—but it was all in vain, I never could get rid of my money and, after playing for several hours until the table broke up, I found myself a winner of three napoleons. Others, I suppose, won or lost as many hundreds, for they staked their five or ten napoleons every throw. Notwithstanding this bait thrown out for me by Monsieur le Diable, I have not been at the Marquis's since. It is a most wonderful establishment; the hôtel one of the first in Paris, with beautiful gardens. I think there cannot be less than thirty or forty servants always in attendance, and ready, like the genii of the lamp, to bring you whatever luxuries you can demand. Heaven knows how after all this I shall sit down to draw declarations!

. . . I continue to think that things will go on quietly. The manifestations at the theatres are most loyal. 'Henri IV.' is frequently called for and encored. Last night I was at the Vaudeville, where a piece was represented to celebrate the return of the King to Paris. A Highland officer is introduced, who in broken French gives an account of the battle of Waterloo, and the manner in which Bonaparte fled, calling 'sauve qui peut.' He was most rapturously applauded. On inquiry I find there was nothing corresponding to this during the hundred days of Bonaparte's government. Everyone speaks well of the English. They abhor the Prussians and despise the Austrians. Please to write me a few lines which I may find on my return to the Temple. God bless you all.

Temple: October 2, 1815.

My dear George, . . . I have a letter from our father today which amuses me a good deal, being filled with dehortations from vice, and exhortations to industry. He seems

to think that while I was at Paris 'I went off at the nail,' and that I never should return to the sober habits of the law. Alas! he forgets that I become a bald-headed old man and that, according to the course of nature, I ought to have had a son to whom I might have addressed such admonitions with propriety. I have now concluded my thirty-sixth year! *July* is gone! I more and more hope that we shall spend a pleasant autumn together. If you were to ask me what you should do chiefly to adapt yourself to London society, I should say, read, ponder and get by heart Shakespeare's plays. Your acquaintance with Scott and Byron is good; but they may drop out of fashion. Shakespeare remains the same for ever in public estimation, and in the course of conversation there are perpetual allusions to him. It is likewise of much importance to be quite familiar with the popular works of Smollett, Fielding and Sterne. Those, with the fashionable publications of the day, will enable you to dine out with distinction. In short, my dear George,

> Be to my faults a little blind,
> Be to my virtues very kind,

and we shall go on very happily together. Your 700*l.* a year is likely to be more valuable than could have been hoped for a little while ago. The price of corn continues to fall, and other things begin to keep pace with it. Posting is now very general at 1*s.* a mile. I surely could not be so absurd as to imagine that a reformation of *our* currency could improve *your* exchange. If I said so, you might have supposed it to be a slip of the pen. If things remain quiet, I suppose we shall by and by get back to the old state of things, and have guineas in circulation at 21*s.*

There appears to be no chance or possibility of any change in my mode of life in the season about to open. Were I married, and even happily, I should probably feel more *ennui* and more vexation than I do at present. But I confess I have a sense of great desolation when I look round and perceive how isolated I am. The rapid progress of the time within which the foundation for domestic ties must be laid likewise fills me with dismay. But I dismiss such

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reflections; and when the morrow of All Souls arrives I shall have no time for them till the next long vacation.

Temple: October 7, 1815.

My dear Father,—I have at last the pleasure to forward George's letter of February 9. London is dreadfully desolate, and I can hardly drag on existence. I wish I could go and amuse myself at the Marquis's. I had another invitation to dine with him the day I left Paris. I should have stayed a week longer, had I not perceived that you were so much alarmed for my morals. My only amusement now is dining *en pension* with a French *abbé*. I pay less than I should at a coffee-house. I hope to have some more good advice from you very soon. I have got by heart your last discourse on the dangers of pleasure and the benefits of industry.

I remain,
Dear Papa,
Your dutiful Son,
JOHN CAMPBELL.

Temple: December 1, 1815.

My dear George, . . . McCulloch lately advised me, with a view to your interest, to become an occasional speaker at the India House. He says that in this way I may be able to serve you more effectually than by the best intermediary applications. Accordingly I have bought 1000*l.* India Stock, by which I am qualified both to vote and speak. I know not when I shall begin my oratorical career. Since the granting of the new charter there has been hardly any debating. Were anything interesting to occur, it may very likely happen that I may not be able to attend. But the first favourable opportunity I shall try my luck.

I believe you to be quite sincere in what you say about buying a seat in Parliament for me; but at present the experiment is not advisable. There is no balance of parties, and speaking and voting both go for very little. The only way in which a man could advance himself in the House of Commons would be by becoming a devoted tool of Carlton.

House. Being a mere ministerialist is nothing; but a friend of the Prince is sure to be promoted. This line of politics, however, is not only exceedingly degrading, but is pretty well preoccupied. As to a man getting on by speaking on the popular side, it is now quite out of the question. From a great combination of causes, the power of the Crown is at present transcendent, and is long likely to continue so. But though I have little wish to be in Parliament just at present, I by no means renounce the thought. On the contrary, if I do not marry (which becomes most highly improbable), I calculate with certainty on some day or another being a member of the Honourable House. The time would be when I may aspire to a silk gown—and by then I shall be able easily to afford the expense, without the generous sacrifice which you propose. . . .

The branch of my business which most increases is case answering. I have a great character in the City as a mercantile lawyer. Accordingly I am consulted by a number of the first City attorneys. This necessarily leads to business in court. If a suit follows the opinion, the man on whose advice it was commenced is naturally employed. You need not be afraid of my becoming a mere chamber counsel. This is a character now exploded, and the business of a stuff-gown in chambers and in court always bears a pretty similar proportion.

We flourish mightily at the Verulam. Lord Erskine is now a candidate. Seriously, this club adds very much to the *agréments* of my existence. I hope to see you a member. I shall put you down by and by as a candidate, that you may be admitted on your return. Say if you shall have any objection. You will find it an excellent introduction to society in London. I suppose you are too misanthropical now to play at cards. We have one room devoted to that purpose, and another to chess. I never play myself, but I honour those who do. We have three modes of dining. There is a dinner at five o'clock at 6*s.* a head exclusive of wine, and another at six o'clock at 10*s.*, and individuals may dine singly at different prices at any hour. The five o'clock dinner is soon over, but the six o'clock party do not break up till near

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ten or eleven. I can only assist at this very rarely. But the chief use of the place I find is for a lounge after business.

I still continue a theatrical amateur, and to-morrow night I am going to see Miss O'Neil in 'Monimia.' After witnessing the performances of Mdme. George and Mdme. Duchesnoy I admire her more than ever. She is almost equal in tragedy to Mdlle. Mars in comedy. I suppose I raved about this last actress in my Paris letters. I hope you and I may see her together at the Théâtre Français. You shall say you never knew what comic acting was before. You seem to be reading a great deal of French as well as Latin. You quote Corneille and Tacitus in the same letter. I wish you would give me some account of the course of your studies. I did not imagine there was a copy of the Life of Agricola in all India. I think you have never made any attempt upon the native languages, nor do I know that it would have been at all worth your while. I agree with our father that you should have undertaken some literary enterprise.

'Waverley' and 'Guy Mannering' of course you have read and greatly admired. All those who have good means of information believe they are written by Walter Scott, although he strennously disclaims them. A third by the same author is advertised. Walter's 'Waterloo' is considered a failure. The saying goes that 'he has fallen in battle,' and the following epigram has been written upon him by Erskine:—

> On Waterloo's ensanguined plain
> Lie thousands of the mighty slain;
> But none by sabre, or by shot,
> Fell half so flat as Walter Scott!

Temple: Sunday evening, December 10, 1815.

My dear Father, ... No news! I continue 'drawing declarations and opening pleadings.' One evening last week, to be sure, I was before his Honour the Master of the Rolls,[5] upon a case of great importance from our circuit respecting a will. We were four on each side, Sir Samuel Romilly being of the number. His Honour listened to me with great attention, and treated me with great civility. The contrast between

[5] Sir William Grant.

his manner of doing business and that of our four ruffians in the King's Bench is very striking. He never interrupts any man, and when the counsel have all finished he gives judgment so as to satisfy even those against whom he decides. I am sure I may assert with perfect truth that in our court I have not, since I was called to the bar, spoken four consecutive sentences without being stopped by some of the judges with a question, or an objection, or a 'pooh pooh!' And they behave in the same manner to all the other men at the bar. Instead of saving, they waste time in this manner, and they render themselves universally odious.

We have commenced an action in the name of Webster against the 'St. James's Chronicle,' for saying there had been an intrigue between Lady Frances and the Duke of Wellington. The cause will not come on for trial till the middle of February.

I had to-day *a severe rebuke* for skating on the Serpentine. About a minute and a half after I had crossed it with some apprehension, a piece of ice fell in, and above a dozen persons were immersed in the water. A rope was instantly thrown to them (indeed, was previously lying across the place), or they must all have been drowned. They were got out alive, except one man, and hopes were entertained of his restoration. It would have been a very pretty termination to my career, had I been drowned *skating on a Sunday!* But you know this amusement is permitted on Sundays in London with the most 'decent' people, and you must allow that no one keeps the Sabbath more strictly than I do, when in Scotland.

Temple: December 17, 1815.*

My dear George,—Although I am at present much occupied, I must give utterance to my joy at your appointment to Calcutta. This I consider the happiest event that has occurred to the family in my time. Although we have great reason to bless God for continued prosperity, we have not met with many striking instances of good fortune. I, of course, enjoy this all the more as I had given up all hopes of it, and had severely felt the disappointment. My reluctance to your continuing in India is now considerably

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diminished. We are not much farther from each other in point of intercourse than if you had been permanently settled as a physician at Perth or Edinburgh. My great joy is that you will now enjoy life. The society of Calcutta, I conceive, is better than that of any provincial town of Great Britain, and you have it entirely at your command. Plenty of leisure, independent station, health, the exhilaration arising from the accomplishment of your plans, the consciousness of having made us all so happy, the prospect of joining us when you find it convenient! The news to me is without alloy—for everything goes on prosperously with the family. Our father (blessed be God) is in vigorous health, and, from his altered mode of life, is likely long to continue so. My mind is relieved from a weight, knowing that you had heard of his illness. I was really afraid of the effect it might have upon you, and I had misgivings as to the propriety of my communications. . . .

If I remain obscure I have no reason to complain of my profits. In the last week I made above 100 guineas! But for this I have worked in a way of which, I fancy, you have not much notion in the East. At Guildhall by nine o'clock—remain in court till near four—come home—eat a mutton chop and a potato sent to my chambers—no wine nor small beer—begin immediately to read my briefs—go out to consultations—sit up till one to answer cases or write out my Reports. But I generally contrive to spend half an hour at the Verulam. My health never better. I used to suffer considerably from dyspepsia, and had an inclination to jaundice—but all symptoms of this are now gone. I breakfast every morning on *café au lait*, which I think agrees better with me than tea, and which I beg leave to recommend to you.

Temple: February 5, 1816.

My dear Father, . . . At last I have the pleasure to inform you that Abbott is virtually appointed.[6] The rumours have been various. Sometimes it was Abbott, sometimes Holroyd, sometimes Best, sometimes Burrough,

[6] As Judge in the Court of King's Bench; afterwards Chief Justice of England, and Lord Tenterden.—ED.

sometimes Lens, sometimes Pigott. For three days it was most confidently reported that Best was fixed upon, and his own family believed so. On Saturday, however, Abbott returned his briefs and shut up his chambers. In point of fact, his fiat came to the Secretary of State's office on Wednesday. I did not certainly know the event at post time on Saturday, or I should have informed you of it. I have never before met with anything so fortunate. How it will turn out no one can tell; but I have now before me as favourable an opening upon the circuit as the heart of man could desire. The general opinion is that I shall fill it up. I meet with congratulations wherever I go. I feel my importance in Westminster Hall increased to a degree that you cannot easily imagine. The common saying is, 'What a lucky fellow that Campbell is!' My own expectations at first are moderate. You are to understand that, besides thirty or forty men upon the circuit who all expect to have the principal share of Abbott's business, there are two, Taunton and Peake, who ought in the common course of things to come in before me, as they are of much greater standing, and are more known upon the circuit. I am sure, however, to have enough both to try and improve me, and it is not the fault of fortune if I do not get forward. Jervis and Dauncey are the only two silk gowns on the circuit. If you could get one made a Baron of the Exchequer and the other sent out as a judge to India, I might then have a chance for the lead. In town, likewise, the ground is about to be very much cleared. It is expected that Marryat, Scarlett and five or six others will have silk gowns almost immediately.

I forgot to mention that another judge, Dampier, died on Saturday night. He is to be succeeded by Holroyd, a special pleader from the Northern circuit.[7]

Temple: February 5, 1816.

My dear George, . . . Abbott is at length made a judge, and the Oxford is as open to me as heart of man could desire. . . . On the strength of it I have sported the seal

[7] George S. Holroyd: made a Judge of the King's Bench, February 1816; died 1831.—ED.

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which I have been so long building, and the exact counterpart of which I have built for you. These are the true heraldic bearings of our house: Gyronny of eight, or and sable, within a bordure engrailed, or and azure, counterchanged. The boar's head proper you have been long acquainted with. The arms you will see in any book of heraldry. I have selected a new motto, and I hope you as head of the house will approve of it. Lord Breadalbane's motto is 'Follow me,' and all the junior branches have something which may be understood by way of answer. The Campbells of Baltullo say 'Audacter et apertè.' The words are from Cicero, and I believe have not been so applied before, although some noble family has 'Audacter et sincerè.' I am afraid you will think my head turned altogether. I confess I am greatly delighted. I have never before met with such a piece of personal good fortune. I could not be more favourably circumstanced upon the circuit. Were the opening greater, it would be dangerous by calling up competitors. . . . In the spring I still mean to start my two horses and groom (with the boar's head proper on his buttons). By the bye, I do not think I have written to you since I was at the sessions, where I danced all night at a ball, to the admiration of the county of Gloucester. I rather think I shall become a most egregious coxcomb; indeed, with my Paris coat and new seal I have already become so. Pray send me some good advice. I was much benefited by your moral lecture, and I would try to return you the compliment, if I did not know it was unnecessary by your declared incompetency for 'the pleasures of youth.' Forgive all this trifling. You shall hear from me fully in about ten days. God bless you.

Temple: February 16, 1816.

My dear George, . . . I have not had a tussle with Lord Ellenborough these three months. My manner is less offensive to him, and he is disposed to treat me with more consideration. The business I now have necessarily gives me some importance with the court. I have not been recently engaged in any cause of public interest except that tried on

Friday, of which you will find an account in the newspapers, Webster and Lady Frances against the 'St. James's Chronicle.' Two thousand pounds damages! I was exceedingly anxious indeed. The whole responsibility rested on my shoulders. I had little to do in public. I will just give you a specimen of the way in which juniors at the bar are kept down. It was my business to open the pleadings, as we call it, and I ought naturally to have stated all the libels to the jury. When I was getting up to do so, Best said: 'Don't you say more than that it is an action for a libel.' Well, then Vaughan ought to have examined the first witness as to the publication, which would have left the Duke of Richmond to me, in examining whom respecting the Duke of Wellington and Lady Frances some *éclat* was to be expected. As Best was concluding his speech, Vaughan said: 'Campbell, do you take the first witness to prove the publication, and I will go on with the Duke of Richmond.' In both instances I was compelled to comply. There is an invariable and systematic conspiracy among the leaders to depress a junior, and to cut him off from all opportunity of gaining distinction.

Webster and his wife have been a week in London, and I have seen a good deal of them. She is the most fascinating creature that ever lived, and I believe in my conscience most perfectly virtuous. I really am quite in love with her. She may well be the conqueror of the conqueror of the world. Although she has certainly met with more flattering attention during the last twelve months than any woman in Europe, her manners remain a perfect model of simplicity as well as of elegance. It is whimsical enough that she is going to reside in the parish of Cupar. There is a house called Cairnie Lodge, at present inhabited by a brother-in-law of Webster's. There they are going on a visit, and they leave London for that destination this morning. James, at his own request, carries down a letter of introduction to our father. I wish to Heaven she would remain in Fife till the autumn. Having been the idol of Brussels and Paris during the last twelve months, she is personally acquainted with almost all the distinguished characters in Europe. Then as to the battle of Waterloo she may be said to have been present at

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it. I rather think she was not forgotten in the Duke's visit to Brussels the next day. And at any rate she had intelligence from the field every hour. What she has seen she tells with as much *naïveté* as a country girl. I was five hours in conversation with her on Friday evening, and it seemed but a moment. James insisted on giving me as an acknowledgment ten small bronze busts of the Greek and Latin poets which he had brought with him from Paris, and which now ornament my mantel-piece. . . .

I have no news for you of any kind. My friend Brougham you will see is making a prodigious splash in the House of Commons, but he is doing nothing at the bar. He may almost be considered to have left the law, or the law to have left him. I really do not think I have heard his voice in the Court of King's Bench these three terms. But he may be considered the leader of Opposition, which is rather a more splendid situation than that of a 'rising junior.'

Temple: March 9, 1816.

My dear Father, . . . I have taken to quarrelling with Gibbs[8] lately, instead of Lord Ellenborough. Here I have a great advantage in not being at all afraid of my antagonist, and possessing my faculties entire during the contest. Having known him familiarly at the bar, I feel no mysterious awe in beholding him; and, notwithstanding his profound knowledge of law, great quickness of perception, and singular turn for sneer and sarcasm, he has not much copiousness of diction or energy of manner. He cannot deal the knock-me-down blows of old Brough, and if you watch your opportunity you may give him a podger. I am seldom in a cause of any consequence before him without getting into some squabble with him. Last Saturday it came to a sort of crisis. He overruled a point I had made, very contemptuously and without allowing me a fair opportunity to be heard. I expressed some resentment. He found fault with my irregularity. I maintained that I was right. When the cause was over he privately took me to task. I told him he was wrong, and that upon reflection he would think so. Next

[8] Sir Vicary Gibbs, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

morning I received a note from him desiring to see me. I called upon him. He said he doubted of his decision, and wished the matter to be moved next term. He was exceedingly civil. We talked it over at some length and became very good friends. I complimented him upon the excellent order he preserves in his court, and he expressed deep regret at being sometimes obliged to stop me for the sake of regularity, as he always hears me with such satisfaction! I hope to go on more smoothly with him in future. I have not had the slightest bickering with my Lord Ellenborough these three months. But he is an altered man. His health has been visibly declining and his manner is very much mollified. He seems desperately frightened lest he should be brought by habeas corpus before the Devil, to be punished for all his outrages.

Temple: June 4, 1816.

My dear Brother, . . . I before mentioned to you that I had hired a groom. Now I have one horse, for which I paid sixty guineas—a very fine animal, I can assure you. When I can pick up another such, my establishment will be complete. I think my *genius* never displayed itself more than in this proceeding. I take more credit to myself for setting up my groom and horses than for writing my book, or fagging in Tidd's office. Of such efforts a common man is capable—but he is not a common man who thus adapts himself to varying circumstances, and who seeks the same object by opposite means! Laying down my Reports and setting up my horses, I announce that my fortune *is* made, and there will be a greater disposition to employ me. I must, of course, display the same assiduity and devotedness for which I have been hitherto remarked. I have ridden daily for the last fortnight and, among other advantages, have found an accession of health. I had become rather *dyspeptical* and was threatened with a return of my yellow complexion, but my digestive organs are now well braced, and the *roses* begin to blow in my cheeks.

Temple: July 3, 1816.

My dear Brother, . . . I dined lately with Alexander.[9] I

[9] Afterwards Chief Baron of the Exchequer.

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there met a niece of his, a very sweet and interesting girl, whom I should like very well for a wife. I went with her a few days after to a picture gallery, and afterwards called upon her. I have not seen her since, nor shall I probably see her again these three months. I cannot run after her or any woman. The thing is impossible. I would willingly sacrifice any given quantity of business; but if I were to attempt this, the concern would at once break up and go to ruin. I am kept at the oar from morning till night. As far as money is an object I ought to be fully satisfied. Without having cast up my fee book, I should really think I am making very little less than 3,000*l.* a year. . . .

4 Dorset Gardens, Bognor, Sussex:
August 30, 1816.

My dear Father, . . . I have followed your advice by taking up my quarters by the sea-side. Here I am with my books and papers, and I can do my long vacation work almost as well as if I were in the Temple. The place is extremely quiet and secluded, and for that reason I have preferred it. . . . We are here without any public amusements, and in all respects very dull. The principal visitor is our cousin the Duke. I have not yet made his acquaintance. Alas! that the great MacCallum More should dwindle into a watering place lounger!

I amuse myself with riding out on horseback, getting my Reports through the press, and reading novels. Upon the whole I like the solitude in which I have placed myself, but sometimes it is a little too much for me. A letter from you will be a great treat. I do not yet know whether you perceived the earthquake, and what effect it had upon you and the good people of Cupar. The weather here is now delightful, and I believe there is a prospect of an abundant harvest. My love to my dear sisters.

Ever most affec^ly^ yours,
J. CAMPBELL.

Bognor: September 15, 1816.

My dear Brother, . . . I have formed an acquaintance here with the great Dr. Baillie, who is at present in this

place, when he is not in attendance on the King at Windsor. He says that for ten years he worked at his profession seventeen hours a day, from six in the morning till eleven at night, with the exception of very short intervals for breakfast and dinner. When not visiting patients he was writing letters—a most burdensome part of his employment. He seems now almost quite knocked up. Although not much turned of fifty, he appears ten years older. He now chiefly confines himself to consultations, and when in the country he will only see persons particularly introduced to him. He tells me (what I was not aware of) that he is a minister's son, like myself. His father was minister of Hamilton. He was brought to this country, sent to Oxford, and introduced into life by the Hunters, who were his uncles. He has made, as you may suppose, an immense fortune, having gone through more business than any man ever did before in the same time. He envies us lawyers for the splendid and the snug situations which our profession holds out to men who succeed in it. He must go on writing his prescriptions and taking his guineas to the end of the chapter.

I live here very quietly and very stupidly. The length of my stay is uncertain. I have no professional engagement till the 15th of October, when I ought to be at Usk in Monmouthshire.

Bognor: September 23, 1816.

My dear Father, . . . I don't know if you are aware that special pleaders at the bar are in the habit of taking pupils. I have the offer of one to come to me at Christmas. As he will assist me in drawing declarations, and will put a hundred guineas in my pocket without giving me any trouble, I suppose I ought not to refuse him.

Judge Abbott is the only old acquaintance I have found at this place. I see him often and sometimes dine with him. Have you found out Bognor on the map? I am going to ride to day to Selsey Bill, a promontory you will observe a little way south-east from Chichester. This is perhaps the finest climate in England, having the mildness of the western and the dryness of the eastern coast. We have a profusion of

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fine timber trees growing down to the water's edge. Were it not for the laziness of the people, the harvest might have been all over, but they go on as they usually do when the reaping begins early in August, and there is no danger of bad weather. You seldom see above two or three reapers at work together in the same field, and these the ordinary servants of the farmer. The corn will not be all *housed* for a fortnight or three weeks. To do them justice, however, they begin to make *stacks* in the farm-yard, and some of them who have visited the North countree have even reached the refinement of *statles*. But I do not believe there are three threshing machines in Sussex, and the process of winnowing is generally performed by the stream of air between the two barn doors. We had ten days of dry and sultry weather. At present it is again rather unsettled.

Tell Jess I have here reperused the whole of 'Sir Charles Grandison' and of 'Clarissa Harlowe.' I was rather tired of that vain conceited wretch Miss Byron, but I was in tears when I bid adieu to Clarissa. My love to all around you.

Bognor: September 27, 1816.

My dear Brother, . . . This is the stupidest place on the face of the earth, and affords no topic whatever for correspondence. How differently was I circumstanced in the autumn of the last year. . . . You may think it very odd that I have spent the long vacation here instead of going to Scotland or visiting the Continent. That I may not appear to you to have acted absurdly, I deem it right to tell you the true reason, which possibly you might hear from some other quarter. You are to understand then that I am now in perfect health, and I trust likely to continue so, but I have been unwell. I ought likewise to premise my statement of my case, which might otherwise a little alarm you, by saying that there is good reason for thinking my complaint (spitting of blood) proceeded entirely from indigestion and its effect upon the mucous membrane, so that I never was in reality seriously ill, although I had some cause for apprehension till the nature of the disease was ascertained. . . .

Dr. Wells about a fortnight ago was down here for two

days. Dr. Baillie proposed a consultation, to which I readily acceded. As I was going to his house I met the two learned doctors on the beach, and I was rather surprised than amused with Baillie's seeming levity. 'Here,' said he, 'is Wells come down. Let us step in, and we shall have a *grand consultation.*' Never having been present at *this* species of consultation before, I was unacquainted with its forms. After we had talked some time, I was ordered to withdraw into an adjoining room. While they were considering of their verdict, I confess I felt some *flustration.* However, when I was called to hear the sentence I was considerably relieved. I ought to mention that upon this occasion they would take no fees. They said that morning 'they were gentlemen.' The regular consultation fee is three guineas. . . .

I have not hinted at my illness in any letters to Scotland, and I trust they will not hear of it. Our father is perfectly satisfied with the apology I have made for not visiting him—the finishing of my Reports. I had fully intended to go down to Scotland this autumn, but Wells told me I must by no means think of undertaking such a journey. You will imagine I must have suffered some uneasiness, but I thank God I supported myself with considerable fortitude. I certainly did several times apprehend myself to be in a very dangerous state. The disappointment of all my ambitious projects cost me much less than I should have expected. I was chiefly distressed in anticipating how the news would be received by you, and, still more I think, the shock to be sustained by our poor father. When at the worst I received a letter from him describing his unexampled happiness in his children. A very unpleasant thing, although in a different way, was going into court to be gazed at by my brother circuiteers. I never mentioned to any of them what was the matter with me, but from my looks they were exceedingly *sanguine.* I did not know before I was of such consequence. There was such a curiosity to know how I went on, and the intelligence that Campbell was so ill as not to be able to come into court, circulated like an Extraordinary Gazette. Indeed, when I left Gloucester, my own opinion very much

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concurred with theirs, that I should never join the circuit again. Once more, however, *I look to the Woolsack*![1]

Temple: October 9, 1816.

My dear George, . . . Last night I returned from Bognor. . . . I continue quite well—no return whatever of my complaint. The last fortnight I was at Bognor I bathed in the sea every morning without inconvenience. This seems to show there could be no harm in the chest. Baron writes me, 'I had a few days ago a letter from Baillie. His opinion in your case in the main agrees with that which I had expressed. He thinks your lungs untouched.' Baillie at first was unnecessarily alarmed by two circumstances: first, an apparent quickness of pulse. All my life I have been easily excited, and in going before him, as on rising to speak in K. B., my heart flutters. I told him my pulse had been quiet enough a quarter of an hour before, but he seemed not to believe me, and said, 'At any rate that shows a great irritability.' The second circumstance was that he thought my voice affected. Now I am certain this proceeded merely from huskiness. . . . Baillie particularly recommends exercise on horseback, which I mean to take very diligently. Indeed, I never devoted myself to anything more completely than the acquisition of health during the six weeks I was at Bognor. There are not many men in our profession who could lead such a life. I was in the open air by myself about five hours a day, and all the rest of my time I was in my solitary lodgings over a book. This was somewhat like your life at Agra. Had it not been for 'Sir Charles Grandison' and 'Clarissa Harlowe,' I know not what would have become of me. I sometimes felt a little *eery*, you will suppose, but upon the whole I know not whether I would not spend the time over again, notwithstanding my moments of despondency, were the offer made me. . . .

In chambers I remain till I am married, giving no dinners, unless on your return we should take a house together. The only 'hospitality' I used to exercise was

[1] On the back of this letter is written in his hand, 'I got well again in a few weeks, and have been well ever since. January 7, 1852.'

giving an annual dinner to the members of the Beeswing Club, which I fear this long vacation will be lost. Some men living in chambers give dinners, but the trouble to me would be very great. I have laid in a fine stock of Madeira wine for you. I have a pipe now in Jamaica and two half-pipes at home. Horner, I think, is the only bachelor lawyer who has a house. Brougham may be considered as having now cut the law altogether. He has given up the circuit, never comes into the Court of King's Bench, and has quitted the Temple. . . .

Temple: November 13, 1816.

My dear Father, . . . The last part of my Reports is published. I continue well pleased with my resolution to relinquish the undertaking. I have given an account, as I intended, of the opinions of the judges in the Berkeley Peerage case. This, as you observed, has no connection with Nisi Prius, but it was a case of the greatest importance which had never been published, and of which I had the means of giving an excellent report. It has been very well received, and will continue to be quoted as long as the English law lasts.

Poor Horner, on account of a pulmonic complaint, has been obliged to give up the profession, and retire for the winter to Italy.

CHAPTER XII.

JANUARY 1817—NOVEMBER 1819.

Dinner Party at the Verulam—His Pupils—Death of Horner—Gifford made Solicitor-General—Arbitration Case in Glamorganshire—Thinks of getting into Parliament—Return of his Brother from India—They go the Circuit together—Visit to Cupar, and Tour in the Highlands with his Father and Brother—Death of Sir Samuel Romilly—Business on the Spring Circuit, 1819—Gives up attending Quarter Sessions—Lanarkshire Election Committee—Portrait of Dr. Campbell by Raeburn—Applies for a Silk Gown—George Campbell buys Edenwood, near Cupar, Fife—They travel abroad together—French Courts of Justice.

Temple: January 3, 1817.

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My dear Father, . . . We have lately had a prospect of an opening upon the circuit which I most sincerely deprecate. Poor Jervis, our leader, has been extremely ill; but he is now much better, and I trust will be preserved to his family, who are entirely dependent upon him. I continue quite well myself. If you are not satisfied with my authority upon this subject, you shall have Mr. Justice Abbott's. He lately gave a grand dinner to some men of the Oxford [illegible]. When I entered he said, 'Well, Campbell how are you? But I need not ask; we have heard your voice pretty often last term, and it has sounded like that of a man in vigorous health.' He particularly alluded to the occasion when I put down my Lord, making all Westminster Hall re-echo to my tones of indignation. But my usual practice now is to speak very loud and distinctly. I stick to one of the back seats of the Court of King's Bench, which is nearly on a level with the bench, and from thence keep up a fire at them point blank. Ellenborough used to plague me by pretending to mishear the names of cases which I cited, but now I make him hear on the deafest side of his head.

I had yesterday a very favourable specimen of the manners of an Equity judge. We had a dinner party of twelve at the Verulam, of whom the Master of the Rolls [1] was one, and I had the honour to sit next him. Though famous for his taciturnity, he talked a good deal, telling us anecdotes of his convivial parties with Pitt and Dundas. He was very polite to me, and mentioned very obligingly an appeal from Botany Bay which was heard before the Privy Council about six months ago, and in which I was counsel. Alexander, who is a great friend of his Honour, was present. I continue on a friendly footing with him. There is some talk of his being made a Baron of the Exchequer. He is rather too fat and indolent for a judge, although a man of most excellent good sense and a very fair lawyer.

Horner is said to be rather better, but I fear there is little hope of his being able to return to public life.

Temple: January 3, 1817.

My dear Brother, . . . When I fell ill in June I was becoming a very gay man, attending routs, &c., but I have since lost my ground completely. I hope I shall soon be able to recover it. I dine almost daily at the Verulam, with miserable old bachelors like myself. Not but that we have a mixture of youth and fashion. Yesterday we had a made party of twelve, among whom was no less a personage than the Right Hon. Sir William Grant, the Master of the Rolls. He is I think by far the greatest judge we have. Indeed he comes up to the highest notion I can form of judicial excellence. This dinner cost us a guinea apiece. But you will understand that it is only on extraordinary occasions that the charge is so high. Dinner, exclusive of wine, is usually only six shillings, and, unlike a coffee house, there is no necessity for drinking wine unless you like. Till within the last three weeks I have not tasted wine these six months, and now I limit myself to half a pint, so that the expense is not greater than at a decent coffee house after paying the waiter. . . .

My illness must no doubt have been materially injurious

[1] Sir William Grant.

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to my business. If a man rising to address the jury, in clearing his throat spits up a quantity of blood, the sight of his handkerchief rather throws a damp upon his eloquence, and he is somewhat apprehensive of pulmonary exertion. This happened to me upon the circuit several times. But I must have suffered more from the reports of my illness so industriously spread abroad. 'Poor Campbell is in a bad way. He is gone down to Bognor to die.'

The new year opens auspiciously. Not only do I feel quite stout, but I have had more business than I ever had before at this season. Cases pour in from attorneys whose names I never heard of before. J. has sent out another ship to Calcutta, the 'Richmond.' She carries the mail. I had not heard of her till she had sailed, or I would have sent you 'Old Mortality' by the captain. What an exquisite production this is!

Temple: January 30, 1817.

My dear Father, . . . I think I mentioned to you I had a pupil coming. He has joined, and paid me his 100 guineas down upon the nail. For this he has the privilege of looking at the cases, pleadings, and other business passing through my chambers. . . .

[In the Autobiography he thus writes about his pupils in chambers.—ED.]

My reputation as a lawyer brought me many offers of pupils to read in my chambers, and to [redacted] business. I took only two at a time, re[redacted] 100 guineas a year. I cannot boast of an[redacted] risen, or being likely to rise, to much emi[redacted] countryman and friend, David Dundas, now a C[redacted] sel and M.P. for the county of Sutherland, w[redacted] serves his health and the Whigs are ever aga[redacted] will probably reach the highest honours of the [redacted] and Vaughan Williams, an admirable lawyer, who ought to be a puisne judge.[1][2]

[1] He was made Solicitor-General in July 1846, and was Judge Advocate from 1849 to 1852. He died March 30, 1877.—ED.

[2] He was made a Judge of the Common Pleas, October 1846. Died November 1875.—ED.

Temple: March 8, 1817.

My dear Father, . . . You have, of course, heard of the death of poor Horner.[4] He was a very amiable man in private life as well as possessed of first-rate abilities. His loss is universally lamented. Brougham is going on very successfully this season in the House of Commons, and is now in very good odour there. He used to be rather disliked, and particularly by the country gentlemen. He may almost be considered as having left the bar. He flies at higher game. I have not heard who is to defend the traitors. He very likely.[5]

I went into the House of Lords to hear the Scotchmen in the Queensberry cases. Jeffery I did not like at all. But I was greatly pleased with Cranston, who comes up to every notion I can form of a legal reasoner. Moncrieff has some vigour, but is extremely inelegant. God bless you all. Write to me soon—'On the Oxford Circuit.'

Shrewsbury: March 23, 1817.

My dear Father, . . . In the absence of good luck I have only had one positive misfortune while I have been upon the circuit,—the loss of my wig and gown, which, as I had sent forward my clerk, a brother barrister undertook to bring from Stafford to Shrewsbury. On his arrival here they were not to be found, and I was in a state of the greatest consternation, thinking I should not be able to go into court at all. I went to the theatre to borrow the wig and gown in which they play Lawyer Scout, but Mr. Cripps, the manager, was at Hereford. Cooper then proposed I should borrow a gown from some clergyman in the town, and with any other judge than Park I would have done so, but he would have thought this a profanation of the holy vestment. At last the Clerk of the Indictments, hearing of my distress, sent me his robe, which, though of a different cut from ours, enabled me to appear without much observation. After sending my servant to Stafford in search of the gown and wig, they were found

[4] Francis Horner died at Pisa, February 8, 1817—age thirty-seven.—ED.

[5] Dr. Watson and others were to be tried for high treason.—ED.

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concealed in the carriage of the man who had undertaken to bring them. Can it be wondered that private life affords nothing more interesting, when the great subject of political discussion now is whether Bonaparte shall be allowed more or less that a bottle of wine a day?

Temple: May 9, 1817.

My dear Brother, . . . We talk of nothing here but Gifford's being Solicitor-General. 'Give him the go-by,' indeed! In five years he will be Chancellor or Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, with a peerage. He is a man of very considerable merit; but to win such a stake there must be a concurrence of great skill and great good luck. The motives of Ministers are excellent. Instead of being a hanger-on at Carlton House, I believe his existence was unknown to everyone of the Royal family. He began life as a chorister in the Cathedral at Exeter. I believe and I hope that he will do credit to his new situation. There has not been such a sudden elevation since the time of Lord Hardwicke, who was made Solicitor-General at seven and twenty.

Temple: May 27, 1817.

My dear Brother,—This may catch you as you embark, and inform you that we all continue well, which may be the last news you hear of us before your arrival in England. I now count with the most absolute certainty on your sailing in December. I have now only to wish you favourable gales, and to pray that we may have a happy meeting in May 1818. I rather imagine our father will come up to receive you. He is now in Edinburgh with Magdalen, attending the Assembly.

Temple: June 24, 1817.

My dear Father, . . . Wetherell and Copley, the counsel for the traitors,[6] are particular friends of mine, and very clever fellows. They distinguished themselves much. Gifford likewise made an excellent speech, and fully justified his appointment. He has not been so lucky in the House of Commons. He has a slender share of political

[6] In the trial of Dr. Watson, accused of high treason.—ED.

information, and will never make a great parliamentary orator, but he will be found useful as often as legal subjects are discussed in the House. It was a very ill-advised prosecution. . . . Now we look forward to the circuit. What a body of law we have on the Oxford—Park and Garrow! how often have I crammed them at consultation! but they were bad recipients.

Salop: August 3, 1817.

My dear Father, . . . From hour to hour on Sunday I followed the service through its various stages till I thought you must have concluded your thanksgiving sermon in the evening. I wish I could assist at your forty-seventh Sacrament. Of all the religious ceremonies I have seen or read of, I find nothing so impressive and truly grand as the administration of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper according to the forms of the Church of Scotland. George will soon be with you, and I think you must make him an elder, although I am afraid he will be rather graceless on his first arrival from the East. I was amused with a *naïf* expression of Dr. S. when he first called on me on a Sunday morning about one o'clock. 'I have been calling,' said he, 'on a number of my old friends, but I can see none of them; for the people in this country seem to have contracted a habit of going to church on Sunday.'

Temple: September 13, 1817.

My dear Father, . . . The arguments against my going into Parliament I fear preponderate. It is amazing how little parliamentary distinction does for a man nowadays at the bar. Brougham went to the York assizes this summer. How many briefs had he? Two! What were they? One in an undefended cause, the other in a writ of inquiry before the undersheriff! Unless there should be some public convulsion, I doubt whether he is ever likely to hold any high office in the State. He has no character for discretion. But he recovers himself surprisingly, and he has so much energy that he is sure to maintain a high station in the community.

You give me no advice about marriage. You are not aware that I am rapidly becoming an old bachelor. If I am to marry, what ought I to aim at? Wealth, Birth, or Beauty?

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Unfortunately my means of observation and scope of selection are very limited. I reproach myself with not having gone more into society; but how can I make morning calls when I am at the Guildhall sittings, or attend evening parties when I am drawing demurrers? Without these attentions an invitation to dinner is hopeless, and then I can only accept it when it comes for a Saturday or Sunday. I see little hope of having what Counsellor Phillips calls 'a soother of my cares and a partner of my fortunes.' Could you do anything for me in Fife? What would the Ladies Melville say to our alliance? I give you full powers to negotiate and conclude a matrimonial treaty for me. You may say, when asked for my rent roll, that I have a rood of ground in Westminster that brings me in 3,000*l.* a year.

My tenderest love to my sisters. I hope Magdalen will attend to her new walk and her flower borders more diligently than ever, as George and I are to pass judgment on them at the same time.

Temple: October 26, 1817.

My dear Father,—I have seldom received a letter from you which interested me more than your last, as it gave me such a lively picture of your occupations, habits and feelings. The recollections excited by the names of the fathers of the Presbytery now resting from their labours, though mournful, are not unpleasant. I remember all those you mention, except Spankie and Wingate. I retain the image of a venerable figure with white locks and long black boots opening at the sides, but that I think was Mr. Lyon. I fear the rising generation of ministers are inferior to their predecessors both in learning and conviviality.

While at the Gloucester sessions I was invited to a splendid entertainment given by the Rev. Dr. Ridley, one of the prebendaries, and brother-in-law of the Lord Chancellor. There was present Lieut.-Colonel Sir Charles Greville, brother of the Earl of Warwick, reckoned one of Lord Wellington's very distinguished officers. . . .

Next morning at five I was in the stage coach for Glamorganshire, where I was obliged to go upon a long pending arbitration respecting the gable end of a house. At Neath I

found the attorneys on both sides, and half the town, eagerly expecting me. We went to take a view of the premises, attended by a mob of several hundred persons. The place had quite the appearance of a general election. Mrs. Tyler was the popular candidate, and they hallooed out, 'Tyler for ever!' 'Down with Grant!' 'Tyler for ever!' Monday morning at nine I took my place on the bench, and continued examining witnesses till three. We then again visited the disputed wall, and knocked down almost the whole of it, with a hope of ascertaining, by the structure and materials, when and by whom it was built. The whole is certainly not worth 10*l*. The expenses of one side already amount to 900*l*., and those of the other can be very little if at all less. Having broken up my court, I had a walk to the most beautiful place I ever saw—Britton Ferry, the seat of the Lords Vernon. Though close to the seaside, it is sheltered by the finest timber, and the myrtles were growing in the open air above twelve feet high. Dined, reconsidered the evidence, wrote out a sketch of my award, and at half-past ten got into the mail for Bristol. We have an awkward ferry to cross, rather broader than at Dundee. Without being in any danger, we got upon a rock on the Gloucestershire side, and were obliged to be there till the tide fell. This however was not long, for the tide rises and falls here between fifty and sixty feet, and then we were able to walk to the passage house across a ledge of rocks. Reached Bristol about twelve and proceeded by another coach to Bath. Promenaded in the pump room, looked at the house taken for old Queen Charlotte, got into the coach at four, and reached town early next morning. For the last fifty miles I was not conscious of the change of horses; so I was as fresh when I entered the Temple as if I had been in bed the whole of the two preceding nights. Here I am, ready for the campaign which opens to-morrow at Serjeant's Inn.

Temple: April 1818.

My dear Father,—I got back to the Temple yesterday in safety. I have hardly time to say more. You may be very tranquil about Parliament, as I am not likely to get into the House in the way I should like. I had an offer of a seat

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last night for 4,000*l*. Considering the King's age, this is more than the thing is worth. If no lucky chance turns up, I shall be contented to jog on at the bar. I continued to thrive to the very end of the circuit, and my success is talked of as being very decisive. Get rid of Jervis and Dauncey for me, and you will soon see me at the head of the Oxford.

The only remarkable thing in the law is Serjeant Copley coming into the House of Commons for a Treasury borough, in the room of the Lord Advocate of Scotland. It is expected he will be Solicitor-General on the next vacancy. He and I used to attend seditious meetings together. Perhaps we may sit together on the Treasury bench. But he was more of a Jacobin than me. I have been always too moderate to be received into favour.

Temple: May 3, 1818.

My dear Father, . . . My parliamentary projects are likely to prove abortive. Joseph Pitt has sold Wootton Bassett. I have again had an offer from Leominster, but I will have nothing to do with it. In truth my inclination, which was never decided, wavers very much. The more I am in spirits as to professional prospects, the less I care about the House of Commons. The ridicule and disgrace incurred by a lawyer supposed to go over to Ministers are quite appalling. I would not be the subject of all the jokes and sarcasms circulated against Copley for all his prospects. He told me to-day he wished the offer had never been made to him. I comforted him by saying, 'I defend you always, Copley, as strenuously as I can. I am obliged to admit that it is a melancholy defection and a dreadful fall; but, say I, think of his temptation; if he has sold himself, it is for a good price; in three years he will be Chief Justice of England.' To use the language of Bonaparte, 'I am not *wholly* without principle,' and in the House of Commons I should be more apt (without even going into regular opposition) to breed enmity than to conciliate favour. Meanwhile my business, without any rapid stride, gradually improves. I am going next week to dine with my old friend Perry, the

first time for many years. He has one of the finest houses, and gives the best dinners, of any man in London. For this reason he is invited by all ranks, up to Royal dukes. His paper brings him 10,000*l.* a year.

Temple: July 2, 1818.

My dear Father, . . . George and I go on together as well as heart of man could desire.[7] He is not at all sophisticated by his Indian life. In body and mind he retains all his former vigour. His accent even is genuine Fife! I have no spare bed fit for a Nabob, and he has gone into lodgings; but he breakfasts with me every morning, and we have generally a ride together before dinner. We have had particular pleasure in revisiting our old haunts, particularly the Swan in New Street, where I first saw him when he came up to London; and the Bedford Head in Maiden Lane, where we used to dine together at an ordinary. We recognised the faces of three men who used constantly to dine there eighteen years ago.

The circuit begins in about ten days. George accompanies me. If he tires of us he will at once run down to Scotland. I fancy he will write to you under the same cover, and, as he has more leisure, I leave to him to give you a more minute detail of our proceedings.

My friend Twiss is again thrown out for Wootton Bassett by a majority of *one*. He means to petition. Of my contemporaries, Shepherd, son of the Attorney-General; Denman, a *protégé* of Lord Holland's; and Robert Grant, son of the East India Director, are members of the new Parliament. Shepherd, I apprehend, will be silent; Denman will make some figure; Grant is a good declaimer, but I do not think he will succeed in the House.

Lord Ellenborough has for the present retired from business, and Gibbs has done the same. We get on very badly at sittings with the puisnes. Who will be the new chiefs it is quite impossible to tell.

I enclose a draft for 50*l.* to enable you to have any little

[7] His brother returned from India in June 1818, after an absence of eighteen years.—ED.

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matters that may be wanting for our visit. But George has about him a great spirit of economy, and the more simple things are the more they will suit his taste. Indeed I don't know that in this respect we at all differ.

Hereford: August 9, 1818.

My dear Father,—I intended to have written you a long letter to-day. What then has prevented me? Business? Not at all. My last cause was disposed of last night, and I do not leave this place till to-morrow morning. Alack! alack! 'The Heart of Midlothian!' I am not a dutiful bairn like Jeanie but, like Effie, follow the bent of my own inclination. You however have not the harshness of Douce Davie and, if I have less excuse, I shall have more pity for my errors. I got Walter's new publication from a circulating library yesterday evening. I sat up till my candles were burnt out, and I have just seen Lady Staunton into the convent, when I am obliged to set off with a party to dine with a squire in the country. And where is George all this while? He is gone into Wales. We rode together from Shrewsbury to this place, which, from the heat, reminded him of hunting the Pindarries. On Wednesday he had the distinguished honour of dining with the Oxford circuit. I celebrated the event by presenting to the circuit a dozen of claret, and all parties were much gratified. He has embraced this opportunity of taking a peep into Wales, and he joins us again at Monmouth. The business begins at Gloucester on the 13th, and will probably last rather more than a week. Thence not a moment shall be lost in speeding to Fife. We must necessarily return to London, where I shall be detained for a day or two. But my impatience to meet quite equals yours, and every object shall be sacrificed that might interfere with our wishes. The weather continues terribly hot. Crops good. Harvest far advanced.

Gloucester: August 14, 1818.

My dear Father, . . . I suppose George has mentioned to you the scrape we have got into, by Garrow not arriving here in time to open the commission. Such a thing I

believe has never happened since circuits were established in England, and what the result will be it is impossible to tell. The under-sheriff was despatched to consult the Lord Chancellor, but upon this point I apprehend his lordship will feel considerable *doubt*. My own opinion is that the civil causes cannot be tried at all, but that the gaol delivery may proceed. If so, our stay at Gloucester will be very little protracted, for both judges will set themselves to the trial of prisoners. It is only from the apprehension that our visit to you may be delayed that the circumstance gives me any personal annoyance. I have sixty-three guineas worth of briefs lying on my table, and the trial of the causes is to me a matter of indifference.

I was in such a bustle at Monmouth that I saw little of George till Wednesday evening at eight o'clock, when the business finished. We then mounted our horses (having sent off our domestics in a chaise before) and had a most delightful ride to Gloucester. I never enjoyed anything more. The night was clear, the moon shone bright, there was a fresh breeze, and we passed through the far-famed scenery of the Wye. We reached Gloucester a little before one, and found that the judge had got here only a few minutes before us. This was no great matter of surprise, for we had passed him on the road where it was as level as a bowling green, going with his four horses at a foot's pace, and he did not pass us again till within about seven miles of Gloucester. Whether he was not aware of the necessity of being here before twelve o'clock, or whether he had gone to sleep, or what was the cause of his dilatoriness, I am wholly at a loss to explain. He might have left Monmouth an hour sooner, although the jury in a cause which he had tried were still locked up to consider of their verdict, as their verdict might have been taken by Holroyd. Starting when he did, he might with ordinary diligence have got in by half-past eleven. I am very sorry for it. He will be more blamed than he deserves, being obnoxious to the Chancellor and not generally popular. But I can testify that through the circuit no man could possibly be more anxious than he has been to do his duty, and to make himself agreeable to all

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who approached him. The response cannot be received till to-morrow morning. To-day therefore we are completely *désœuvrés*. George and I propose taking a ride to Cheltenham. . . . I make a point most religiously to abstain from everything to influence his choice of life. The *amor patriæ* is much stronger in him than in that renegade your second son, and I should not be greatly surprised were he to marry and sit down in the kingdom of Fife, although at times he seems capable of better things!

[The Chancellor determined that all the commissions for the county and for the city of Gloucester must be renewed, so George Campbell went down to Scotland alone.—ED.]

Temple: August 21, 1818.

My dear Father, . . . When you receive this I trust that George is by your side. The hour so long looked forward to has arrived. May you know no disappointment in the hopes you have formed, and may you long be happy in the society of each other. It is a cruel blow upon me that I do not witness your meeting. However, I shall be with you before you are aware that any time has elapsed. We certainly commence business at Gloucester on Monday 31st. This I know as well from the clerk of assize as from Garrow's marshal. By the end of the week I shall be off for Cupar, and you know when I travel I lose no time on the way.

[He spent the month of September in Scotland, visiting his father and making a tour in the Highlands, of which there is the following notice in the Autobiography.—ED.]

My father, my brother, three of my sisters, my uncle the minister of Ancrum and his sons, under my auspices, travelled through the most beautiful parts of the Highlands of Scotland. We were very hospitably entertained by the Earl of Breadalbane at Taymouth. When we returned home it was market day at Cupar, and I cannot forget my father's exultation as he was driven with four horses through the crowded streets with his sons beside him in what he considered 'a grand ovation.'

November, 1818.

My dear Father, . . . The new Chief Justice[8] goes on very quietly. I called on Lady Abbott and reminded her of my predictions. He is not to have a peerage. Poor Ellenborough is reduced nearly to a state of fatuity and is dying very fast. Gibbs retains his faculties completely, but he is confined to a sofa and is gradually wasting away.

Lord Liverpool pressed the chiefship of the King's Bench upon Shepherd the Attorney-General, and mentioned to him that the number of judges is to be increased. This cannot be before the meeting of Parliament.

Ministers say the Queen has died on the very day they wished,[9] as her death calls Parliament together on the very day intended to assemble it—the 15th of January. The Windsor establishment is to be immediately reduced. The nation will save above 200,000*l.* a year by the Queen's death. Ministers, apprehensive of the increased numbers of the Opposition, seem determined to deprive them of all topics. At present there is hardly any measure in the foreign or domestic policy of the country which can be complained of.

I suppose Romilly's death caused a great shock even with you. I never felt anything so much.[1]

Stafford: March 20, 1819.

My dear Father, . . . I hope George is by this time once more safely lodged under the paternal roof. From his being in England and your letters being addressed to him, our correspondence has met with some little interruption. Let us now resume it and keep it up steadily as in former times. I can say with the greatest sincerity that it has proved the highest and most unmixed satisfaction I have known through life.

Here we are again at Stafford, the dullest and vilest town in all England. Cupar is a magnificent city compared to it, and abounding with elegant amusements. However, we have more prisoners to try than are to be found in

[8] Abbott, afterwards Lord Tenterden.—ED.

[9] Queen Charlotte died November 17, 1818.—ED.

[1] Sir Samuel Romilly died November 2, 1818.—ED.

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all the gaols in Scotland—considerably above one hundred. Do you remember our meeting the circuit at Inverary, where they had to try two boys for petty larceny? Such a calendar would make us look very black. For my own share I now mind Crown business very little. I have not had a client hanged for many a day. I get into the *civil* line, which is more *genteel* and more profitable.

George will tell you that I get on very prosperously in town. I have as much business as I can possibly find time to do. The best symptom I have lately discovered is being taken up by my own countrymen. When I was quite obscure and friendless they kept entirely aloof from me. I believe I might now have business at the bar of the House of Lords if I were to lay myself out for it, but it is almost incompatible with common law practice.

Salop: March, 1819. Half-past five.

My dear Brother, . . . I am just going to mount my horse for Church Stretton, a place where you and I lay a night last August. All our men are gone on and are making holiday at Ludlow. I have been obliged to stay behind to answer cases, having been close at work since half-past eight this morning. At this spell I have answered eleven cases. I have been very hard worked here. We had an overflow of business. On Friday I was in court occupied from eight in the morning till half-past one on Saturday morning. I had then to sit down to read a brief in a murder, attended with very complicated circumstances, which I had to state to the jury at eight the same morning. I was hardly in bed. But I am not at all knocked up.

I am not in good spirits about my oratorical improvement. I still continue very nervous and flurried. I am sometimes pretty good when I get into a passion, but in the cool deliberative narrative style I feel my deficiency. However, I must give more satisfaction to others than I do to myself, for all manner of business flows in upon me. I shall keep in mind a French maxim I was taught by John Gray, 'A force de forger on devient forgeron,'—by hammering you learn to hammer.

I yesterday conducted a prosecution for a robbery in the house of Robert Walker, of High Ercall, farmer. Several of his farming servants were examined who, from their superior appearance as well as their dialect, easily discovered themselves to be Scotchmen. The prosecutor sat behind me, and as the judge was summing up I turned round to him and said, 'Mr. Walker, you seem to have got all your ploughmen from Scotland.'

W. I'm from Skoatlan' mysel'.

C. Indeed, from what part?

W. From Fife, near Cupar.

C. You are not a son of Mr. Walker of Carslogie?

W. Troth am I.

C. Give me your hand.

W. How do you come to ken anything aboot me?

C. I am the son of Dr. Cawmel of Cupar.

W. Lord Almighty! Wha would ha' thought that?

We had a very cordial talk about our Fife friends. He farms 700 acres and says he is thriving.

My groom is actually at the door with my horses and I must start.

Temple: April 7, 1819.

My dear Father, . . . The most interesting event is that Dauncey is *hors de combat.* He grew worse and worse, and on Monday last, at Gloucester, he was so ill as to be obliged to stop in the middle of a speech to the jury. I led him out of court and conducted him to his lodgings. It was a sad spectacle and shows how worthless the object is we are all contending about. I should have rejoiced excessively at his removal by promotion, but I cannot feel any satisfaction at his present condition. I never expect to see him on the circuit again. He is only fifty-eight, has been exceedingly temperate, and never had the smallest touch of illness before, since he was a child. He is said to have hurt himself by long fasting in court. Taunton will succeed him as leader, but will not have the lead in the same undisputed manner. If Dauncey does not come back, I shall be sure to have a junior brief in every cause; and if Jervis, Taunton, and

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Puller should be retained on one side, I may be taken to lead on the other.

I have given formal notice that I have quitted the quarter sessions, after which I may not return any more. Situated as I am, both in town and on the circuit, sessions can no longer be any object to me.

You would see by the newspapers that the Lanarkshire election committee is postponed to the 26th.[2] In truth I fear it may be considered as at an end. The Scotch judges have decided so many votes against us that we have no chance of a majority if their decisions should be followed by the Committee of the House of Commons, and I have advised that the petition should be dropped. I should have been very glad if it could honestly have gone on. It not only would have brought me a good deal of money and perhaps a little fame, but I was beginning to take considerable interest in the investigation it rendered necessary into the law and antiquities of my native land—

Scotland, my auld respeckit mither!

Temple: May 3, 1819.

My dear Father, . . . The Lanarkshire Committee lasted about three-quarters of an hour. Lord Archibald gave us notice that as we would not agree to certain terms of compromise which he proposed, he would insist upon our petition being voted frivolous and vexatious. We were a little alarmed, but we made out such a strong case of probable cause that the application was abandoned.

I go on very well with Chief Justice Abbott. No one has any occasion to quarrel with him. He gives general satisfaction. Ellenborough's departure is certainly a considerable relief to me. He did me no essential injury, but he often made my life extremely uncomfortable.

Temple: May 25, 1819.

My dear Father, . . . I trust the first sitting is now

[2] 'I am retained as counsel for Admiral Cochrane against Lord Archibald Hamilton in the Committee of the House of Commons on the Lanarkshire Election. Every vote is contested, and we shall have the whole county up in London.'—Letter of December 6, 1818.

over, and that Raeburn has transferred to his canvas some portion of the grace and fire he has had before him. You talk like Lady Randolph of 'the poor remains,' but it will be the fault of the artist if the portrait is not a capital picture.[3]

June 16, 1819. Three-quarters past twelve.

My dear Brother,—I am just returned from a ball at Lady Gifford's. Lady G. is a very beautiful, amiable and well-bred woman. Mr. Attorney was not present, being engaged in the discharge of his public duties in the House of Commons. . . . You would see Dauncey's death in the newspaper. Jervis says he shall now be hard run. But for some time he will be *facile princeps*. There are several applications for silk gowns. There is not the remotest possibility of my being included, nor is it desirable that I should, but I am very often asked when I am to put on my silk gown, and (as our father observes when he is hugely delighted with anything) 'I must say the question tickles me very much.'

My depression of spirits proceeded chiefly, I believe, from a slight derangement of health, but I have attended more to my digestion, and I am considerably improved. I get up between six and seven and ride before breakfast.

Temple: July 7, 1819. Midnight.

My dear Father, . . . Having told you that it is neither possible nor desirable that I should have a silk gown upon this occasion, I proceed to amuse you a little with what I have been about upon this subject. Knowing that I had no chance of being appointed, I had not the most distant notion of applying. However I have been spirited up to put in my claim, and I am glad that I have done so. I met with a great deal of general raillery upon the subject, and my old friends and fellow pupils, Tancred and Coltman, insisted with me in good earnest that I should be fully justified in applying, and that, with a view to the future, I ought to apply. The first step was writing to Abbott; so they dictated to me the following letter, addressed—

[3] This portrait by Raeburn is in the possession of Sir George Campbell. An excellent copy hung in the dining-room at Stratheden House.—ED.

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The Right Honourable Lord Chief Justice Abbott &c.
Russell Square.

Temple: July 3, 1819.

My Lord, . . . The kindness I have experienced from your Lordship both before and since your elevation encourages me to hope that you will excuse the trouble I am now giving you with respect to a step the most important in my professional life.

It is suggested to me by several friends at the bar, to whose judgment I have been accustomed to defer, that under the present circumstances of the Oxford circuit I ought not to omit bringing my name to the notice of the Lord Chancellor as a candidate for professional rank. Although my business for the last two or three circuits has been such as perhaps to justify me in looking forward to future advancement, yet I am conscious that there are other gentlemen who have more immediate claims, and I do not entertain a very sanguine hope of gaining my object at the present moment; but I trust that if I should not now succeed, the circumstance of my professional situation being at present made known to his Lordship may have a favourable tendency hereafter, and I venture to indulge a hope that your Lordship will not disapprove of the measure which I propose to adopt.

I cannot expect more from your Lordship than that, if the Lord Chancellor should refer to you for information respecting me, your Lordship should represent me as not unworthy of the distinction to which I aspire when the proper occasion arises. I remain, your Lordship's most obliged and faithful servant,

J. C.

This letter was sent on Saturday. Going to the Court of King's Bench on Monday morning rather later than usual, I found the Chief Justice had been inquiring for me. As he was engaged in a cause likely to detain him late in the evening, I wrote him a note saying I should be down next morning before the sitting of the court, if he should wish to see me. At half-past nine on Tuesday morning I was standing among above a dozen barristers in the coffee-house where we assemble, when Abbott's gentleman came in and said, 'My Lord Chief Justice wishes to see Mr. Campbell in his private chamber.' His reception of me was very friendly. He said, 'I wish you well, but from having so many seniors on the circuit who have applied, I think you are not likely to succeed at present. Mackarness, Peake, Taunton and Puller have all applied. I therefore hardly see how you can be appointed now. But there is no reason why you should not make the application, and it may be of

service to you hereafter to have your pretensions known. What the Chancellor means to do I really know not. Although Chief Justice of the court, and formerly upon the Oxford circuit, he has not yet mentioned the subject to me. I suppose he has forgot it, but I take it for granted that he will speak to me about it soon. With so many seniors, I think you must not expect to be included now, but it may be useful that your name should be mentioned.'

Campbell. 'That is all I expect, and having your lordship's sanction I will certainly make the application.' So we shook hands and parted.

In the evening the following letter was composed in a Cabinet Council:—

To the Lord Chancellor. Bedford Square.

My Lord,—Having learnt that several applications have been lately made to your Lordship for rank on the Oxford circuit, I beg permission to present myself to your notice as being likewise a candidate for that high distinction.

I venture to address your Lordship on this occasion with great diffidence, but not without the hope that upon inquiry your Lordship might find my professional situation upon the circuit, and in London, such as in some degree to afford an excuse for my pretensions.

I will only add that I have not taken this step without the sanction of the Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, and that I have reason to hope he would represent me as not unworthy of the honour to which I aspire when the proper occasion arises. Your Lordship's most obedient and very humble servant,

J. C.

Audacter et apertè met his Lordship's eye this morning at breakfast, and introduced to him this elegant composition. No answer is returned to these applications unless they are successful, and I have very little apprehension that he will punish my presumption by granting my request. But I think I have been well advised. There is a sort of intermediate rank between silk and stuff, of *aspirants*, in which I am enrolled. Considering the disadvantages I have had to struggle against, it is no small matter for me, at my standing, to have applied to the Lord Chancellor for a silk gown, with the entire approbation of the Lord Chief Justice. I may now reckon that instead of a *veto* I have a *fiat* for promotion when my turn comes, and with that I am contented.

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I wonder what Ellenborough would have said had I called upon him about a silk gown. Yet I don't know. I had subdued him into some respect for me. I stand as well as can be now with all the judges, and I have no reason to fear that my claims will not be fairly attended to. I have been particularly gratified with the feelings expressed by my brother barristers. When my promotion does come I really believe it will give general satisfaction.

I have sat up scribbling to you when I was tired and sleepy. And upon my honour it appears to me quite doubtful whether I am dreaming or awake. This application about a silk gown is mighty like a confused dream I have had, and I should not at all be surprised to awake in the morning and find the whole a delusion of the night. Adieu.

Temple: July 21, 1819.

My dear Father. . . . I read with great interest and delight your account of receiving the news of my application to the Chancellor. But this is nothing to George buying Tarvet Mill, on which I most fervently congratulate you. I really consider it a happy event for him and us all. As you conducted the negotiation, I make no doubt the terms are moderate and reasonable. You have only now to make him build a house and marry a wife, and your fondest wishes for him are fulfilled.

The Oxford circuit is begun,—and no silk. The Chancellor doubts! I am perfectly satisfied that for some time things should remain as they are.

[Extract from the Autobiography]:—

During the autumn I joined my brother in Paris, and we passed some weeks together very agreeably. I now paid a good deal of attention to the administration of justice in France, and was frequently present at criminal trials before the Cour Royale. After much deliberation, I made up my mind against the French practice of interrogating the accused, which at first sight seems so plausible, and in defence of which grave arguments may be adduced. I was decided against it chiefly by considering the advan-

tage it gives to quickness and experience, the danger of a jury being misled by the answers of a man of irregular life, though innocent of the particular charge, and the manner in which the practice brings the judge into collision with the accused, making him appear and sometimes feel like an advocate eager for victory. I have seen a practised thief get himself off by a ready answer; I have known men convicted by the improbable lies which they told to account for their being in suspicious situations, without evidence to support the particular charge; and I have observed M. le Président, much irritated by a sparring dialogue with the prisoner, betraying a partisan warmth which in England would be reckoned very indecorous in the counsel for the prosecution.

I studied attentively the 'Code Napoléon,' now called the 'Code Civil,' and found it a most admirable outline of French law, invaluable as establishing the same system in all the provinces of the monarchy, and I think without any fault in its principles, except the restraint on the testamentary power, and its rigid equal partibility of the father's property among all the children. But it is wholly insufficient to solve the vast majority of questions coming before the tribunals. Joseph Hume and other such ignorant coxcombs think that the whole law of England might be comprised in an octavo volume, and that all other books connected with the law might be burned. Were he to attend in the Palais de Justice, he would find the advocates and judges, in the discharge of their duty, necessarily referring to the Civil Law, to the *droit coutumier* before the Revolution, to the works of Daguesseau and Pothier, and to a body of recent decided cases little less bulky than the Reports which load the shelves of an English lawyer.

I was very courteously received by the advocates and judges when I stated that I was a member of the English bar. I envied them their black *toque*, a much more convenient and handsome headdress than our horsehair periwig; but comparing notes upon the interesting subject of *fees*, I saw great reason to be contented. They were astonished at the salaries of our judges, and intimated an opinion that the office

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of Chief Justice must be scrambled for among all the adherents of the Ministers. When they laughed, not without reason, at our strictness in excluding all hearsay evidence, I retorted by pointing out the injustice of their practice in allowing all sorts of evidence of bad character, and of former alleged offences, to be adduced against the accused, to show the probability of his being guilty of the charge on which he is tried.

Temple: October 4, 1819.

My dear Father, . . . You will be glad to hear that George and I landed safely at Dover yesterday evening.

. . . We had a most delightful trip. George will amuse you with a more detailed account of our travels. . . .

I suppose he will be with you in ten days or a fortnight. I am better pleased that he did not cross the Alps or wander by himself into Germany. I make no doubt of his finding himself very happy at Edenwood. From his feelings and attachments, I am convinced this is the best course he could pursue. You must immediately get the estate enfranchised by Count Wemyss and, being ordained a ruling elder and being put into the commission of the peace, he will be a country gentleman of no small note.

CHAPTER XIII.

JANUARY 1820—DECEMBER 1821.

Gives a Dinner Party—Inscription for Edenwood—Dines with Mr. Scarlett—Question of Royal Divorce—Finds the course of True Love does not run smooth—Ride round the Regent's Park—Eton Montem—His Suit is not successful—Letters from the Circuit—The Queen's Trial—Goes in the Long Vacation to Paris—Becomes a Candidate for Brooks's—Bill against the Queen withdrawn—Dull Christmas Holidays—Studies Italian—Holds Briefs for Mr. Scarlett—Brougham, Denman, and Queen Caroline—Engagement to Miss Scarlett—Letter from Dr. Campbell to Miss Scarlett—Coronation of King George IV.—Dinner at Mr. Scarlett's to meet the Duke of Gloucester—Arrangements for the Wedding at Abinger—Wedding Tour—Settles in Duke Street, Westminster.

Temple: January 4, 1820.

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My dear Brother, . . . I am rather surprised that I have not heard from our father. He is the *beau idéal* of a good correspondent, for he is not only very punctual, but he never writes a line which is not agreeable and interesting. I cannot express to you the pleasure I feel when a letter addressed in his hand is delivered to me, and the delightful anticipation is always realised.

I have been exceedingly dull during the holidays. On New Year's Day I dined at Copley's,—the only gay party at which I have assisted. I rallied him about his conduct with former freedom, and he retains his former good humour.

Copley told me in confidence that the only thing Ministers are afraid of is the divorce. Leach, to push out Lord Eldon and get the seals, urges the measure upon the Regent with the greatest earnestness, and will see no difficulties in the way. All the Ministers, and particularly the Chancellor, resist it as much as possible, thinking it may excite a flame in the country the consequences of which cannot be foreseen, and that it would materially endanger the stability

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of the Administration. But then they are afraid to cross the Regent about it too much, as he might send for the Opposition, who would probably agree to carry through the measure as the price of being brought into office. If the Radicals remain quiet, I rather believe that the matter will come forward when Parliament meets. There have been agents for some time employed in Italy to collect evidence, and it is all cut and dried. The shape will be a bill to dissolve the marriage.

. . . I am very sorry that, from several cross accidents, I have not yet been able to take Lindsay and Magdalen to the play. We had a very pleasant party on Christmas Day—D. Wilkie present. He is amazingly improved in manner and faculty of talk; indeed, he is one of the most intelligent and agreeable men I ever met. He says that the first picture he ever saw which impressed him with an idea of the power and dignity of the art was a portrait of one of the lairds of Carslogie, which he saw when he visited us in his boyhood.

Sunday, January 16, 1820.

My dear Father, . . . The plan for new modelling the administration of the common law at present is to have a fifth judge in the Court of King's Bench, one of the puisnes to act in rotation as a sort of Lord Ordinary, and after term to have two judges of King's Bench sitting to try causes by jury at the same time, in separate places. Then there is to be a third circuit for the trial of criminals in the month of December. I hope I shall be able to pick up bread and cheese in the scramble, but I should have been better pleased had there been no change. I shall hear more of it to-day, as I am to dine at Scarlett's, there to meet the Chief Justice.

My grand dinner party yesterday went off with great *éclat*, and I rather expect to see an account of it in the 'Morning Post.' I am sure Jess would like to know what we had for dinner.

First Course.

Cod's Head and Shoulders.
Potatoes.
Boiled Rice.
Mulligatawny Soup.

Second Course.

Vegetables. Boiled Turkeys and Celery Sauce. Vegetables.

Pig's Feet and Ears. Tongue. Fricandeau.
(I forget.)

Vegetables. Saddle of Mutton. Vegetables.

Third Course.

Four roast Woodcocks.

Sweet. Sweet.

Sweet.

Sweet.

Sweet. Sweet.

Wildfowl.

Dessert.

All manner of Fruit, &c.

Wines.

Burgundy—Champagne, white and rosy—Hermitage, red and white—
Constantia—Sauterne—Madeira—Port.

Dinner was put down on the table at half-past six. We continued drinking till past one. We then had coffee, tea, and liqueurs, and broke up between two and three.

. . . I must go and make some calls, and try if I can pick up any topics of conversation for the dinner I am going to. 'Ivanhoe' is quite exhausted.

January 16, 1820.

My dear Brother, . . . I am impatient to hear that the foundation of Edenwood House has been laid. I am more and more in love with the name. Did you ever meet with the writings of J. Johnston, one of our Scottish poets, who flourished in the beginning of the seventeenth century? In celebrating Cupar he has two lines very descriptive of your place, and even of the name you have given it—

> Arva inter, *nemorisque umbras* et pascua læta
> Lene fluens vitreis labitur *Eden* aquis.

I met with them a long while ago in Camden's 'Britannia.'[1] J. Johnston's poems I never saw except in the 'Deliciæ Poetarum Scotorum,' where there are a good many of his, as

[1] Camden's *Britannia*, vol. ii. p. 1235, 2nd edition.

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well as of Arthur Johnston's. You may inscribe the lines in a summer-house overhanging the river.

Eleven at night.—A pleasant party at Scarlett's. The Chief Justice,[2] Mr. Justice Bayley, the Solicitor-General,[3] &c. &c. We had a good deal of smart political raillery between Scarlett and Mr. Solicitor. Much talk about the changes in the Court of King's Bench. Nothing at all determined upon. The Attorney and Solicitor-Generals are employed in framing a Bill, but they know not what it is to contain—even when brought into the House. This matter has become of very small comparative importance, for the divorce is certainly coming forward; Copley told me so. They have been employed in examining the indictment and proceedings against Anne Boleyn. The witnesses are all Italian or German. They speak to ten times more than is necessary to prove the Princess's guilt. But there is some apprehension whether, in the prejudices which may arise against the Prince, their testimony may be credited. No great opposition is expected in the Lords. Lord Lauderdale will probably support the measure, and Lord Lansdowne, Lord Holland, and the Whigs will not like to give personal offence to the Prince. The Duke of Kent may make against it, lest he should be cut out of the succession to the Crown. But a terrible tempest is expected in the Commons, and Ministers look forward to the event with dismay. Leach urges the proceeding with intemperate eagerness. Copley says he displays the most profound ignorance with respect to all the law and history connected with the subject. He and others speculate upon the divorce as the means of political aggrandisement, in the same manner as was done in the reign of Henry VIII. The great object is to shut out the Princess from the opportunity to recriminate, which is always permitted in private divorces in the English Ecclesiastical Courts; that is to say, if a man sues for a divorce in Doctors' Commons, on the ground of adultery of his wife, proof by her that he has been guilty of adultery is an answer to the suit. They mean to contend that this is a mere matter of State, not to be regulated by common legal analogies. It is expected

[2] Abbott. [3] Copley.

that a message from the Regent will be brought down the first day of the meeting of Parliament. The Bill will begin in the Lords. Copley brought me to the Temple in his carriage and told me all this.

I sat at dinner next Miss Scarlett, and Scarlett has invited me to spend some days with him at his country house at Easter. What say you to that? Very small accidents may at present determine my subsequent history. I am in such a humour for gossip that I am sorry my paper is done. I had a compliment from the Chief Justice on the elegance of my entertainment, according to the account of his son. Adieu.

Coffee House, Westminster Hall: February 2, 1820.

My dear Brother, . . . I had great pleasure in your letter, which I received yesterday. The affair you refer to I fear rather languishes for want of opportunities. However it is still upon the cards. If the lady could be prevailed upon, I do not believe that any opposition would be made by her family. But the acquaintance between us is so slight, and I see so little prospect of an increasing intimacy, that the project may insensibly die away. Much might be done at Easter if I were to be a day or two under the same roof, but from the clashing of circuit and term, and the general election, it is very doubtful whether this visit will take place. In the meantime Mrs. Scarlett gives Conversations on the Wednesday evenings. I was there last Wednesday evening, and have an invitation for next Wednesday evening, but none for to-night.

I am fully resolved to do something to change my present situation, of which I am heartily tired. If I see no well-grounded hope of marriage to my mind, I will go into the House of Commons at every risk. They now say that Parliament is not to be dissolved till the beginning of April.

It is understood that the divorce is dropped, that a separate provision is to be made for Queen Caroline, and that she will agree to live quietly abroad. Brougham is to be her Attorney-General. If this be so, he will wear a silk gown and sit within the bar.[4]

[4] George III. had died January 29, 1820.—ED.

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Court of King's Bench: February 18, 1820.

My dear Father,—I have been expecting to hear from you every day for a week, and hope I shall when my servant brings down my letters this morning. In the meantime Raine has given me a frank. I told him my object was to inform you that I was not yet Solicitor-General, as the King has agreed to keep his present Ministers. There certainly was for a day or two considerable chance of a change. The King did express his determination to bring forward the divorce, and Ministers declared to him that in that case they would resign. He has yielded, but there will not be much cordiality for the future between the parties. Lord Wellesley was sent for, and had the offer to form a new administration, giving a pledge to carry the divorce, but he said that, after the refusal of the present men, the thing could not be done. Leach the Vice-Chancellor is at the bottom of the plot. He has been urging on the divorce for several years with a view to make himself Chancellor. Lord Eldon has been particularly hostile to the measure from private as well as public reasons.

They say the King is in a state of complete distraction about this matter, and it is apprehended that it will soon cost him his senses or his life. There is no doubt that he is in a very bad state of health. He has not yet been able to sign the patents of Jervis and three other men at the bar, who had patents of precedence from the late King. They are therefore all still without the bar in stuff gowns. A gipsy at Brighton, some years ago, prophesied that he would be proclaimed King but never would be crowned. He has frequently alluded of late to the prophecy and, like others of the same sort, it may contribute to its own fulfilment.

Temple: March 4, 1820.

Dear George, . . . I very much fear that six months will elapse without 'any blow being struck.' Things are again in a most languishing condition. . . . I have been exceedingly unhappy during the week, and often wished that the project had never been entertained. I never started on the circuit in such a depressed state of mind.

I have had two offers through Carstairs, and one from another quarter, to come into Parliament for about 3,000*l.* But I have declined them all. Should my matrimonial scheme thrive, I could neither afford, nor should I wish, to be in the House. From what I privately hear I believe the state of the King's health to be extremely precarious.

Did you not cry over Lord Erskine's speech at Edinburgh, and think what a contrast there was between his feelings and those of your brother? Remember always however that he was absent from Scotland above fifty years. His son Tom has written to desire him to call on our father as he goes to St. Andrews.

Write me a few lines on the circuit soon after receiving this. I suppose my briefs will soon absorb my attention, but at this moment I am exceedingly wretched. But in your friendship I have a constant source of consolation.

Temple: Thursday night, May 4, 1820.

My dear Brother, . . . I have made hardly any visits since my return to town. I was at a party at Mrs. Scarlett's last Saturday night—very crowded and brilliant. Lord Erskine showed a *star* of the first magnitude. I wished to have heard him upon St. Andrews, but he would talk of nothing but Burdett and the law of Libel.

I told you that 'the affair' had nearly died away. . . . Tancred (the worthiest of men) had given me the same advice with you, to hold back and let the thing drop, unless there was distinct encouragement from the other side. Coltman, he and I have all been unfortunate in love, although happy in friendship. Tancred has met with more rebuffs than either. But there might be an entertaining volume made up of the 'rejected addresses' of the three.

> Alas! for all that I have ever read,
> Or ever heard in tale or history,
> The course of true love never did run smooth.

I can only say with Gibbon that 'I feel dearer to myself for having been capable of this elegant and refined passion.'

Tancred and I have made a vow that we will henceforth

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never court, and that unless we are courted we will remain in a state of single blessedness.

Thursday night, May 11, 1820.

My dear Brother, . . . I keep my promise, though probably you would be as well pleased if I had never made it or were to forget it. Nothing at all decisive has taken place, but affairs continue to wear rather a favourable aspect. Last evening I met by accident, in King's Bench Walk, Robert Scarlett, the heir of the family, lately called to the bar. He asked me if I would not have a cup of tea with him. I went. I mentioned that his sister had promised that I should have the honour to escort her to the Regent's Park, and that the morrow was *dies non*, being Holy Thursday. He said it would be a good day. I requested that he would arrange the party, and he promised to write a note to Spring Gardens. He called to-day at two, and inquired if I was of the same mind. I accompanied him, ordering my groom to bring the horses into St. James's Park, opposite Spring Gardens. I stayed near half an hour in the drawing-room, Mr. and Mrs. Scarlett being at home, and Mackintosh and others coming in. We then started—Miss Scarlett, her brother, and the special pleader in white duck trousers, a buff waistcoat and an olive-coloured morning frock coat, cut after the fashion of the Duke of Wellington's. We rode through St. James's Park, up Constitution Hill, into the New Road, and all round the Regent's Park, getting back about six. The conversation good-humoured, but not approaching anything particular. The weather was delightful, and the excursion went off altogether very well.

According to all reasoning this is encouragement, but I find matters of all sorts now turn out so differently from what might be expected on fair calculation, that I know not what inference to draw.

Temple: Tuesday night, May 16, 1820.

My dear Brother, . . . I was speaking to Scarlett to-day about opportunities of distinction. He said a man need not complain of the want of opportunities who does not avail

himself of those he has. Whether there was any hidden meaning in this you know as much as I do.

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I go through my business as if I had nothing else to think of, and I appear to attend as usual to the pleasures as well as the business of life, for to-morrow I give a dinner party—Chetwynd, M.P. for Stafford; Twiss, M.P. for Wootton Bassett; Coltman, Tancred, Maule, Osborn, Comyn, R. Scarlett.

Temple: May 22, 1820.

My dear Father,—This being Whit-Monday and a holiday, I had got a frank with the intention of writing you a long letter, but I have met with constant interruptions the whole morning, and now I am obliged to start on a little excursion I am going to make into the country. I wished particularly to have spoken to you about the assistant. I consider you to have promised to retain one on the setting in of the hot weather this summer, and I now claim the performance of your promise. You ought not to delay the step, at the latest, beyond the time of the Sacrament. I hope there will be no great difficulty in finding a decent man. Agree to give him whatever you think an adequate stipend, which I shall have great pleasure in remitting.

I dined yesterday with a party that when I was a boy I should have thought much of. There were at table old Mrs. Siddons, Miss Stephens the celebrated singer, and several other theatrical stars. This was at Horace Twiss's. Mrs. Siddons, still very solemn and tragical in her manner, told us some amusing anecdotes of her first being brought out by Garrick, and of his capricious and tyrannical conduct. But she talked with enthusiasm of his powers of acting. Her face is yet very grand, but I confess I found rather more pleasure in looking at Miss Stephens's.

Temple: Thursday night, May 26, 1820.

My dear Brother, . . . Perhaps you have a little curiosity to hear something of the Montem. On Monday evening I rode down to Colnbrook. Reached the 'Windmill' at Salt Hill between eight and nine next morning; was told Mr. Scarlett and his family were breakfasting in the garden—rather an

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unpleasant moment, but I was soon seated along with them under a great tree. At eleven we proceeded to Eton, and with great difficulty got into the College yard. Here we were baked above an hour till the King arrived. When the boys had passed in review before his Majesty and the Eton part of the ceremony was over, I remounted my horse. And now I thought a period was finally put to all my joys and sufferings. My horse, terrified by the crowd and noise, reared up between two lines of carriages, fell back, threw me to the ground, and *appeared* to come right down upon me. Every one thought I was killed. But I instantly got up, with very little sense of injury. I saw the horse falling upon me and gave myself over, but he could not have done more than touch me, or I must have been crushed to death. I got into Mrs. Scarlett's carriage, refused to be bled, and was driven back to Salt Hill. On changing my dress I found I had only received a few bruises, and I presently joined the ladies in the garden, as gay as a lark. Here we had a very interesting promenade for several hours. The boys in their fantastic dresses were scattered about in whimsical groups, and the garden, which is beautiful in itself, was crowded with the best company. I had Miss Scarlett under my arm, and we walked about sometimes with, and sometimes at a distance from, the rest of the party. About six we all had a sort of scrambling dinner, and Scarlett started for London. I attended the ladies to the terrace at Windsor. This was very brilliant, but the King did not appear. I met two Fife friends—Wilkie the painter and his sister. On our return to Salt Hill we had tea, and at half-past nine I took my leave and came to town in a post-chaise, being forbidden to mount on horseback by a person whom I could not disobey. I could not boast either of a fainting or shrieking at the time of my accident, but the day went off very much to my satisfaction.

The excursion I found on Wednesday had made some sensation in Westminster Hall. Several young barristers who are Eton men had observed me, and Tancred informs me of a *mot* in circulation,—that if you talk of matrimony to Campbell he immediately blushes Scarlett. But I really do not know what is to be the next step, or if matters are to drop

here. What do you advise? I think I shall call on Sunday. I feel no ill consequences from my fall, but that I may not treat it with too much contempt I abstain from wine. I must try to get well mounted again.

Temple: Thursday night, June 1, 1820.

My dear Brother, . . . You are quite right in considering that this is the family which of all others it would be pleasantest for me to be admitted to. In politics, religion and literature, Scarlett's sentiments pretty nearly coincide with my own. He has mixed more in society, and has better talk than any man at the bar except Brougham. Mrs. Scarlett is a cousin of ours, being a Campbell. Her brother now occupies an estate called Kilmory, in Argyleshire, which has been long in the family. Her father had an estate in Jamaica, where he chiefly resided. She is not very brilliant, but is quiet, well bred and agreeable.

To Mary no pencil can do justice! How could you expect any other portrait from me?

Having entirely made up my mind, I think my best course is to bring the thing to a crisis as soon as I decently can.

Temple: Sunday evening, June 9.

Dear George, . . . Mrs. Scarlett and her daughters had long expressed a curiosity to see the new throne, and I knew they were going down for this purpose at two o'clock on Saturday. I received them at the entrance to the House of Lords. They came in two carriages, accompanied by some of the Campbell family, their cousins. Robert and I conducted them into the House of Lords (where I placed myself on the woolsack, hinting that I should soon occupy it *de jure*) and into the House of Commons, where I interested the young ladies much by showing them the spot on the Opposition bench where their papa sits alongside of Tierney. Mrs. Scarlett said they were going to the British Institution. I expressed a wish to accompany them. She said she would take me. I threw off my wig and gown, and was presently seated in an open carriage with the two Miss Scarletts and a pretty Miss Campbell. We made the tour of the rooms in

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Pall Mall, and I criticised the pictures with great learning and eloquence. I then handed the ladies into their carriages and made my bow. I intended to have called in New Street this morning, but it has rained the whole day; however I shall at all events see the object of my regards on Wednesday evening, Mrs. Scarlett being at home on the 14th, 21st, and 28th. I wish most sincerely that I could bring the matter to a crisis. But how the ice is to be broken I don't yet discover. I have not interchanged two sentences with Scarlett himself for a fortnight. How far these minute details may interest you I really do not know.

You will have later news of the King and Queen by the papers than any I can now give. Brougham, Denman, and Williams have all given me some account of their interviews with her Majesty. They describe her as an exceedingly clever and agreeable woman. Williams says she is in the highest spirits, and most sincerely bent upon having her conduct investigated. It is still believed however that this would redound very little to her credit, and her popularity is confined to the rabble. She shakes dreadfully the stability of the Administration, and I have a strong notion there will be some change ere long.

July 7, 1820.

My dear Brother, . . . As you have sympathised with me in such a lively manner throughout this unhappy affair, I deem it my duty, however painful, to inform you minutely of its conclusion.

(*Copy.*) My dear Campbell,—If I could permit myself to indulge a personal wish upon the subject of the enclosed papers, I would express my concern and regret at their contents.* I think it right to send them to you without delay, as it is not right upon important subjects to trifle with a man's expectations. It appears to me also that I could not by any words of my own give a more genuine expression of the feelings which dictate these letters, or convey them in a manner more respectful to you.

Ever yours truly,

JAMES SCARLETT.

You may imagine, my dear brother, what a state of mind

* The enclosed papers were two letters: one from Miss Scarlett to her father, and another from her to my father, declining his offer of marriage. —ED.

I am in. What is to become of me I know not. I am at this moment wholly unfit to perform the duties of life. I most sincerely believe that it would be the best thing for myself and my friends if I were at once released from them. I shall never be a credit or a comfort to you more. But my love for you, as well as higher considerations, will induce me to struggle with my fate, and to play out the part that is assigned to me, however distasteful it may be.

I am particularly vexed that I mentioned this matter to our father, though my motives were certainly laudable. You will tell him it is at an end in the manner that will be most agreeable to him.

I leave town on the 16th, for the circuit. Would to God that that day were come.

I will write you a few lines probably before then, but you will not consider it any want of affection if my communications for some time to come should be few and short. God bless you. J. C.

Five P.M.

I am still in a sad state of mind, but I hope I shall be better to-morrow.

Write to me immediately. Do not think of coming up here. I shall be on the circuit before you could arrive. I give my honour to act a manly part, and to struggle to do as you would wish me.

I have not yet been able to taste anything to-day, but I shall force myself to have some refreshment presently. What seems remarkable, I have a constant drowsiness, whereas before I was unable to sleep.

Are not her letters well written? and they are in the most beautiful hand you ever saw. My future lot is a terrible contrast with what it might have been.

Sunday, July 11.

My dear Brother, . . . I hardly begin to recover from the stupor that overwhelmed me, but I support myself to the world with tolerable composure. Certainly everything conspires to add to the poignancy of my disappointment. If I

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meet an acquaintance he puts on a smiling face and says, 'Well, when is it to be? I congratulate you with all my heart.' . . .

I do not think I have anything to complain of. Although, from the situations in which we were seen together, any stranger would have supposed she had made up her mind to accept the offer, yet these were not of her choosing, and generally she had no control over them. I cannot say that she ever gave me any positive encouragement. The conduct of the family has been marked by delicacy, frankness and kindness. Yesterday, in court, Robert handed me a slip of paper with these lines:—

Fama tui casus nostras pervenit ad aures,
Indignas sortes clam dolet atra domus.

I now take leave of the subject with you for ever. Excuse, my dear brother, the pain and anxiety I have caused you. Request our father not to mention it to me again.

Saturday, July 14, 1820.

My dear Brother, . . . I have had within a few days an expectation and a disappointment which formerly would have excited me with violence,—but which have overcast me like a summer cloud. It was thought that Copley would go out of Parliament, and conduct the prosecution against the Queen at the bar of the Lords. Without any direct promise, he gave me fully to understand that in that case he would employ me as a junior to assist him. The same day the Cabinet changed their mind and, in consequence of Brougham's motion, agreed that leave should be asked for the Attorney and Solicitor-General, remaining in the House of Commons, to appear in person for the Crown in the Lords. The nomination of the counsel thus rested entirely with the Attorney-General—and my chance was gone. But *one fatal remembrance* for the present prevents me from feeling joy or sorrow at any other event.

I care little therefore that there is but an indifferent prospect for the circuit, or that I am without the promotion, which I had every reason to expect by rank being conferred on Taunton and Puller. This delay is one of the blessed

effects of the Queen's coming to England. Silk gowns cannot be made without Brougham being included, he having got the promise from Lord Liverpool and the Chancellor, and in the present posture of affairs he cannot decently accept of any favour from the Crown.

Stafford: Sunday, July 23, 1820.

My dear Brother, . . . What weighs heavily upon me is that my last chance for enjoying the charities of domestic life is fled. These I enjoyed eminently in early life; I think I am qualified for them, and I have always longed for them. I have always looked with horror on the condition of a man in the decline of life, with no one near him who cares for him, or whom he cares for. Such will soon be my condition. But I am trespassing beyond all bounds on your sympathy. Let me rather state anything to give you pleasure. My appetite has returned and my health is perfectly good. I already look much better. I suddenly seemed ten years older, and the crow's-feet were planted under my eyes for the first time. There I fear they must remain, but they are not by any means so distinctly visible. When actually engaged in a cause I am nearly as keen as usual, but I find it very difficult to read my briefs, or to talk to the attorneys.

Stafford: July 23, 1820.

My dear Father,—I hope you are now enjoying *otium cum dignitate* at some fashionable watering place on the coast of Fife.

Nothing at all remarkable has occurred on the circuit. We have for judges Best and Richardson, with whom I am on the most friendly and familiar footing. Best is as good-natured fellow as ever was in the world. Richardson is the most unexceptionable man I know; his manners are most amiable and his conduct uniformly most obliging. He is not only a deep lawyer but a very elegant scholar. I do not recollect any appointment which gave such universal satisfaction as when he was made a judge, and he has fully answered the expectations entertained of him.

When the circuit is over, I propose returning to town to

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watch the event of the Queen's trial. I thought of going to Italy, but I should not wish (as Milton was) to be in that country at the breaking out of the civil war. I do most seriously apprehend some dreadful convulsion. If people knew what step next to take, there would be a unanimous opinion for setting King, Queen and the whole family a packing. They are a sad disgrace to the country. Shall we send for the King of Sardinia, the true descendant of Charles I., and recognise him as our legitimate Sovereign? or shall we try a President or a Consul? I should not much dislike the experiment of a republic, but I confess I am rather a friend to a constitutional monarchy. Under the latter government a country will enjoy more freedom and happiness in an extended period of time, although it cannot equal the short burst of splendour which may be exhibited by the former.

Temple: August 20, 1820.

My dear Father, . . . We finished at Gloucester between seven and eight on Tuesday evening. I immediately mounted on horseback and rode to Cheltenham. I was in time for half play, and Farren in Sir Adam Tempest soon made me forget the bickerings of the bar. Next morning I drank the waters and lounged in the libraries till five, when I seated myself in the London mail. I found for a travelling companion a peer of Parliament, going to attend her Majesty's trial, the Lord Viscount Hereford. Before seven in the morning we were in Piccadilly. It is delightful to get over a tiresome road which you have often travelled in this manner. It is like going from point to point without passing through the middle space, a faculty which it is doubtful whether the angels themselves possess. I breakfasted and went down to Westminster, found the counsel for his Majesty the King and her Majesty the Queen in the coffee-house, and chatted with them for half an hour, when her Majesty was announced. I ran out, and was close to her when she alighted and entered the House of Lords. Not being fortified with a Peer's order, I discovered there would be more difficulty in gaining admission into the House than the thing was worth, and I returned to the Temple. . . .

In the course of the evening I wrote a note to Lord Breadalbane, asking for an order of admission to the House of Lords when it should be convenient to him. Early next morning he sent me one for Monday. I enclose the autograph, which I know you will behold with great delight.

The publication of the proceedings in the Queen's case being wisely permitted, I can communicate very little to you upon the subject which is not to be found in the newspapers.

From the information I had received I had long entertained no doubt of her guilt, and I apprehend that it will be clearly established. They say, however, that the clause for dissolving the marriage will not pass. The Tories and High Church people object to this, conceiving that marriage is a quasi-Sacrament, and that it cannot be lawfully dissolved by any civil authority unless for adultery in the one party, the other being free from blame, and unless there has been a divorce in the ecclesiastical courts. But degradation without divorce, I think, will leave the King in a worse situation than before the matter was stirred. Brougham and Denman have acquitted themselves exceedingly well, although they are rather blamed for their attack on the Duke of York. The Attorney-General and (what has surprised and grieved me) the Solicitor have been very bad. I dined yesterday at Eltham with Mr. Justice Best. Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt told him that on Friday the Queen said to him, in the broken English which she still speaks, 'Sir Thomas, don't you write every day to the King?' He observed that he frequently had occasion to address letters to his Majesty. 'Then write to his Majesty that I never was in better health, and that I hope to live many years to plague him.' Best mentioned this as a proof of her extreme profligacy, but it rather shows her turn for buffoonery.

All my Gloucester eloquence is lost. You will look in vain in the newspapers for any account of the Oxford circuit. The most whimsical case I was concerned in was an action for defamation by a brewer for saying *that he boiled toads in his beer*. For the defendant I observed that there was no great harm done if toads were boiled in the beer, as this was a

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noted recipe for giving it *spirit*. Look to the beer brewed by the witches in Macbeth. No malt and hops.

> *Toad*, that under the cold stone
> Days and nights hast thirty-one
> Sweltered venom sleeping got,
> Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

I made the jury laugh and they gave the plaintiff a verdict with one shilling damages.

Mr. Justice Best. Gentlemen, are you aware that by giving such small damages you will compel the plaintiff to pay the costs of bringing this action for the vindication of his character?

Jury. My Lord, we finds for the plaintiff. Damages, one shilling.

Paris: September 17, 1820.

My dear Father, ... I reached Dover on Sunday morning (September 3rd) with my *camarade* Humphreys.[6] The wind blew so strong from the east that it was impossible to make Calais, but the captain undertook to carry us into Boulogne, and he performed his promise by four in the afternoon.

Boulogne is become a sort of English watering place. I saw several ladies swimming extremely well. We went to a ball in the evening where there were about 2,000 people dancing quadrilles at the same time. I can't help thinking they were better employed than if they had been getting drunk at public houses. We hired a *calèche à soufflet* to carry us to Paris and back for 180 francs. We visited Bonaparte's pillar which, like the other works he left imperfect, is about to be completed. It is, I think, much more a monument to the glory of England than of France. We were not able to start next day till one, and they would fain have detained us at Montreuil for the night, by a story that the gates of Abbeville were shut at sunset, but between ten and eleven they were opened to us for 10s. We reached Amiens on Tuesday morning to breakfast. My companion is very learned in the *beaux arts*, and was very eloquent upon

[6] 'A conveyancer of Lincoln's Inn—rather a well-informed and agreeable man.'—Letter of September 2, 1820.

the Cathedral. To please him I agreed to make a *détour* by Compiègne, although I had before seen the palace. In ascending the Somme we found rather an interesting country. On Wednesday at 5 P.M. we reached the Hotel d'Artois, Rue d'Artois, where I have now the honour to write to you. We have got a very elegant *appartement* of five pieces, for which we pay 125 francs a week. For once in my life, I am in the midst of splendour which I may call my own. We are surrounded on all hands by statues and vases and clocks and mirrors. I wish I could give you all a dinner here to-night, and carry you to Tivoli. My time has passed not unpleasantly. I expected no very lively pleasures. I am free from *ennui*, and my thoughts are directed into new channels. My only occupation resembling business has been an attempt to learn to read and speak Italian. I have understood the language pretty well a long while, but I never before had any notion of its sounds, beyond what I could acquire at the opera. I have now a master who comes to me every morning, and I have applied to the pursuit with some zeal. I can saunter for an hour or two on the boulevards and amuse myself with the prints of Caroline, Bergami and George IV. There are here at least half a dozen prints of the Baron, and there are several very humorous vaudevilles on the King and Queen to be bought for two *sous*. This *procès* seems to me very much to lower the character of England on the Continent. The indecency of making such inquiries without any State necessity is constantly thrown in our teeth. They say, truly, that it can only be to please a caprice of the Sovereign, which in a free country ought to be overruled.

I yesterday witnessed a very interesting and impressive scene, the interment of Marshal Lefèvre, Duc de Dantzic. I stood close by Marshal Mortier, who delivered the funeral oration, and caught every word he said. Lefèvre was laid next to Massena, whose monument George will remember. The funeral service is exactly like the English, with the addition of sprinkling the grave with holy water. Almost all the surviving marshals were present. The firing over the grave continued above an hour. There were three

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regiments of the line, but I have heard the Cupar volunteers fire better than any of them.

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The King is not expected to survive above a few months. The dropsy gains upon him daily. He is not able to take his promenades, or to go to the chapel, or to appear in the Galerie Vitrée. The accouchement of the Duchesse de Berry is hourly expected. I should think it a better thing for the monarchy, and for the Bourbon dynasty, that she should not have a son. The succession of the Orleans family would be looked to with great satisfaction. The revolution of 1688 was brought about by the birth of a son to James II.

Talma is now acting, but French tragedy gives me little pleasure, and I go to the representation of the pieces of Corneille and Racine as a task. French comedy I love to folly, but unfortunately Mdlle. Mars has for the present retired from the stage.

To-morrow week is fixed for the day of our departure. I expect to be in London by Thursday the 28th.

La riverisco. Servitore umilissimo.

Temple: October 1, 1820.

My dear Father, . . . We begin work again at Guildhall to-morrow morning. I found plenty of briefs on my table, but before I opened them I sat down and finished the 'Abbot.' Walter has redeemed himself from the disgrace of the 'Monastery.' I presume you find this as interesting as any of its predecessors. Business is at first irksome, but I am glad of occupation of any sort to drive away the thick coming fancies of a mind a little diseased. The Temple and London I may say present a vast solitude. There will be plenty of arrivals to-morrow. I have seen two of the Queen's counsel, who affect to be in very high spirits. We left the Countess Aldi and a great number of other witnesses for the Queen at Boulogne. I have brought over a French metrical report of the trial to show to Brougham.

Westminster: Monday, 5 P.M., October 9.

My dear Father, ... The House of Lords has sat so late, that I have no time to give you any account of the

proceedings of the day, but you will see all in the newspapers.

The fine scene was when the Queen raised her veil—looked fiercely at the witness—exclaimed 'Theodore!' and rushed out of the House. Her clothes touched me as she passed. She looked more like a Fury than a woman. This exhibition must do her a great deal of mischief, for it will be said that, notwithstanding her hardihood, from a consciousness of her guilt she could not face the witness. If Majocchi is to be believed, he has already proved much more than is necessary to support the Bill. But the Queen's counsel say that they can contradict him, and blow him to atoms.

Temple: Wednesday night, October 11, 1820.

My dear Brother, . . . I now take a very lively interest in the Queen's trial. I think it will lead to important changes. The Bill cannot pass, and if it be lost Ministers cannot remain in office. The Whigs are the only men to succeed them. At this moment there is more than an equal chance of Grey being Prime Minister before Christmas. This would lead to an immediate dissolution of Parliament. I have made up my mind to get into the House of Commons. Even if things go on as at present, I think I will buy a seat and join the Whigs. Ministers have behaved so foolishly and sordidly in this affair of the Queen, that I should oppose them with passion. Should they go out, Scarlett would be Attorney-General, some say Chancellor. Erskine cannot hold the seals again. Scarlett is the best man the party furnishes since Romilly's death, and he may very possibly be selected. I continue on the most friendly footing with him, and I make no doubt that he would be disposed to serve me. But I still feel as if no sort of success or promotion could give me any satisfaction. With few intervals, life appears to me as desolate as ever. But I will not say more upon this subject at present.

Temple: Tuesday night, October 24, 1820.

My dear Brother, . . . All hope of a change of Ministry has vanished. For five or six days it was thought that the Bill must be thrown out with disgrace, and that Ministers

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must follow it. But the Queen's enemies have rallied, and are again very strong.

The prospect of the Whigs coming in was very agreeable to me, both on public and private grounds. I really think that the best hope of escaping a convulsion is in having a strong Government disposed to measures of reform and conciliation. Grey and Lansdowne seem to me to be men of great talents and liberal, enlarged, sound principles as statesmen. The Radicals will overwhelm the Crown if supported by Castlereagh and Vansittart. My own destiny I think connects me with this party, whatever their qualities may be. I have always been, and been known to be, a *Liberal*, and I could not join the Tories without subjecting myself to reproaches for which no success could indemnify me.

After all this parade you will not be surprised when I tell you that I am a candidate for Brooks's. I yesterday dined in company with Scarlett at the Verulam, and he voluntarily offered to put me up. I said I should like it very much. I may very possibly be blackballed—a common event, which happened thrice to poor Mackintosh. My best chance is my not being known. Scarlett counts to carry me through by his own popularity. You of course know what sort of an establishment Brooks's is. To be a member of this club is listing in the Whig party with a vengeance. But I cannot go on shilly-shallying in politics any longer. While I 'wait a bit,' as you call it, life is gone. To be sure nothing can be more inauspicious than the prospects of the Whigs at this moment. They have only incensed the King more against them by thwarting him in the favourite measure of his reign, and they hardly hope for office while he lives. The Duke of York is a still greater enemy to them, and the Duke of Clarence hates them, not only as a party, but personally. I met a man at the Salon des Etrangers at Paris who told me his system of play was this,—to wait till *noir* had lost five times successively, and then to go on backing this colour till he won. Upon the same principle a man may join the Whigs at the present moment, considering their past disasters. Scarlett did not at all know when there will be a ballot, and my fate may not be decided for months. In the way of society, Brooks's must be a very delightful place. . . .

I am going to set up a cabriolet, which is the most fashionable carriage in London for a single man. I mean to put my old bay into it, and he will make a very handsome figure.

Guildhall: Wednesday, October 25, 1820.

Nothing new of much importance. Denman is going on exceedingly well, and has acquired never-fading glory. . . .

Temple: Sunday night, November 5, 1820.

My dear Father, . . . I ought to mention to you that Gifford has entirely recovered himself by his masterly reply. All who heard it agree in bestowing upon it the highest possible praise for acuteness, vigour and spirit. He has again a fair chance to be Lord Chancellor. Notwithstanding Brougham's eloquence, he is not thought to have conducted the defence with much judgment. By holding out the expectation of calling witnesses whom he did not call, he gave the other side a tremendous advantage, and it appeared as if his case had entirely broken down. Had there not been other witnesses who might have been called, I should have thought that the Queen had made a triumphant defence, and that she was entitled to an honourable acquittal. As things rest I should still say '*Not proven*.' There are various facts that seem inconsistent with her innocence, but there are likewise several equally inconsistent with guilt; and there being no direct evidence against her that can be relied upon, there is quite a sufficient degree of doubt to incline the scale in favour of the accused. I had a long conversation upon the subject the other day with Mr. Justice Bayley, who not only disapproves of the proceedings, and says that if she had been tried before him he would long ago have directed the jury to acquit, but declares that he believes in his conscience that she is not guilty. His sentiments being known, the Chancellor has kept him away from the House of Lords as much as possible. I believe he has not been there above three or four days. Garrow and Best he finds much more useful assessors. However, I must not abuse Best, as we are very good friends, and his eldest son is coming to me as a pupil.

Good night. I will add a P.S. to-morrow at Westminster.

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Westminster: Half-past three.

Contents, 121; Non-contents, 93 = 28 majority for the second reading.

The House has just divided, and such is the result. From the boastings of the ministerialists I firmly expected the majority would have exceeded forty. I saw Copley immediately after, who told me this was a great blow to them. What is to be done no one knows. The House is adjourned till to-morrow morning at ten. The Opposition still talk of seceding, thinking it for their advantage that the Bill should be sent down to the Commons. Some talk of a prorogation, others of an address according to Lord Ellenborough's plan. I have just seen the Dukes of York and Wellington ride by. They look very much down in the mouth.

Westminster: Friday, 2 P.M., November 10, 1820.

The Bill is at an end. The House divided on the third reading.

Contents, 108; Non-contents, 99 = 9 majority for the third reading. Bill read third time. Lord Liverpool then rose and said that, though he believed the Queen guilty and the Bill proper, he could not think of pressing it with so small a majority and with such a state of public sentiment upon the subject. He therefore moved that the Bill be further taken into consideration this day six months. Lord Grey animadverted with great severity on the conduct of Ministers in pressing the Bill so far, when they knew they could not carry it, and having a vote of adultery against the Queen, although she was to remain the wife of the King.

The Duke of Montrose opposed Lord Liverpool's motion on the ground that the Bill ought to be passed at all events.

Motion then put and carried without division, and House adjourned to November 23rd, when Parliament will be prorogued.

The Queen was down to-day, and has just passed with four-fifths of London at her heels. A general illumination will take place in the evening, and dangerous riots are apprehended.

Temple: Wednesday, November 23, 1820. Midnight.

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My dear Brother,—I have been labouring at my desk for six hours, and am quite stupified by the drudgery I have gone through. However, you express a wish to hear from me and I do not know when I shall be in a fitter state to write to you.

. . . My cabriolet is to cost one hundred and twenty guineas. It advances rather slowly, and will not be launched for near a month to come. Copley is the only other legal man with a carriage of this sort. I have had many warnings not to follow him in his *ratting*. By the bye, I shall be a most notorious *rat* when I go over, for I am now actually up at Brooks's. Scarlett proposed me about a fortnight ago. Seconded by Lord Duncannon, the whipper-in of the party. Scarlett says he told Lord Duncannon he could answer for me as much as for any lawyer, but after what he had seen he declined to say more. There are between thirty and forty on the books before me and, unless a considerable number of these are blackballed, my turn will not come till Lord knows when. Beaumont, the member for Northumberland, was last admitted and the club is full. There will be no more balloting till May. It has caused some astonishment that I should take so decisive and *imprudent* a step. I do not think myself that there is any imprudence in it. Had I been flourishing and rising into public notice, there would. As things now stand I have not the remotest chance to be promoted either by Whigs or Tories. You need not mention the matter to our father, or you can give it a pleasant turn, by saying that the Whigs will come in at last and give me some great appointment.

Lord Castlereagh has declared that nothing shall remove him but an earthquake. I think nevertheless that he is in some jeopardy. The Whigs would not come in the first change, but they may have their turn. Grey is more popular than he has been since 1806.

Immediately after I had closed my last, I met Copley coming from the House of Lords. He gave me a retainer in an action against the hundred, expecting his windows to be

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broken. Unfortunately for me, however, he had not a pane smashed. He said they had not resolved to give up the Bill till the night before. He was much vexed that it had not been allowed to pass the Lords so that they might at least have had a triumph of ten days. The Chancellor said *Not content* to Lord Liverpool's motion to take it into further consideration this day six months. He mentioned this to Best, who told me. I have likewise heard on good authority that he was so mean as to call upon Leach and desire him to communicate the fact to the King. He might have done it himself, for he was with the King as soon as the House rose. The Duchess of Gloucester said to Scarlett: 'My sister Sophia and I were sitting with the King, when a person came in and mentioned the fate of the Bill. The King took it very quietly, and was beginning to talk on some indifferent subject, when the Chancellor and Lord Liverpool were announced. Sophia and I then thought it right to withdraw, and we met the Ministers on the staircase looking very disconsolate.'

They had intended to pass the Bill, and get rid of it by a prorogation, but Lord Liverpool got scent of the Queen's petition, to be presented by Lord Dacre, that she might be heard by her counsel. This could not have been refused had they gone on with the Bill, and Brougham was prepared with a speech, to which all his former were cakes and gingerbread. Lord Liverpool got rid of the speech by at once withdrawing the Bill.

Westminster: Thursday.

Parliament prorogued to 23rd January, without any speech from the throne. As soon as the Speaker took the chair, Denman rose with a message from the Queen, but *eo instanti* the Black Rod knocked at the door, and the Speaker marched off to the House of Lords.

The absence of any speech from King or Commissioners will make a great sensation. The King is more inveterate against his wife than ever, and Ministers are pledged to him to do everything they can to crush her. The allowance to be proposed is stated to be 12,000*l.* a year. They say they shall have great majorities in both Houses to support them.

Temple : December 28, 1820.

My dear Brother,—I rejoice very much at your becoming a member of the Albyn.[7] I strongly advise you to take a part in the business and politics of the kingdom of Fife.

. . . Your Christmas holidays cannot be more dull than mine. I pass the morning in arbitrations, the most irksome of all employments, and the evening in absolute solitude. From six till twelve not a soul enters my chambers, and, shut out from the noise of the street, I might suppose myself in one of the Hebrides. . . .

I continue to go on very indifferently. During the Westminster sittings Scarlett was absent three days, leading a great cause about a fire insurance in the Common Pleas. I held his briefs. This was the time when you saw my name in the newspapers. In one case I was opposed to Denman. I gave him a considerable licking and got the verdict from him. I am confirmed in the opinion I have always entertained in the lowest ebb of my fortunes, that with opportunity and practice I should make a very tolerable leader. My great disadvantage has been my extreme nervousness. Unless I am sufficiently excited to get rid of this, I am not in the possession of my faculties. But the habit of leading would soon give me *sang froid*. The misfortune is that occasions recur so rarely that all the progress made is lost in the intervals. Denman goes on like a house on fire. Every stray leading brief is attracted to him. He is the ruin of my prospects at Guildhall, but it is *damnum absque injuriâ*. He is a fine fellow and I do not grudge him his success. Brougham does not take; he had but little, and he did it badly.

I have launched my cabriolet and it is very much admired. However, I like riding on horseback much better, and I shall get mounted again as soon as possible.

Young Scarlett expressed a wish that I would visit them at Abinger during the holidays, which I without hesitation declined. No hint of the sort was thrown out by the father. You will approve of my anticipating your advice. No good could arise from such intercourse at present.

[7] A club in Edinburgh.

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I amuse myself by resuming my Italian studies. My friend Signor Moscatti is now in London. He is with me every morning at eight, and continues with me two or three hours.

I dined at Hackney on Christmas Day. I there learned a very interesting piece of intelligence, that there are two steamboats actually building to ply between Leith and London, to be ready in June. They are to be 400 tons burthen, and to cost 12,000*l.* apiece; to carry 150 passengers, or more, for each is to have 150 beds. So you see we are now next-door neighbours.

Temple: January 2, 1821.

My dear Father, . . . I never knew London so dull. It is deserted as in the month of September. There are not even people enough in town to circulate a rumour.

Has George ever communicated to you a plan I mentioned to him, which might amuse you and would greatly interest us—that you should become your own biographer? I wish particularly to have portraits and anecdotes of some of the characters that I remember in my childhood—*par exemple*, old Kilmaron, Watty Lumsden, Jemmy Arnot, &c. St. Andrews with the old professors would be a rich field, and then we should have a taste of Wilkes, and the King, when you come to Westminster.

I keep up my spirits tolerably by banishing reflection as much as possible. It is not to be denied that I am going down in the world. But it would be too much to expect to see Edenwood House and my reputation rising at the same time.

We meet again on the 10*th*. We must have some important change in the constitution of our court, for the puisne judges have refused to do the business of the term any longer out of term, and it cannot be done in term without new judges. I am not yet so fallen as to become a puisne judge, were the situation offered to me—an event as improbable as that I should have the offer of a bishopric.

Temple: Sunday night, February 11, 1821.

My dear Brother, . . . I very readily agree to your proposal to purchase a Fife freehold. Any direct gratification from this I hardly expect, but it will give me sincere pleasure if it will gratify you. I will have 1,000*l.* at your command for the purpose, and let us be enrolled together. But if you would rather lay out the money in furnishing your house, or in your improvements, this application of it will be equally agreeable to me. The prospect of being able to assist you in any plans you may form is almost the only bright scene that futurity unfolds to me. Notwithstanding the badness of the times, I shall be able to remit you the money without any inconvenience. Perhaps when I become Attorney-General the county may choose me its representative. There is nothing too base for the freeholders of a Scotch county. Were I in Parliament, there is no project I should support more earnestly than the reformation of the representation in Scotland. The present system has a most odious and degrading effect both at home and abroad. The marked separation between the higher and the middling classes, which prevails in Scotland to such an extent, and there hinders and embitters social intercourse, arises chiefly from the freehold qualifications. What is still worse, the county members must almost of necessity support the Minister for the time being, or lose their seats. An unspeakable reproach is thus brought upon the country. The very worst possible number of electors is between 50 and 300. If the voters are very low, and will take five or ten guineas a man, as in the English boroughs, the evil is considerably mitigated, because a man may hold the seat, and act upon independent principles; but if they look only to government patronage, the members are inevitably dependent on the Court. I shall sacrifice my qualification with much satisfaction when I see 3,000 voters in the county of Fife. If you look at the late divisions, you will find a majority of English county members in the minority. Of Scotch, there are none besides Maule and Lord Archibald—a greater show of independence than we can always boast of. But I am going on as if I were writing an article for the 'Edinburgh Review.'

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Temple: Sunday night, February 25, 1821.
Twelve o'clock.

My dear Brother, . . . I have been fagging till I am as stupid as an owl, and I believe the best thing I could do for you as well as myself would be to tumble into bed. However, I know not when I may be in a better trim for writing.

I have at last accomplished my call in Spring Gardens, and it passed off without embarrassment. The family came to town the week before last. . . . I afterwards called on Scarlett himself, and rode with him in the Park. I then took a chop at the Verulam and have since been crushing all thoughts of love and tenderness by writing about contingent remainders and executory devises.

I have nothing more to say to you. Everything is very dull. The Queen is quite gone by. The poor Whigs are in despair. Scarlett fully expected ere now to have been James Lord Abinger, Baron Abinger of Abinger in the County of Surrey. However, he affects to say that a man's happiness depends upon the state of his digestion, and not the station he fills.

Brougham's character has been very much damaged. His plan certainly was (in Lord Castlereagh's phrase) 'to keep the King and Queen both open.' We thought he should be able to make a tolerable bargain for the Queen, and to acquire such favour with the King as to be placed at the head of a new administration. As a politician he is looked upon with distrust by all parties.

Denman is considered a man of very pure honour. He gave me the other day the history of the Queen's answers. He himself wrote the answer to the Nottingham address, which was extremely moderate and proper. But it displeased that old fool Dr. Parr, who put in Fellowes, a crack-brained Socinian minister, and from his pen flowed the answers, and the famous letter to the King, which have done her so much mischief.

Scarlett insinuates that if he had defended the Queen he would have turned out the Ministers. I think I told you that the Queen asked him to defend her, and that Brougham threatened to throw up his brief. Lawyers on the same side

in politics always hate each other much more bitterly than their antagonists.

Copley becomes very insolent in his triumph. He said to me the other day: 'What chiefly delights me is that we remain in, not from being liked, but because you Whigs are hated—just as one has more pleasure from succeeding in a cause by a piece of roguery than upon the merits.' This is a very characteristic speech.

Westminster: Monday, February 26, 1821.

Denman dined yesterday with the Queen. To show what weight is to be given to the *polenta* scene,—during dinner she had something nice on her plate, and she said, 'Mr. Denman, let me give you some of this,' and she put some of it from her own plate on his. She continues in high spirits. The subscription will not do, and I fancy she will even vouchsafe to receive her annuity.

The votes on the Catholic question have been calculated at 289 on each side. Canning is expected back at Easter. Lord Bathurst's son told me Ministers still wish very much to get in Peel.

Robert Scarlett says his mother has a small party on Wednesday night, and that she desired him to invite me. I shall go, although it would be more prudent to stay away.

Those who come to conquer, leave to fly.

Temple: March 10, 1821.

My dear Father, . . . I start this evening by the mail as usual. Mr. Cooper went yesterday and is by this time at the receipt of custom. . . . Politics have died away. The Catholic question even excites little interest. The Catholics are very confident, but no one can tell the result. The King is certainly going to Ireland, and may very likely visit Scotland. He will in that case no doubt repair to the banks of the Eden. I wish you had a John Knox to give him some good advice.

Copley swaggers now very much. He says that from the time the green bag was laid on the table till a short time before the meeting of Parliament, he had no notion that

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Ministers could stand, but now he considers them immortal. He boasts of the special favour vouchsafed to them by Providence, for, if the Bill had either been lost on the second reading, or had been carried by so large a majority as to go down to the Commons, in either case they were ruined.

He was yesterday laughing at the Whigs for being shy of the Radicals, and trying by their moderation to preserve the good opinion of the King, observing that their only chance was to force themselves in on the shoulders of the people.

Campbell. Had you come into the House on the popular side, what a firebrand you would have been!

Scarlett. He would have retained his name of Jacobin Copley.

Solicitor-General. That is a calumny lately invented.

Scarlett. It is the name I well remember your being called by, before you went over.

Tierney has resigned the leadership of the Opposition, and the party is now completely disorganised. There was no quarrel or disgust on the occasion. Tierney gets old, and is become very infirm. Unfortunately there is no one who will be recognised as leader. If Lord John Russell displays a moderate share of sense and talent, he will be the fittest person. But it is a matter of no great consequence. Even should the Whigs take Copley's advice and become factious and turbulent, they have no chance against the settled influence of the Crown. If they wish for place, they had better try for Court favour, and outbid their antagonists in slavishness and profligacy.

For my own part I feel no regret at belonging to the *Liberals*, disheartening as their prospects may be, and I should adopt the same party had I to choose again. I hope to get through life without dishonour, and as for the rest what signifies it? I am quite reconciled to disappointments and mortification, and they now produce little effect upon me, or rather, from a settled apathy, I meet with none. But I am breaking my resolution.

I hope to be able to write you something more agreeable from the circuit.

Temple: May 19, 1821.

My dear Brother, . . . I was at a very brilliant rout last night in Spring Gardens. I never saw so many pretty women in one house. I need not add that the company was by no means exclusively legal, for, generally speaking, the wives and daughters of lawyers are not by any means to boast of. Barristers do not marry their mistresses so frequently as they used to do, but they seldom can produce a woman that a man can take under his arm with any credit. I was so much excited that when I went to bed (as our father says) 'I did not shut an eye the whole night.' From want of excitement, I sometimes can with difficulty keep myself awake in the daytime, and I think I could doze day and night for a week together. Of late I have suffered much more from torpor than watchfulness, and in a few hours my spirits will again sink below zero.

Temple: May 31, 1821.

Dear George,—I am astonished beyond measure that I do not hear from you or our father. I expected great pleasure in giving you an account of the altered aspect of my own affairs.

I may almost pronounce myself the accepted lover of Miss Scarlett.

I will most gladly tell you all particulars if you express any desire to know them. I am not in anything to be called *high spirits*. I can hardly get any sleep, and I have still a great degree of anxiety on my mind. I am always afraid of awakening out of a pleasant dream.

I had not hinted to Parke,[8] Tancred, or anyone else, that I ever thought of renewing my addresses, and you are the only human being to whom I have mentioned my good fortune.

Temple: June 5, 1821.

Dear George, . . . Thus far things proceed very prosperously. I just enclose you a note from Mrs. Scarlett to show you the footing on which we are. This was on Saturday. We met in Kensington Gardens. Peter, the youngest boy, accompanied them. We had a very delightful walk, you may

[8] Afterwards Lord Wensleydale.

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suppose. The birds sang with peculiar sweetness, and the air was more than ordinarily fresh and balmy, in compliment to the occasion. On Sunday I dined in New Street—a party of politicians. I was the only guest not an M.P. This is the first time I was ever formally introduced to Mackintosh, although I had before met him casually in society. In taking leave in the evening he said he should be extremely glad to cultivate my acquaintance. His talk is by far the best of any man now going. Sir John Newport was there, a very agreeable, gentlemanlike old man. . . . Altogether it was a very happy evening.

Yesterday was the last day of term, and I was in court till a late hour. This evening I accompany the Scarletts to the opera.

Temple: June 9, 1821.

Dear George, . . . I have already given you an account of our walk in Kensington Gardens on Saturday, and the dinner on Sunday. Since then I have been in New Street daily, and sometimes twice a day, and everything has proceeded to my heart's desire. On Tuesday I attended her to the opera, and as we could not get a box we went to the pit, which this season has not been unfashionable. . . .

I have not yet said a word upon the subject to Scarlett, but I must write to him to-morrow. There seems no rational ground to doubt that the union will take place after the circuit. I might have fared better the former year if I had applied to the young lady directly. . . .

Perhaps it may be as well for us that it did go off last year, as it may lead to a more lasting happiness from the difficulties it has had to encounter. Nothing certainly can be more auspicious than my present prospects. Setting aside all enthusiasm and partiality, I know that she is a most exquisite creature, and, independently of her personal charms, she has a highly cultivated understanding and a most refined taste.

And now, my dear brother, I hope, for once, you do regret that you have spoiled me by allowing me to make you the depository of my sentiments. I shall be glad soon to be your confidant on a similar occasion.

I have got your Indian muslin in safe keeping. Have you any thoughts of making a present of any part of it to anyone? God bless you.

Ever yours most affectionately,

J. C.

Letter from the Rev. Dr. Campbell to Miss Scarlett.

Cupar: June 14, 1821.

My dear Madam,—Permit me to express to you the happiness I feel in being informed by my son John that he hopes to have the good fortune to obtain your hand. It has been the ardent wish of my heart to see him happily united in marriage with an object every way worthy of his affections, and this wish I trust is about to be accomplished.

I shall look forward with impatience to the moment when I may see you under my roof, and give you my blessing. You will find us a family of love. I have been the most fortunate of fathers. A saint in heaven left me seven children. They are all alive, all virtuous, all dutiful and affectionate. Of my son John it will easily be believed that I should be a little proud; but it may seem extraordinary, though I can protest it with sincerity, that from his earliest years I may almost say that he has never given me one moment's uneasiness. He who has been so good a son and a brother I hope will prove equally exemplary in all the relations of domestic life.

I will confess to you that I am charmed to hear from him that you are descended from our clan. I dare say we are cousins, and if you have an old maiden aunt, she and I could, I have no doubt, make out the exact degree of our relationship. At all events I trust we shall soon be connected by the tenderest of ties. I can only pray to Heaven to shower down the choicest blessings on your union. Before my eyes are closed I hope to fold your children to my heart. Excuse a fond old man.

Believe him to be, with all the sentiments becoming so auspicious an occasion,

Most tenderly and faithfully yours,

G. CAMPBELL.

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Temple: July 20, 1821.

My dear Father, . . . I send you the 'Times,' which, with the 'Chronicle' at the reading-room, will tell you all I know about the Coronation and a great deal more. But I write you a line or two according to my promise. I was inside the Hall with Mrs. and Miss Scarlett. The Duke of Gloucester offered three tickets for the Royal box in the Abbey, and afterwards gave a choice of the same number of tickets for the Great Chamberlain's box in the Hall. The latter were preferred and, as Miss Louise declined going, I was appointed to attend the two other ladies. I had thus to provide myself with a Court dress. If you had seen me in my bag and sword, flowered satin waistcoat, &c.! I was provided in New Street with lace ruffles, bag, buckles and sword, so I had only to provide coat, waistcoat and inexpressibles. Scarlett himself and Robert likewise had tickets, but for a different part of the Hall. I was invited to sleep in New Street the night before. We went to bed at half-past eleven and rose at half-past one. We got into the carriage exactly at three and reached the Hall soon after four. For all the rest *vide* 'Times' and 'Chronicle.' Unfortunately, just before the return of the procession from the Abbey, owing to the intolerable heat caused by the lighting of the candles, while a bright sun beat upon her, Miss Scarlett became so unwell that I was obliged to carry her and her mother out, and to take them to the house of a lady in Palace Yard. I myself returned to the Hall. After a great deal of anxiety and trouble, which I should not like again to encounter, I got them safely home between seven and eight in the evening. But I am very glad that I went. The spectacle comes up to every notion I can form of earthly grandeur. The King certainly played the part exceedingly well. His demeanour throughout the day appeared to me extremely graceful and dignified. You may suppose there was a considerable sensation by the attempt of the Queen to burst into the Hall. When the gates were suddenly closed, and there was a clashing among the halberts of beefeaters guarding it, a whisper ran that it was the Queen. For a long while I did not believe that this was so. I could not believe that, against all propriety, and

against the entreaties that I know were employed to dissuade her, she really would take so improper a step. She must have done herself a monstrous deal of mischief. She was quite justified in claiming as of right to be crowned, and the tendency of her protest was all in her favour. But to insist upon attending the ceremony as 'first mob' was degrading if not culpable. Any passion she had to gratify beyond curiosity was a bad one. I suspect that she not only thought to spite her husband, but that she hoped there would be a rising in her support. Had the public mind been in the state in which it was three months ago, it is frightful to think what the consequences might have been. The King has gained a great triumph and will now be stronger than ever.

I must return to briefs and declarations, although there is no great pressure in this way. Business has been entirely suspended these two days, and generally continues to dwindle. But I shall hope to be able to make my pot boil.

I have taken a furnished house in Duke Street, Westminster, for a year. It is small, but pleasantly situated, the back windows looking into the Park. You know Westminster much better than I do, therefore you will understand the situation of this house in a moment. Duke Street, you remember, is at right angles to Great George Street, running parallel with the east side of St. James's Park.

Everything proceeds auspiciously, and I hope to be made completely happy about the 8th or 10th of September.

My love to all round you, not forgetting my dear little nephews and nieces.

Temple: Sunday, July 21, 1821.

My dear Father, . . . I *was* presented to the Duke of Gloucester yesterday, but you will be disappointed if you suppose that anything much worth mentioning took place. A dinner in New Street for the occasion, as I told you, had been arranged—a small party,—H.R.H., General Fitzroy, husband of the late Princess Amelia, and his present wife, Huskisson, Denison the member for Surrey and brother of the Marchioness of Conyngham, Brougham, Denman, Mr. and Mrs. Scarlett, the two Miss Scarletts, Robert and myself.

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The Duke came without any of his aides-de-camp or gentlemen. He was very good-humoured and affable, but still preserved the prince of the blood. He soon gave the ladies leave to sit down, but we gentlemen were obliged to stand till dinner was announced. He then led out Mrs. Scarlett, she having taken off her left-hand glove. Scarlett took Mrs. Fitzroy, and Miss Scarlett took my arm. I should have stated that the Duke shook hands with me, and congratulated me on my approaching happiness. . . . The Duke's particular conversation with me was chiefly about the Oxford circuit. At dinner we had the common topics of the weather, the Turkish massacres and the Coronation. 'Mr. Campbell, may I have the pleasure to drink wine with you?' 'Sir, if you please.' 'I drink sherry always—take what wine you please.' 'I will take a glass of this hock if your Royal Highness pleases.' Bow—bow. Huskisson was the most entertaining person at table. He is a very clever fellow. I was surprised to observe the ease with which he talked of his connections in the early part of the French Revolution, when he was a member of the Jacobin Club at Paris. Brougham is rather down in the mouth at present. His character has been considerably damaged in the Queen's business. His explanations were very unsatisfactory, and he does not stand so well as he did, by any means, either in the House or in the country. After the ladies had withdrawn, I observed an instance of the manner in which persons of high rank are apt to be misled. The Duke said, 'I understand the law allows a woman eleven months to produce a legitimate child after her husband's death. That is so, is it not, Scarlett?' Scarlett, not thinking it worth while to contradict him, or to enter into any explanation on the subject, said, 'Yes, sir, I believe so.' 'Brougham?' 'Certainly, sir.' He then looked at me, and I bowed assent. Soon after we came upstairs, he took Scarlett into a corner of the back drawing-room, and kept him in close conference above an hour. By this time all the other guests were gone. He shook hands with us all and retired, and would not allow Scarlett even to conduct him to the stair-head. We found he had been consulting respecting his disputes with the

King. Before the Queen's trial he was on good terms with his Majesty. He wished to stay away, but the Duke of York told him it was the King's wish that all the princes of the blood should attend, and that they were to vote according to their consciences. The Duke of Gloucester took a very moderate part, but finally gave a vote in the Queen's favour. The King took mortal offence, and forbade him the Court. He told the Duchess that, as she was the King's favourite sister, he by no means wished to prevent their intercourse, and that she could act as she thought right. She said she would never appear publicly at Court without her husband, but that she would privately visit her brother as before. Things continued on this footing till the Coronation. The Duke thought that on this occasion all former differences would be forgotten. He accordingly walked into the King's robing room with the rest of the Royal family, expecting a cordial reception. As soon as he approached, the King turned his back upon him. When the Duke had to do homage in the Abbey, as he kissed the King's hand the King turned away his head; when he was to kiss his cheek, he drew back and hardly allowed him the salute of his whisker; and he positively prevented him from touching the crown, which ought to have completed the ceremonial. On the King's health being given at the banquet, when the Duke rose and bowed to him, he again turned away his head. The Duke next day stated to Scarlett the insults he had met with, and they agreed that he ought not to go to the levée or the drawing-room. He accordingly stayed away. This the King resents, and is more angry than ever. The Duc de Grammont, Ambassador from France, is to give a grand ball in honour of the Coronation, and the King has ordered letters to be written to the Duke of Gloucester and the Duke of Sussex, desiring that they will not attend, as he does not wish to meet them. The Duke of Gloucester showed Scarlett his letter last night. The matter is to be made public, and will I suppose appear in the newspapers. The King has behaved equally ill to Prince Leopold. Scarlett was dining *en famille* at Gloucester House the day of the levée, there being no one there but the Princess Augusta, and the Duke of Sussex came

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in after dinner, exulting very much in his own prudence in having stayed away, as the King had turned his back on Prince Leopold. The Prince wrote to the Duke of York, requesting that it might be intimated to his Majesty that he would not again appear at Court till he was assured he should not experience such treatment. In all the interviews the Duchess of Gloucester has had with the King, he has never once mentioned the Duke's name. These anecdotes I am afraid will not tend greatly to raise your opinion of the magnanimity of our gracious sovereign. He continues devotedly attached to Lady Conyngham. At the Coronation, when the Archbishop had put the ring upon his finger, he kissed it and waved his hand to her. My paper is exhausted.

Sunday, July 29, 1821.

My dear Brother, . . . You cannot overrate my good fortune. I have constantly fresh reason to admire and esteem her.

We executed the settlement yesterday. You must sign and seal when you come to town. I at present look forward to the 8th of September as the happy day I shall leave Stafford on Wednesday evening, and reach London next night, when I hope you will be waiting to meet me. We will go down to Abinger on Friday, and next day is the 8th. I propose immediately to make off for Dover. I mean to have the passport, the licence, &c., all ready before I leave town for the circuit. I shall be dressed in a blue coat, white waistcoat, and white trousers.

They will expect you to stay with them some time at Abinger. I suppose you will come up by sea, otherwise you might easily take Stafford in your way, and we might travel to town together. I get there on Saturday the 1st of September.

Robert Scarlett will meet us in town on the Friday, from the Western circuit. James Scarlett, the second son, who is in a cavalry regiment quartered in Ireland, is coming over to assist us at the ceremony. Peter, the youngest, accompanied his father on the Northern circuit, but is to be sent home before the day arrives. The two Miss Campbells

I mentioned to you (Mrs. Scarlett's nieces) are to be bridesmaids.

The family leave town to-morrow. Our sittings continue till Friday. I intend to go down to Abinger that evening and to continue there till Tuesday, when I proceed to Worcester.

[The marriage took place at Abinger Church, September 8, 1821.—ED.]

Rouen: September 15, 1821.

My dear Father,—In my present state of happiness I do not forget those who have been so long beloved by me. I am therefore eager to give you some intelligence of our movements, but you will not expect a very long despatch. We crossed from Dover in the steam-packet on Monday. On Tuesday we came to Abbeville, on Wednesday to Neufchâtel, and yesterday we arrived here. To-morrow morning we start for Caen, meaning to proceed from thence to Rennes, Angers, Nantes, Tours, Blois, Orleans and Paris. There we expect to be joined by some of the Scarletts, with whom we shall return to London. George would give you an account of the ceremony, with which I am sure you must have been pleased. Everything went off to my heart's desire. To be sure, if you could have been present! But this would have been too much. My heart is penetrated with gratitude to my dear brother for his kindness in coming up, and the generous affection he uniformly testified to me while here. I am impatient to know how long he remained at Abinger, and where he has been since. Say all that is affectionate from me to my sisters. It will not be long before Mary and they know each other, and that there will be a sisterly regard among them all.

Mary sends you her love and duty. She will write to you when she is settled in Duke Street.

Paris: October 12, 1821.

My dear Father,—We arrived in Paris on Saturday. I was infinitely delighted by receiving your kind letter. I showed it to Mary, who insisted on me allowing her to show

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it to her mother and sister, that they might see what a kind-hearted father-in-law she has.

You would hear of us from Tours. We afterwards proceeded on our excursion, according to the plan we had laid down. We stayed one day at Blois, and two at Orleans. We then retreated to Fontainebleau, and we were so much pleased with the quiet, the climate and the forest, that we remained three days. The day after our arrival here the Scarletts arrived, and we are established in the same hotel. I have been in such a perpetual bustle that I have not had an instant to devote to you, and, even now, I can only send you an apology for not writing. When I get back to London I will make amends. Our carriage is now actually at the door, and I am summoned to the Louvre. In the evening we go to the *spectacle*, and so the day is disposed of. Yesterday we dined with a French judge at his country house, about twelve miles from Paris, where we met members of the two chambers, generals, &c. The most interesting person was Tchitchikoff, who commanded the Russian army on the Bérésina.

Scarlett is considered a person of great distinction here, and with him I might get into all sorts of society. But I must think of Westminster Hall. We leave Paris on Sunday, and hope to be in Duke Street on Friday. I will write to you soon after my return.

Duke Street: November 20, 1821.

My dear Father, . . . We have at last got all our establishment of servants. I am sure you will admire our liveries. We have not yet begun to see company, unless our relations. We have an inundation of calls and cards, from Chief Justices downwards, including Brougham and Denman and all the men whom I most value. I have been very much gratified by the felicitations of my friends at the bar, which in various instances have not been mere words of form, but the expression of real regard and good will.

This is certainly a season of prosperity with me, and I trust I have a proper sense of gratitude to Heaven for the blessings bestowed upon me.

Court of King's Bench:
Saturday, December 8, 1821.

My dear Father,—Taunton, Puller and Adam have this moment taken their seats as King's counsel within the bar. The other two are Shadwell and Sugden, of the Court of Chancery. This is the whole batch, and speculation is at an end. Denman is sitting at my right hand, and although he affects to smile I think he is a good deal dejected. His permanent loss of rank is certainly a very great reverse to him. Brougham is not in court to-day, but he likewise must be a good deal disappointed. Both will have their revenge in the House of Commons.

As you expressed some curiosity on the subject of silk gowns, I wished to give you the earliest intelligence. I do not at all feel aggrieved or injured in not being included. On the circuit I shall be on *velvet*—sure of a brief in every cause, with an occasional lead.

CHAPTER XIV.

FEBRUARY 1822—DECEMBER 1824.

Elected a Member of Brooks's—Brooks's Club and the Beeswing Club—Takes his Wife to Scotland—Meets Canning at Abinger Hall—Marriage of George Campbell—Edward Irving—Takes a House in New Street, Spring Gardens—Tour in Italy—False Report of the Death of Mr. Scarlett—Gets the Lead on the Oxford Circuit—Christening of young George Campbell—Judges of the Court of King's Bench—Illness and Death of Dr. Campbell.

Court of King's Bench: February 22, 1822.

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My dear Father,—I cannot express to you how delighted I always am to hear of your continuing health and spirits.

Copley, Gurney, and Pollock are talking so loud by me that I cannot get on.

Præter spem I was last night elected a member of Brooks's. There has been nothing but blackballing going on all the season, and I got in by a miracle. The ballot was to take place at eleven. Scarlett, Brougham, Mackintosh and Lord Duncannon had their carriages ordered at the House of Commons a quarter of an hour before, and were in hopes of making up a snug quorum of twelve. But the room was soon full. Another man was balloted for before me and *rejected*. Lord Duncannon, who is the great manager of the club, said there was no chance for me. However the ballot must take place. Thirty balloted, and there was only one black ball. By the rules of the club a second ballot was to take place for me under these circumstances, upon the supposition that a single black ball may be by mistake, or rather to afford a *locus pœnitentiæ* to an individual who finds himself alone. On the second ballot there was not a single black ball, and I was declared duly elected. I shall not go much to the

club for the present, but to belong to it is a feather in my cap. Indeed since we lost our estates in the county of Angus, I am inclined to think that my election at Brooks's is the greatest distinction our house has met with. The club consists of the first men for rank and talent in England.

Business last term rather looked up. I have more retainers than usual for the circuit. For junior business I am now the first, without a rival. This is not a bad station to hold, considering that I went without the smallest particle of connection, and my second circuit made four guineas, and no more.

In domestic life I enjoy happiness that no splendour of fame or of rank could have conferred upon me. I leave London on the 9th of March. You are right in supposing that I shall set off this spring with feelings of regret I never before knew.

Stafford : March 17, 1822.

My dear Father,—I thank you for your congratulations on my election at Brooks's. The antiquity and early history of the club I do not know. The first mention of it I am aware of is in Junius. There are three or four hundred members, almost all peers and House of Commons men. There is a house in St. James's Street belonging to the club, which is open night and day at all times of the year. Here there is a room for the newspapers, a coffee room, a card room, &c. Men drop in, lounge, ask the news, and walk away. The best time is about eleven or twelve at night, when men assemble from the two Houses, and all quarters of the town. But it is by no means 'All hail, fellow, well met!' You speak to such as you know, and a new member not much known in the political world must get on gradually. This, you are aware, is the stronghold of the Whigs. The Tories muster at White's. Boodle's is for the country gentlemen, and is considered neutral. I could not now have anything to do with the present Administration without being denounced as a *rat*; but you have little cause of regret. My admission was a matter of the most serious importance to me. The subscription is twenty guineas the first year, and ten after. I am afraid I have tired you upon this subject.

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Nothing at all memorable upon the circuit. The first parting with my dear Mary was indeed very bitter, and I do not now well support our separation. But I hear from her daily, and I must, as you advise, look forward to the period of our reunion.[1]

[Extract from the Autobiography]:—

In February 1822 I was elected a member of Brooks's. The Whig party was then at the lowest ebb. George IV., under whom it had been supposed that, after so long an exclusion from power, they were to bask in the sunshine of royal favour, on coming to the throne in his own right had confirmed the sentence against them which he had pronounced when Regent, and viewed them with that intense hatred which arises from the consciousness of having wronged those who had a right to expect friendly treatment. The presumptive heir to the crown, though not liable to the charge of inconsistency and treachery, was so decidedly adverse to Whig principles that he had actively and zealously opposed the abolition of the slave trade, and was a decided enemy to any relaxation of the penal law affecting English Dissenters, or our Roman Catholic fellow subjects in Ireland. Not only the Church and the landed interest, but the mass of the people, seemed resolved upon the perpetuity of Tory rule. Nevertheless I should, without hesitation, have rejected the most tempting offers made to me by Eldon or Castlereagh, and I was glad now to be regularly and publicly inscribed as a member of the party then labouring for the repeal of the Test Act, for Catholic Emancipation, and for the effectual suppression of the traffic in slaves all over the world.

I found Brooks's rather a place for amusement than for planning political and social improvement. Though the very high gaming which had distinguished it in Charles Fox's early days had ceased, there was still a room set apart for nightly *hazard*, which it was not thought becoming for any to enter except those who meant to adventure, and a room freely open to all, where whist was constantly played, some-

[1] This daily interchange of letters, whenever my father and mother were parted, continued as long as they both lived.—ED.

times with high betting. My station was in the *salon* for conversation, which is always very agreeable, unless the Whigs happen to be in office, when it becomes dull, there being a disinclination to abuse openly the members and the measures of the Government. At this time the men who here talked most freely and most delightfully were Brougham, Scarlett, Mackintosh, Lord Cowper, Lord Melbourne and Lord Dudley. Lord Grey sometimes came, but he was stiff and reserved, and though Lord Lansdowne was abundantly disposed to be agreeable, I cannot recollect that he much enlivened the society by wit or pleasantry. Lord Holland rarely came to Brooks's. However I had the privilege of admiring and relishing his exquisite powers of conversation, and his unexampled benevolence of disposition, at Holland House, where I was soon after initiated. Here was to be found the best society in Europe, and the host himself ever appeared to me the most amiable and the most agreeable person in the circle.

The only other club to which I then belonged was the 'Beeswing,' which consisted of about ten men, who met once a month at the British Coffee House to dine and drink port wine. Spankie, Dr. Haslam, author of several treatises on Insanity, Andrew Grant, a merchant of great literary acquirements, and George Gordon, known about town as 'the man of wit,' were members, and the conversation was as good as I ever joined in; but the drinking was tremendous, and I was obliged to resort to contrivances to avoid the brunt of it.[2] I myself and McCulloch, secretary to the East India Directors, now bedridden, are, alas! the only survivors. I probably should not be alive to tell the tale if I could not say with old Adam:—

> For in my youth I never did apply
> Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood.

Our ancestors are said to have led a merry life, but it was not a long one. Addison and Chancellor Jeffreys died at the age of forty-seven, and they were not considered to have been

[2] His contrivance at home, when he had a dinner-party and wished to invite each of the guests to drink a glass of wine with him, was to have a bottle of toast-and-water, looking exactly like sherry, on the sideboard, from which his own glass was always replenished.—ED.

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cut off prematurely, according to the notions of their times. Pope, who completed his fifty-third year, was said to have reached a good old age. This came of *drinking champagne with the wits.*

May 31, 1822.

My dear Father,—Copley having given me a frank, I have asked him for some news for you. 'Tell the old gentleman,' says he, 'that we are all going out, and that you are to be the new Solicitor-General.' I fear you will think this too good news to be true. The world has never been so dull in my time. There is not even a rumour stirring. We speculated a week as to the new judge, as we formerly did about the fall of kings. We are at last tired of conjectures on this subject, and nothing is left us but to deplore our melancholy fate.

I have however been exceedingly delighted with your two last letters. You seem to have enjoyed highly your excursion to Edinburgh, and I have myself enjoyed it almost as much in your description.

We were at Abinger during the Whitsun holidays. George is to dine with the Scarletts on Monday. We have not entered into any fresh engagement for our house. We wish to take it for another year, without being driven to buy the lease. The house is old and rather too far from the Temple, and we are annoyed by the western sun, although the view into the Park is so delightful that I shall be sorry to lose it. I wish to buy a house in Whitehall Place, near Charing Cross, but they ask a great deal too much money for it—6,000 guineas.

This is the anniversary of the day when my dearest Mary agreed to be mine. A most happy year I have had, and this opens very auspiciously. . . . You must still expect us this season. We have both made up our minds to the expedition so completely that it would be a great mortification to both to abandon it. Do not you think we might all go for a week or fortnight to St. Andrew's, a place I take as much interest in as Cupar itself? I should be delighted again to bathe in the Witch Lake, and play at golf round the Links.

Dalquharran: Sunday, September 8, 1822.

My dear Father,—Here we are keeping our wedding day. You may remember that it was the auspicious 8th of September that witnessed our union. . . . We left Glasgow on Thursday morning. Notwithstanding the magnificence of the streets and public buildings, I have no desire to revisit it. I was more struck with the number of steamboats I saw upon the quay. They looked like wherries off the Temple Stairs, but their arrival and departure reminded me more of the White Horse Cellar in Piccadilly. We went through a frightful country till we came to Kilmarnock, which is remarkably clean and well built, and the environs of which are rather pretty. Ayr, our next stage, is the ugliest place I ever entered, but I felt considerable interest in walking across 'the Twa Briggs.' By and by we came to the house where Robert Burns was born, to the ruins of Kirk Alloway where Tam o' Shanter saw the Devil and the witches, and to the monument they are erecting to the poet's memory. About four we reached Dalquharran, which is six or seven miles beyond Maybole. We met with the kindest reception from Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy. He is a very clever and accomplished man, and I think Scotland is indebted to him for his exertions to improve the administration of our criminal law. Mrs. Kennedy bears a strong resemblance to her father Sir Samuel Romilly, and appears to inherit a considerable portion of his talents.[3] The house and grounds are very fine, although the surrounding country is the most savage and desolate I ever saw. I would infinitely rather live in a highland glen. But the climate is worse. We have nothing but high winds and perpetual rain, and it seems as if a fall of snow were really their only variety.

To-morrow morning we proceed to Greenock. Our object will be to get across to Dumbarton. There we shall hire horses to take us to Stirling, seeing as much of Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine as we can.

[3] This lady, the only daughter of Sir Samuel Romilly, died October 9, 1879.—ED.

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York: Monday night, October 7, 1822.

My dear Father,—It will continue to be a pleasing reflection to me as long as I live that our visit has afforded you so much satisfaction. I fondly hope that before a very long period has elapsed, we shall be again under your roof, and that we shall still find you stout, hearty and joyous. Our journey continues prosperous. On Thursday night we reached Durham. Next morning we looked at the Cathedral, and the Bishop's manse, called the Castle. We then drove to his country residence at Auckland, one of the most splendid places I ever saw. He is a Prince Palatine indeed! We next came to Raby. Things are on a prodigious scale in this country. What a pile of building! But the master of it, Lord Darlington, has 100,000*l.* a year, and sends eight or ten members to Parliament. We were on our way to the Hullocks, who live at Barnard Castle, the scene of the principal events of Walter Scott's 'Rokeby.' We met with a most hearty welcome from our friend the Serjeant and his wife, and stayed with them till Sunday. The valleys of the Tees, the Greta, the Swale and the smaller streams present beautiful scenery in this country, such as I was not aware was to be found south of the Tweed. Even after seeing Dunkeld and Melrose, we could be charmed with Barnard Castle, Eggleston Abbey and Rokeby Hall. Yesterday we came to Richmond, where we had a very interesting specimen of Norman architecture. The castle, which was erected in the time of the Conqueror, remains without any alteration since the reign of Henry I. To-day has been one of the pleasantest of our tour in England. We first saw a place called Hackfall, which to a Cockney must appear exceedingly romantic. We then went to Studley Royal, which must enchant all mankind. An *object* in the grounds is Fountains Abbey, the finest monastic building remaining in the island. We want here the tracery and carving of Melrose, but the fabric was much grander, and is now entire. Here ends our picturesque tour. We should be well pleased to be at once transported to Duke Street. The boundless plain now is very insipid and tiresome.

Mary continues quite well. She sends you her tenderest

remembrances. It is delightful to me that I have now one constantly by me with whom I can talk of my dear father, and who appreciates all his virtues.

Abinger: Sunday, October 13, 1822.

My dear Father,—I hope you would cease to feel much anxiety about us after hearing of our safe arrival at York. Some friends whom we intended to visit there were in the country, and, after spending an hour in the Minster, which we admired with unabated enthusiasm, we proceeded for the south. I was by this time fatigued with sights and scenery, and I rather enjoyed the repose of the great road to London, which is probably as dull as any 200 miles in all Europe. At this time of year the only variety is stubble, turnips, meadow; and meadow, turnips, stubble. We slept on Tuesday at Barnby Moor, on Wednesday at Alconbury Hill, and on Thursday in Duke Street. Friday was a day of rest for Mary, and labour for me, as I was busily employed in answering cases at the Temple. Yesterday we came down here, and had a very happy meeting with the Scarletts.

I was surprised to find here as a guest no less a person than Mr. Secretary Canning. Scarlett and he are old friends, and have always kept up some degree of private intimacy. When he was going to the East, he agreed to spend a day or two with Scarlett before he sailed. His destination being altered, he wrote to inquire whether Scarlett had any objection to receive a Secretary of State instead of the Governor of India. He is exceedingly good humoured and unaffected, but by no means so lively as I expected. Scarlett says that he appears to be in very bad spirits, and I rather flatter myself that he foresees a speedy dissolution of the Ministry. He stays till to-morrow. We had agreed all to go to church together to-day, but it rains so dreadfully that this is impossible, and there is rather a difficulty in making the morning pass away pleasantly for the right honourable gentleman. I stayed with him above an hour after breakfast, but I then stole away to converse a little with my dear father.

CHAP. XIV.

A.D. 1823.

Stafford: March 17, 1823

My dear Father,—Magdalen would give you an account of the christening of her god-daughter.

Mary writes to me that the baby continues to thrive very much. She often says to me: 'How I should like to take her to Cupar and show her to her grandpapa.'

I am going to conduct a cause at Salop which creates considerable interest—a prosecution against the Hon. T. Kenyon for refusing to bail a man, and putting him in irons. I feel a good deal of anxiety about it. I still very much want practice as a leader.

I have entirely given up riding, and now travel in a chariot with my clerk. The mail is held inconsistent with my health and dignity, and I was obliged to post down all the way to Worcester.

You do not tell me how you feel about the Spaniards. You observe we Whigs are for war. My private opinion is, that it is more prudent to lie by for the present, and trust to the chapter of accidents. The King's health has certainly materially suffered. Lord Liverpool has said there are to be no more levées or drawing-rooms. The Duke of Clarence runs about announcing his speedy accession to the throne. A friend of mine the other day saw a letter he had written to a parson, for whom he had asked the appointment of King's chaplain:—

My dear Sir,—I made the application in your favour, but, as usual, I am refused. However, you will not have to wait long. Yours truly,

WILLIAM.

His Royal Highness called upon the parson next day and said in direct terms: 'The King cannot last long and poor Frederick is in a very bad way.' Nothing offers any hope to the Whigs except the remote possibility of Alexandrina Victoria soon coming to the throne, with the Duke of Sussex for Regent. Tierney says truly that the game is up. The party may almost be considered as dissolved. Each man follows his own separate object of ambition or vanity. Lord Grenville is dying. Lord Liverpool and the Chancellor are each talked of as his successor at Oxford. The First Lord of the Treasury makes bishops, and he will carry it.

Temple: June 23, 1823.

My dear Father,—Upon receiving this I suppose you will still be in a tumult of joy upon the arrival of George and Margaret.[4] I have often looked with concern to the weathercock, and thought of them with some alarm when I observed the whirlwinds of dust raised at Charing Cross and in St. James's Park; but I still hope they will to-night take happy possession of Edenwood. You will find George looking better than he has ever done since he came from India. It has been extremely delightful to me to observe him so much pleased with his situation and his prospects. Indeed he has every reason to be so. He seems to have made a most fortunate choice. Margaret was very much admired by all who saw her, not only for being very pretty, but also for her extremely sweet and engaging manners. Scarlett, who affects to be a great judge of the fair sex, was particularly struck with her, and talked of her in terms of the highest admiration. I say with you, that I am sure she is more likely to render George happy than any woman that we ever supposed there was a chance of his marrying.

George will tell you about our new house in New Street.[5] I reckon myself very lucky in getting it. The law goes on with me prosperously. No sudden spring, but I still imperceptibly advance. To-day I made a speech in the House of Lords, which was received with great civility both by the Chancellor and Lord Redesdale. I lead a life of terrible toil, but I ought to be most thankful for the blessings I enjoy.

Has the fame of Mr. Irving reached you? All London is ringing with him. I went to hear him yesterday for the first time, and he certainly is a most extraordinary man. This may be discovered the moment he enters the pulpit. He is the very picture of an apostle. I think he is greatly superior to Chalmers. He has not only a noble face and figure, but his voice is the very finest I ever heard. Its tones instantly make the heart vibrate. His eloquence is

[4] George Campbell had recently married Margaret, daughter of A. Christie, Esq., of Ferry Bank.—Ed.

[5] No 9 New Street, Spring Gardens.

CHAP. XIV.

A.D. 1823.

more overwhelming than anything I ever before heard, or could have imagined. He several times made the tears roll down my face, although 'unused to the melting mood.' He has for his auditors, peers, privy councillors, and ladies of fashion. Yesterday Lord Liverpool, Lord Bathurst, Lady Stafford, Lady Jersey, &c. &c., were present. Canning, Brougham, Mackintosh, and all the intellectual men in London have heard him, and are enthusiastic in his praise. Yesterday many hundreds were turned away, and many, who could not gain admission, were pleased to remain without 'in the hope of catching some broken murmur of the holy eloquence.' This, I think, is Hume's account of the manner in which Henderson was run after in the reign of Charles I. There has been nothing like him in London since. A subscription is going on to build him a new church. I subscribed 10*l.*

[Extract from the Autobiography]:—

The most distinguished tour we ever made was at the conclusion of the summer circuit, in 1823, when we visited Italy. We were absent ten weeks, and during this time, by extraordinary exertion, we visited every place of note north of Rome—crossing the Simplon and Mont Cenis, sailing on all the Italian lakes, staying four days at Milan, five at Venice, four at Bologna, five at Florence—travelling by the Riviera from Pisa to Genoa, and, on our return by Grenoble, passing a night with the monks at the Grande Chartreuse.

'Temple: October 24, 1823.

My dear Father,—I should in vain attempt to express the joy I felt in again finding on my table a letter directed to me in your handwriting. It was late before I got away from Guildhall yesterday, or I should have answered it immediately. After reading it over and over again, I sent it to Hackney to cheer the hearts of Lindsay and Magdalen. I trust in God that you continue to go on favourably, and that you will soon be restored to your former health.

We found our little girl very much grown and improved. Mary and she are still at Abinger. I am going down to-morrow to fetch them.

You cannot expect me to enter into any history of my travels. My journal is at your service, and I rather flatter myself that you might find some parts of it amusing. I can truly say that I often wrote it when I was very tired, in the hope that you might peruse it.

Hereford: March 26, 1824.

My dear Father,—I was greatly delighted again to behold your well-known hand. Having got as far as the Moat Hill, I trust your walks will soon be extended. But you must spare yourself, and consider that many enjoy a tolerable share of happiness without being able to take much exercise.

My good luck upon the circuit still sticks to me. There was one very important cause here, which, had it occurred on the Northern circuit, would have filled the newspapers: an action between two justices of the peace for the county of Carmarthen for a malicious prosecution. I was for the plaintiff, and, after a two days' trial and overcoming many difficulties, I got a verdict with 1,000*l.* damages. I have gained more credit on this than on any former occasion since I have been at the bar.

You would observe by the newspapers that Scarlett has been ill. I had a letter from Brougham yesterday to tell me that he is much better.

Plumer's death will cause a move in the law.[6] Gifford Master of the Rolls, Copley Chief Justice, and Tindal Solicitor-General. No hope for the poor Whigs. But it is something to have the near prospect of a silk gown, and something more *to be independent of it.*

[Within a mile of Monmouth I was shown a newspaper stating that Mr. Scarlett had died suddenly at York. I immediately turned back and posted up to London.]

London: April 10, 1824.

My dear Father,—Mary and I feel very grateful to you for the interest you testified for us upon the late alarming occasion.

[6] Sir Thomas Plumer, Master of the Rolls, died March 24, 1824.—ED.

CHAP. XIV. A.D. 1824.

I arrived in town on Thursday evening. Scarlett drank tea with us, in perfect health. He had arrived safely from York a few hours before. The complaint which had annoyed him a little on the circuit has completely left him. By way of recompense, they are now making him Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, which is exactly as true as the story of his death.

I hear with great pleasure of your delight in your little grandson.[7] I wish I could pop down to the christening. This is a very happy event for George. He will be a very fond papa.

I lost about seventy guineas by my absence from Monmouth, but the causes were not of an interesting description, and I believe no one made any impression to do me a permanent injury. At Gloucester my luck returned to me. I led against Taunton with great success. Considering how very critical this circuit was for me, we have all reason to rejoice. I could not remain where I had been, and it was necessary that I should either start forward into the lead, or be trampled upon by other men passing over my head. I believe it is considered that I shall henceforth be *facile princeps*.

On my return I found two briefs for the House of Lords. I could easily get into Scotch appeal business now, if it squared with K. B., which it does not, and the common law is much preferable.

May 5, 1824.

My dear Father,—I have received a very interesting and touching account from George of the christening of his son. I should be without heart indeed if I could read it without emotion. I bless God that you were preserved to us to perform this solemnity. I hope that your prayers for the peace, concord, honour and prosperity of the family will be heard, and that we shall ever live in remembrance of the example you have set before us of every domestic virtue.

There was a report very rife last week that Lord Liverpool was going out and Lord Lansdowne coming in, but I never gave any credit to it. From the division in the House of

[7] The present Sir George Campbell, K.C.S.I., M.P., late Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal.—ED.

Lords last night,[8] it is now probable that if Lord Liverpool goes out he will be succeeded by an ultra-Tory. His health declines so much that he is not likely to continue long at the head of the Treasury.

They say Canning proposed to the Cabinet to make Scarlett Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. Scarlett says he would not have accepted the office. It would have been a good thing for him, although he would have suffered a loss of income. He continues perfectly well.

This is the first day of Easter Term. Mr. Justice Littledale takes his place on the bench. This is a very good appointment.

[In the 'Life of Lord Tenterden' my father gives a lively description of the Court of King's Bench at this period. I venture to insert the passage here, though it has already appeared in print.—ED.]:—

'The far happiest part of my life as an advocate I passed under the auspices of Chief Justice Abbott. From being a puisne, it was some time before he acquired the *prestige* which, for the due administration of justice, the Chief ought to enjoy, and while Best remained a member of the court he frequently obstructed the march of business. But when this very amiable and eloquent, though not very logical, judge had prevailed upon the Prince Regent to make him Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, the King's Bench became the *beau idéal* of a court of justice. Best was succeeded by Littledale, one of the most acute, learned and simple-minded of men. For the senior puisne we had Bayley. He did not talk very wisely on literature, or on the affairs of life, but the whole of the common law of this realm he carried in his head, and in seven little red books. These accompanied him day and night; in these every reported case was regularly posted, and in these, by a sort of magic, he could at all times instantaneously turn up the authorities required. The remaining puisne was Holroyd, who was absolutely born with a genius for law, and was not only acquainted with all that had

[8] Unitarians' Marriages Relief Bill: majority of 39 against going into Committee.—ED.

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A.D. 1824.

ever been said or written on the subject, but reasoned most scientifically and beautifully upon every point of law which he touched, and, notwithstanding his husky voice and sodden features, as often as he spoke he delighted all who were capable of appreciating his rare excellence. Every point made by counsel was understood in a moment; the application of every authority was discovered at a glance; the counsel saw when he might sit down, his case being safe, and when he might sit down, all chance of success for his client being at an end. I have practised at the bar when no case was secure, no case was desperate, and when, good points being overruled, for the sake of justice it was necessary that bad points should be taken; but during that golden age law and reason prevailed; the result was confidently anticipated by the knowing before the argument began, and the judgment was approved by all who heard it pronounced, including the vanquished party. Before such a tribunal, the advocate becomes dearer to himself by preserving his own esteem, and feels himself to be a minister of justice, instead of a declaimer, a trickster, or a bully. I do not believe that so much important business was ever done so rapidly and so well before any other court that ever sate in any age or country.'[9]

Court of King's Bench: May 24, 1824.

My dear Father,—Your last letter gave me particular pleasure, as it seemed to show that you were in better spirits, and had rather a better opinion of your own health.

I dined yesterday at Scarlett's to meet H. R. H. the Duke of Gloucester. There was a great deal of talk respecting the county of Fife, for General Fergusson said that two broods of young pheasants had been seen in the fields at Raith. Coke of Norfolk said that it was impossible, as he did not expect to see any at Holkham for three weeks to come. *Fergusson.* 'But, consider how your bare bleak country is exposed to the Norway blast. Do you compare that to our warm, sheltered, sunny glades in Fife?' The Duke of Gloucester expressed a strong desire to see some of these wonderful pheasants, and Fergusson undertook to pro-

[9] *Lives of the Chief Justices*, vol. iii. p. 291.

duce one of them. *Campbell.* 'I am afraid they must now be too strong to be caught, and that they have all flown away!'

Temple: July 13, 1824.

My dear Brother, . . . Brougham says he believes that he and I and others will have silk gowns before the circuit, or at least before next term. The Chancellor said, a few days ago, that he only wanted an hour's conversation with the King to complete his arrangements for law promotions. I do not myself believe that anything will be done for a long while to come, nor do I know that I shall be included when the batch comes out. I know nothing certainly to rely upon, except the Chancellor's declaration that he would not make any *upon the Oxford* circuit without including me. It is thought at the bar that I have a good claim, and that I shall be very ill used if I am passed over. What effect rank will have upon my practice in London is very doubtful. There will be a tremendous crush, and I may very possibly be pushed aside. Brougham, Denman, Pollock, are very formidable opponents, in addition to Copley, Scarlett, Marryat and Gurney. However my inward confidence (or whatever other name you may choose to give this feeling) does not altogether forsake me. I think I am every way a match for Pollock, and as to Brougham and Denman, I shall improve in eloquence more than they will in law, and by and by I do not think there will be any very great inequality between us. But I talk very wildly, for I may go on for years to come, and till my teeth decay, settling declarations and opening the pleadings. Notwithstanding the risk I should run, I should wish the thing to be done speedily. I cannot attend now to small matters with my usual zeal and assiduity. The Bail Court I have given up entirely. I should like to take the plunge, that I may sink or swim.

Court of King's Bench: November 16, 1824.

My dear Father, . . . I need not say how anxious I am about you in your present situation. I hope in God that all will go well, and that I shall yet see you free from suffering,

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A.D. 1824.

and in the full enjoyment of life. My heart is too full to allow me to say more at present.

We are all quite well. Mary is entirely recovered. She is wholly devoted to her maternal duties. The boy continues to thrive. We do not know exactly what name to call him by, till I hear from George again.[1] Whatever it may be, he will be equally taught to love and venerate you. Little Loo prays every night for her grandpapa. She becomes exceedingly entertaining, and I should like to play with her for hours together.

No news in the law. They say that something will be done about silk gowns when the King comes to town on Saturday, but I believe the Greek kalends is the only time that can be mentioned with any probability.

Business is rather flat. Steadiness of prices is the ruin of Guildhall. Although my old City clients do not desert me, I should be obliged to go upon the parish if I depended upon them; but my reputation extends, and I find the summing up of my fee book not very unsatisfactory. My success on the circuit brings me in a good deal in the shape of *retainers*, the easiest way of making money at the bar. Erskine was once asked why he did not retire upon his retainers.

Robert Scarlett and his bride are returned from Italy to Paris, and are expected in London next week. The Scarlett family come to town early in December. I will write to you soon again. In the meantime, adieu.

Ever yours most affectionately,

J. CAMPBELL.

[This is the last letter which he wrote to his father, who died on the 24th of November. In the Autobiography he gives the following account of the illness and death of Dr. Campbell.—ED.]:—

My domestic happiness was made complete by the birth of a daughter in 1823, and a son in 1824. My father was preserved to bestow a blessing on his grandchildren, but

[1] He was called William Frederick, after his godfather the Duke of Gloucester.—ED.

was soon after taken from us in his seventy-eighth year, after he had been above fifty years clergyman of the same parish. He was of a remarkably strong constitution, and might have expected a considerable prolongation of life, but for a year or two he had suffered from that dreadful disease, the stone. I last saw him a few months before his death, when he was suffering much bodily pain, but he was cheerful and kind-hearted as ever, regarding with composure his own fate, and enjoying the happiness and good fortune of others. When I kissed him on taking leave, I had a melancholy foreboding that we should meet no more in this world, and it was long before I was in a sufficient state of composure to begin my journey. The anticipation was too correct. Soon after this his medical attendants recommended a surgical operation. It was performed, but he sank under it.

I received the fatal intelligence in a letter from my brother, which caused me a great shock, but my bitter grief I endured when I parted with him in Scotland. The day of the funeral was truly a very dismal one for me. It had been fixed, according to the custom of the country, on such an early day that I could not come down from London in time to attend it. The hour arriving when the coffin was to be lowered into the cold grave where my mother lay, and the 'moulds' were to be thrown upon it, I suffered more than if I had been present at the sad solemnity. In that case I should have seen nearly the whole of his parishioners gathered round, eager to show their respect for the memory of a pastor who so long had administered the consolations of religion to them and their fathers. He was universally reverenced and beloved for his pious zeal to promote the spiritual interests of his flock, and for his amiable manners and high social qualities. While celebrated as a popular preacher, he was an admirable player on the violin, he sang a pleasant song, and, on the birthday of his children or any such anniversary, he showed himself within my recollection the best dancer in the parish. He had been the intimate friend of Robertson and Blair.

I caused a plain marble cenotaph to be placed in the church to his memory, with the following inscription:—

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A.D. 1824.

TO THE MEMORY
OF
THE REVEREND GEORGE CAMPBELL, D.D.,
WHO, HAVING BEEN 51 YEARS MINISTER OF
CUPAR, FIFE,
DIED ON THE 24TH DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1824,
IN THE 78TH YEAR OF HIS AGE.
THIS TABLET IS ERECTED BY
HIS CHILDREN,
IN TESTIMONY
OF HIS VIRTUES AND THEIR VENERATION.

New Street: December 4, 1824.

My dear Brother,—I think I feel more overwhelmed by the letter I received from you to-day than even by that announcing our father's death. Why did I not assist at the last sad ceremony? Why was I not present, if possible, to comfort you and my sisters? What must their sensations have been when they left the paternal roof, and what must they be when they return to it? The purposes for which they existed must indeed seem at an end.

I shall be exceedingly anxious till I hear from you again, and know that you have recovered your composure. And you will surely tell me all which, if you had been absent from the scene, you would have wished to be communicated to you.

I have not once left the house since I returned from Hackney. Mary has behaved so sweetly and affectionately as to be more than ever endeared to me. I think with more pleasure than ever upon your domestic happiness. The smiles of your son will repay you for your kindness to our poor father. How desolate your condition would have been if you had not had these objects to attach you to existence!

I myself feel more depressed than at any time since the death of our mother. I do not suffer from sharp grief, but I am dissolved in melancholy, and almost all the objects of life seem to have lost all value in my eyes.

Say all that is kind on my part to my dear sisters, and may you and they ever think kindly of me. Mary sends her tenderest love. Dear dear George, believe me ever to be,

Your most affectionate Brother,

J. CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER XV.

JUNE 1825—NOVEMBER 1827.

The King's Refusal to let Brougham have a Silk Gown—Parliamentary Prospects—Canvasses Stafford for the next General Election—Dissolution of Parliament in May 1826—Stafford Election—He is defeated—Legal Adviser at Lichfield and Weymouth Elections—Tour in Switzerland—Dinner with Copley—Death of Mary Bruce—Hard Life on Circuit—Negotiations on the Formation of Mr. Canning's Ministry—Christening of Robert Scarlett's Son—Mr. Scarlett appointed Attorney-General—Receives his Patent as King's Counsel—Death of Mr. Canning—Long Vacation at Hastings.

Temple: June 1, 1825.

CHAP. XV.

A.D. 1825.

My dear Brother, . . . I know from undoubted authority that the Chancellor says the following dialogue passed between him and the King last Sunday week: *K.* 'Well, my Lord Chancellor, you see I was right in not consenting to Mr. Brougham having a silk gown. You see how he has been attacking you.' *C.* 'Sir, your Majesty may have cause to complain of Mr. Brougham, and I may have cause to complain of him; but from his station at the bar, and the injury done to others by his not having rank, I am bound to say that I think he ought to have it, and I again implore your Majesty to give your consent.' *K.* 'I'll be damned if I do while I continue King of England.'

Whether this be true or fabricated by the Chancellor, the inference is the same. It was this anecdote that led to Brougham's attack upon the King, and induced him to say that 'he was well stricken in years, and that he had no conscientious scruples of any sort——upon the Catholic question.' Brougham says that in this pause the House was convulsed with laughter.

July 5, 1825.

. . . That you may see that I may become a Parliament man, I enclose you an invitation from the enlightened and

CHAP. XV. A.D. 1825.

immaculate freemen of Stafford. Nothing will come of it. The party can return the members, I believe—each spending 5,000 or 6,000*l.*

Shrewsbury: Sunday, July 31, 1825.

My dear Brother, . . . My parliamentary prospects are bad. Stafford is quite hopeless. I could easily come in, and for less money than any other man, but I find the expense would be enormous. This is one of the boroughs in which, by immemorial usage, *voting-money* is established, i.e. a certain fixed sum for each vote on whichever side—here 7*l.* a single vote, 14*l.* a plumper, to be paid about a twelvemonth after the election. In Stafford there are near 700 voters, so that the voting-money must be calculated between 3,000 and 4,000*l.*, the expenses during the election being not much less. I see no hope in any other quarter. Scarlett has no talent for intrigue or jobbery. Brougham is going to bring in his own brother James, and I can hardly suppose that he either can or would assist me. If he thought I could have any considerable success in the House, he would keep me out. Tom Campbell, the poet, described him to me the other day in Pope's words as 'the wisest, brightest, *meanest* of mankind,' and there is some truth in the imputation; for, though exceedingly good-natured and friendly, he has ever a most devoted regard to his own fame and advantage. He never would think of me as a political speaker, but he might suppose that I might gain such a reputation that I might be thought of for Attorney or Solicitor-General.

Stafford: September 13, 1825.

My dear Brother, . . . You ought not to hear first from the public papers of my being in this place electioneering. I am engaged in a very foolish attempt, but fate drives me on. I wrote a letter to the borough, about a week ago, declining to come forward as a candidate. On Saturday morning an attorney from Stafford arrived at Abinger to state that the electors were determined to have me, and that a great majority of them were willing to renounce voting-money. His protestations were so strong that Scarlett and I thought it would be worth while to show myself. Accord-

ingly, accompanied by James Scarlett (now a captain), I set off from London on Sunday, and made my public entry last night. It is impossible yet to form any opinion of the real sentiments of the voters, but we are just going to commence the canvass, and then we shall be able better to judge. All calculation is against me, but there is a possibility in my favour. You cannot say now that I do not *hold out a hand to Fortune*. I shall write to you again on my return to Abinger.

Peter Scarlett is going out to Constantinople with Stratford Canning as an *attaché*. This is the first grade in the diplomatic line.

Abinger Hall: September 18, 1825.

My dear Brother, . . . I got back here on Friday. The newspapers will have given you an account of my public proceedings at Stafford. I have really very little private information to communicate. The result is quite uncertain, but I do not yet regret engaging in the adventure. Were Parliament now dissolved, I really believe that I should have a very fair chance. They reckon 700 voters. Two members are to be returned, and I had the direct positive personal promises of above 400. The question therefore is what reliance is to be placed on such promises. I fear not much. Many, I am sure, were given for the sake of a little ale, and other candidates, I dare say, will have promises from the same persons. But at present I am certainly very popular, and when they have promised all, I rather think they would vote for me. Should Parliament not be dissolved now, I apprehend that the feelings would subside, and most of the promises I have received be forgotten.

As to the probability of Parliament being dissolved, you know exactly as much as I do. Scarlett met Canning in the North, but could get nothing out of him. He was at Bagshot[1] a few days ago, and found the Duke a strong dissolutionist, but his Royal Highness has no better information than the generality of mankind. By the bye, he is now reconciled to the King and has dined with him. The over-

[1] Bagshot Park, the seat of H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester.—Ed.

CHAP. XV.

A.D. 1826.

tures came from his Majesty, who behaved very handsomely on the occasion.

I am living most happily here at present, and I know not why I should wish to be tossed about by the storms of public life. Little Loo has become the most entertaining and the sweetest child in the world. Fred likewise thrives very much, and trots on all fours from one end of the room to the other that he may have a ride on my foot.

Court of King's Bench: April 28, 1826.

Dear George,—The dissolution is to be on the 20th—or 24th—of May. I shall certainly go down and take my chance at Stafford. My courage rises—not that my chance either improves or becomes worse; but I think I see the worst of it, which is losing the election and spending a sum of money which will not ruin me. The present state of affairs is rather favourable to a candidate who does not bribe or pay voting-money. The King is supposed to be dying, and a vote in the House of Commons is of no value. Ministers have annihilated opposition by the liberal system they have pursued. Unhappily there are no longer any urgent and crying grievances. What can be complained of in the foreign or domestic policy of the Government? Poor Brougham is left like a fish on dry land when the sea suddenly retires. You can hardly imagine the degree to which he droops. He has lost his spirits altogether, and is quite flat both in business and in society.

Stafford: Wednesday morning, June 7.

Dear George,—I can as yet say very little to relieve your suspense. We consider that we are going on prosperously, but our opponents are still in the field, and the event remains uncertain. The election begins on Friday, and will be over on Saturday night. Of course I shall acquaint you with the result before I leave Stafford.

I entered the town on Monday, when I was drawn round the streets, and made speeches for an hour or two. I then canvassed till seven, when we had a walking procession and more speaking. Yesterday was spent much in the same

way. I am decidedly more popular than my opponents, but they likewise have their grand shows, and they contrive to collect a great mob at their heels.

Ryan, the barrister, accompanies me, and is of great service to me.[2] James Scarlett arrived from Sheffield on Monday evening, and is a great favourite with the ladies,—who all support our cause.

To-day and to-morrow we shall occupy in the admission of freemen who have a right, by birth or apprenticeship, to be put upon the burgesses' roll, with processions and speechifying. I stand upon the cry of 'No Towheads'—which, when I explain it to you, you will find to be as sensible and much less discreditable than the cry of 'No Popery.'[3]

There was once a notion of Mary accompanying me. I thank heaven that she did not. The whole town is in a state of perpetual intoxication.

New Street: Sunday, June 11, 1826.

Dear George,—You are aware of my defeat. I would have written to you from Stafford had I not, according to etiquette, left the town as soon as the poll was over. I never stopped till I reached this house. At the final blow the numbers were: Ironmonger 609, Benson 487, Campbell 406. I am defeated but not disgraced. Could the result have been foreseen, of course I should not have engaged in the enterprise, but nothing has occurred to show that a prudent man ought to have avoided it. Had not some circumstances occurred that could not have been calculated upon, I should in all probability have been returned. In the first place, my principal agent was taken dangerously ill about ten days before the election began, and his brother, on whom I then almost entirely depended, expected to hear of his death every hour. Thus we had no arrangements of any sort. The chance of success was considerably diminished,

[2] Sir Edward Ryan, afterwards a member of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. He died October 1875.—Ed.

[3] 'Towheads' meant freemen admitted by a vote of the Common Council without a right by birth or apprenticeship. The Court of King's Bench had determined that these were not lawful freemen.

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and the expense considerably increased. But what chiefly injured me was a determination of the mayor, who is returning officer, to admit a class of non-resident freemen who had not been allowed to poll at the two last elections. This was communicated long before to my opponents, who collected them from all parts of England, but I only knew it two days before, and I could only procure the attendance of such as were in my favour and were living in Wolverhampton, Bilston, Birmingham and the adjoining country. Still, although Ironmonger took the lead from the starting and decidedly kept it, Benson and I ran neck and neck the whole of the first day. The electors poll alphabetically, as their names are called from the burgesses' roll. At the close of the Friday's poll we had got through the N's, and I was only six behind. Had the adjournment taken place at the time first appointed, I should have been two or three ahead. Now began the struggle of corruption. You know that every vote given against me was to be paid for after the election, but Benson would not now trust to this. He sent his agents about the town, openly offering money to be instantly paid to those who would turn from me. I am sorry to say that my people, not only without my privity, but contrary to my express orders, made similar attempts, and did purchase ten or twelve of his votes. While I must admit that I considered the Acts against treating obsolete according to the doctrine of the Scotch law, proposals of bribery I strenuously resisted. Benson stuck at nothing, and in the night he gained many more than he lost. From his being ahead at the close of the poll, there was likewise a strong notion that he would win, and a strong inclination to desert to him. Till noon on the second day I was not more than ten behind, but from that time my chance was all over. I believe he was originally strong in the T's and the W's, and several joined him that they might side with the conqueror. One fellow said openly that he had never before voted for two successful candidates, but that he was now determined to do so. My deepest disappointment was the first vote that was given. At the head of the roll stands James Allan, a very old man, who professed himself so hearty in my cause, that on

Tuesday he assured me that, when his name was called, he should jump upon the table and say—

> I'm the shepherd of the flock,
> And all shall follow me;
> I a plumper to Campbell will give,
> And he our member shall be.

When I spied him in court on Friday morning he would not meet my eye, and when called to poll he said, with a downcast countenance, 'Benson and Ironmonger,' repeating some doggrel in their praise.

As soon as the numbers were finally ascertained, I addressed the electors, announced my defeat, thanked my friends for the support I had received, and withdrew. I escaped the humiliation which Benson proposed to me, that I should stay to hear him panegyrise me. He is a ruined gamester, and how he has mustered ready money for the election no one can tell. He will probably never pay his bills or the burgesses. Ironmonger pays faithfully, and has nothing else to recommend him. He was twice a candidate here before, and both times those who voted for him received the usual *douceur*. He was a great coach proprietor, and has now the appearance and manners of a coachman accustomed to drive the night heavy to Birmingham. He sat all day at the right hand of the mayor, drinking porter and brandy and water.

I never met with an uncivil expression during the whole election. At this moment I think I would not again go through such a week of toil and anxiety, if I were sure to be elected. The want of system and preparation, and the entire uncertainty as to my real situation, gave me more to endure than will probably fall to the lot of any unfortunate candidate in the United Kingdom. I must say that I bore my reverse with magnanimity. I not only preserved a smiling face to cheer my friends at the poll, but I subdued my mind to my circumstances, and preserved my fortitude unshaken. Once only I lost the command over myself. When I had returned from the hall, after I had taken leave of the electors, I opened a letter from Mary, in which she anticipated the joy she should feel when she saw me come

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back crowned with victory. This was rather too much for me, and I was greatly relieved by a good hearty cry. I had excellent supports in Ryan and James Scarlett. The latter rendered himself so popular that I was a little jealous of him, and he was strongly pressed to start as a candidate himself. As soon as the election was over, he posted off for Sheffield to rejoin his regiment. Ryan accompanied me on my journey as far as Wolverhampton, whence he proceeded to attend another contested election at Bridgenorth. I had a dismal journey when left to my own contemplations; but all my vexations and disappointments were forgotten when I had embraced my dear Mary.

I am quite well, except that I have almost entirely lost my voice by speaking so much and so loud; and that my right arm aches a good deal, from the violent shaking of hands with the electors.

Write to me a letter of consolation immediately. I do not yet despair of being in the House of Commons. Scarlett stood two contests for Lewes before he was returned for Peterborough.

Weymouth: Sunday, June 25.

Dear George,—Here I am in a terrible scrape. I came down on Tuesday (to assist in repairing my broken fortunes) with a fee of 300 guineas as counsel at the election, thinking that it would be over on Thursday or Friday. It still proceeds, and will proceed to the last hour when the poll may be kept open. . . .

Tuesday at three o'clock.—My business in London must be going to utter ruin. But they say here that the election depends upon me, and stay I must. From fatigue, heat and anxiety, I have been unwell, and heaven knows what would have become of me if Mary had not accompanied me. . . .

This is not the first time that I have descended from the character of candidate to that of counsel. I was two or three days at Lichfield, and brought home 200 guineas with me. These fees would have appeared respectable to me in former times, but they will go so short a way in defraying the expenses of my own election, that they hardly operate at all as a stimulus, and I find the work exceedingly irksome.

[In the Autobiography there is the following notice of this election at Weymouth.—ED.]:—

. . . The election lasted fourteen days. I presume under the new system the contest is there over in a few hours. The election was held in a small room, to reach which we had to mount a ladder and enter by the window, on account of the crowd on the staircase. The chief right of voting was the title to any portion of certain ancient rents within the borough, and several voted as entitled to an undivided twentieth part of sixpence. The conveyances to these qualifications were to be strictly investigated, long arguments were addressed to the returning officer, and the decision of a single vote, like the trial of an ejectment at the assizes, sometimes lasted a whole day. When we harp upon the defects of the Reform Bill, we are too apt to forget the abuses which it has corrected.

Temple: August 18, 1826.

Dear George,—I cannot help being sensibly touched by the interest you show in all that concerns me.

I succeeded in everything on the circuit. . . . Maule said to me: 'You have such luck at present that if you were to drop a ring into the Severn, you would be helped to a slice of salmon at dinner to-morrow with the ring contained in it.'

Ironmonger's death causes me some embarrassment, and is not likely to do me any good, further than making my name be a little longer talked of as connected with the borough of Stafford. There is a possibility of my obtaining evidence of Ironmonger's bribery to such an extent as would seat me; but this must be very difficult, as I must show a sufficient number bribed to reduce his poll below 406. In the event of another election, I should have no chance to be returned without a serious contest, in which I am resolved I will not again involve myself.

To-morrow at eleven we embark at the Tower for Calais. We are going to make a little tour of the Rhine into Swisserland, returning by Paris. Louise Scarlett accompanies us. The Chief Justice sits on October 10, and we propose to be

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absent exactly seven weeks. This journey will cost me very little more than if I had taken a house at the seaside, which I must otherwise have done; and I am glad to give Mary a little amusement after the horrors of the election.

Temple: October 7, 1826.

Dear George,—We arrived safe in New Street last night. Our tour continued very prosperous.. We visited Zurich, Ragatz, Lucerne, Berne, &c., returning by Besançon, Dijon, and Troyes. Twice we were within a day's journey of Italy, by crossing the Splugen, or Mont St. Gothard, and I had a strong desire again to visit its sunny regions. My love of travelling is by no means extinguished, but it will probably be a long while before I again cross the Channel.

Law changes are quite immaterial to me. The only offer which could by possibility be made to me would be a judgeship, and I would rather escape the responsibility of refusing it.

Court of King's Bench: November.

Dear George, . . . You will see that Beaumont is returned for Stafford. I sent him there, that the world might see what Stafford is, and not blame me for relinquishing it. On his entering the town, by way of foretaste, he gave a 1*l.* Bank of England note to every voter who applied for it; and he soon distributed as many bank-notes as there are voters in the place. They put them in their hats, and openly paraded the streets with them by way of cockades. No credit would be given for voting-money for more than five minutes after the vote was given. Having voted, the voter had a card, which he carried to an adjoining public-house, and which instantly produced him eight guineas. When the election was over, Beaumont, in a public oration, told them that he had obtained their suffrages by means perhaps not altogether constitutional, but he hoped the money would do them good, and be of service to their families—upon which they loudly cheered him. I think the borough will very likely be disfranchised. I have no more prospect of getting into the House of Commons than of being made a Prince of the Blood.

I had, however, more leading briefs at the last sittings than I ever had before. I was in the Exchequer about ten days ago. When the cause was over the Chief Baron called me into his private room and said that, when there was to be any promotion at the bar, he would urge my claims to the Chancellor.

The Duke of York is worse, and is not expected to live a month.[4] They dried up the water by a decoction of broom, but his stomach is gone and his legs are mortifying. There is a good deal of sympathy felt for him. Except his bigoted view of the Catholic question, nothing can be said against him, and he is the best of the whole family. But his removal at present must be a great public benefit. There is a general feeling that Catholic Emancipation cannot be much longer delayed.

House of Lords: Wednesday, November, 1826.

Dear George,—I have now the mortification of seeing Lord Eldon sitting before me on the woolsack, and there I shall see him ten years hence, if I live so long. He has begun to hear appeals to-day, and I am in the first. The science of law seems to decline sadly in Scotland. The decision of the judges in the case we are now arguing is most disgracefully wrong, and the reasons they give for it absolutely foolish.

I dined a few days ago with the new Master of the Rolls.[5] He is quite unchanged, and speaks on public topics in his wonted manner. He said: 'I hear Shadwell (who is now sitting close by me, being my colleague) has had some new lights on the Catholic question, and thinks there might be great danger in granting further concessions to the Catholics, and that he is to be the next Solicitor-General.' Of Warren he said: 'Poor Warren, he did not know how to carry it off. He defended himself instead of attacking his accusers.' I was inclined to say, 'Ille crucem sceleris,' &c., *You have a crown and he has a cross.*[6]

[4] He died January 5, 1827.—ED.

[5] Sir J. Copley succeeded Lord Gifford, who died September 4, 1826.—ED.

[6] 'Ille crucem pretium sceleris tulit, hic diadema.'—Juvenal, *Sat.* xiii. 105.

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Term ended yesterday. Between November 6 and 28, I made above 500 guineas.

Court of King's Bench, Guildhall:
February 2, 1827.

Dear George, . . . Nothing is at this moment thought of but the division on the Catholic question. On this everything depends. If it is lost there will be an ultra-Tory Administration formed, and we shall soon have a civil war. If it be carried by anything of a majority, Canning will be firmly seated, and national, party and private prospects will be encouraging. Both parties talk confidently.[7] I am by no means sanguine; I fear that the King, notwithstanding his professions, has a disinclination to Canning, and is intriguing against him. The Rutlands, Lonsdales, Beauforts, &c., have such an antipathy to Canning that they say they would rather see Lord Grey Prime Minister. Lord Liverpool is completely *hors de combat*, notwithstanding the foolish paragraph about his recovery. I met Sir Henry Halford lately at dinner at the new Baron's, and he told me that he could only be made to say *Yes* or *No*, and that his recovery was impossible.

On Saturday we were at a grand dinner at No. 4[8]— the Duke of Gloucester, Plunket, &c. The Duke is to be godfather to Robert's son, who he says will be the third Lord Abinger. He told Mary that this was the last circuit her father would ever go as counsel. But he has talked in this style any time these ten years, and not the slightest regard is to be paid to his predictions. If Lord Lansdowne were to come in, Scarlett might follow in his train; but the Catholic question is an insuperable obstacle, and the Lord Chancellor and the Duke of Wellington are at present greatly too strong to tolerate such an arrangement. Scarlett lately met the Duke of Clarence at Lord Holland's. He was very civil to him, and abused the Chancellor. He is such a wild harum scarum sort of fellow that no mortal can tell what he would do. He said he knew nothing of the present Ministers, and

[7] The division on a resolution in favour of Catholic claims took place March 7, 1827—ayes 272, noes 276.—ED.

[8] Mr. Scarlett's house, 4 New Street, Spring Gardens.—ED.

that he never was in Canning's company more than once in his life.

Shrewsbury: March 30, 1827. Eleven at night.

Dear George, . . . Poor Mary Bruce's death brings back sad recollections. I very much approve of your erecting a stone to record her faithful services and our gratitude.[9]

I ought to have got so far to-night on my way to Hereford, but we have a long day's work before us, and I shall be obliged to travel all to-morrow night. You can hardly form a notion of the life of labour, anxiety and privation which I lead upon the circuit. I am up every morning by six. I never get out of court till seven, eight or nine in the evening, and, having swallowed any indifferent fare that my clerk provides for me at my lodgings, I have consultations and read briefs till I fall asleep. This arises very much from the incompetence of the judge. It is from the incompetency of judges that the chief annoyances I have in life arise. I could myself have disposed of the causes here in half the time the judge employed. He has tried two causes in four days. Poor fellow, he is completely knocked up.

Nothing is settled or known about the new Administration.[1] The notion gains ground that Canning will be Premier. This must be under many and great restrictions.

[9] He wrote the following inscription for the stone which was placed over her grave in the churchyard at Cupar:—

THIS STONE
IS ERECTED TO COMMEMORATE
THE FAITHFUL SERVICES AND SPOTLESS CHARACTER
OF
MARY BRUCE,
WHO CAREFULLY AND TENDERLY REARED
THE SEVEN CHILDREN OF
THE REV. DR. GEORGE CAMPBELL,
MINISTER OF THIS PARISH,
AND LIVED AS A DOMESTIC IN HIS FAMILY
UPWARDS OF FORTY YEARS.
SOME OF THOSE CHILDREN
HAD THE SATISFACTION TO WATCH OVER
HER DECLINING YEARS,
AND THEY HAVE ALL UNITED
IN PAYING TO HER MEMORY
THIS TRIBUTE
OF AFFECTION AND GRATITUDE.
SHE DIED ON THE 22ND DAY OF MARCH, 1827,
IN THE 75TH YEAR OF HER AGE.

[1] On the death of Lord Liverpool.—ED.

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However, if he is skilful and lucky, he may gain a complete ascendency.

Gloucester: April 17, 1827.

Dear George, . . . I presume you take a lively interest in these ministerial changes. This certainly is the crisis of my fortunes. If Scarlett has the Great Seal, everything is open to me, but whether the circumstance of his not being a Chancery man will be considered an insuperable objection, I know not. I have heard nothing from him, and I do not even know if he be arrived from the circuit. I may calculate upon a silk gown before the next circuit.

Judge —— still keeps us at Gloucester. The men of this circuit are exceedingly irregular in their mode of doing business, and he is quite incapable of controlling them. I am afraid I look for contradictory and inconsistent qualifications in judges, but indeed the present set are exceedingly bad. The degraded state of the bench we owe, among other blessings, to John Lord Eldon, whom I do seriously and dispassionately regard as one of the greatest curses ever inflicted upon this country. How I shall rejoice when he is actually out! Till he has *de facto* given up the seals, I shall always be afraid of some *ruse* of the Devil to keep him in office.

New Street: Sunday night, April 22, 1827.

Dear George,—Nothing is determined at this moment, either as to the Whigs as a party, or as to Scarlett individually. On Friday the negotiation between Canning and Lord Lansdowne was broken off—very foolishly, I think, on the part of his lordship. Canning offered him four seats in the Cabinet, and that, out of eleven, there should only be two anti-Catholics, Copley and Lord Bexley. So far Lord Lansdowne was quite satisfied, but he required a pledge that in Ireland the Lord Lieutenant, the Chancellor, and the Secretary should be Catholic. To this the King would not agree. There was a general dissatisfaction at Brooks's with Lord Lansdowne's resolution, and he was strongly remonstrated with. In consequence, the negotiation was again opened yesterday, and the Duke of Devonshire was sent down to Bowood, where Lord Lansdowne had gone. He is

not expected back till to-morrow morning. Brougham and Denman, and all the most violent of the Whig party, are decidedly for supporting Canning against the Tories, and are incensed against the Whig lords for not taking office along with him. I think Brougham will join him himself, if others do not. He said to me yesterday very truly: 'My support in the House of Commons is of much more importance than Lansdowne's in the House of Lords.'

On Friday Canning sent for Scarlett, and expressed regret that, from his being out of town, he had not been able to make him the channel of communication with Lord Lansdowne. He said he wished him to have the highest judicial situation in the common law, but there was a difficulty from the claim of the men who might hold the office of Attorney and Solicitor-General. He had kept the office of Attorney-General vacant for him, and hoped he would accept it. Scarlett said he must consult his friends, particularly Lord Lansdowne, Lord Holland, and Lord Fitzwilliam. Canning answered that that was what he expected. Lord Lansdowne and Lord Holland advise him strongly to accept. Lord Fitzwilliam, who is at Milton, has been written to, and his answer will be received to-morrow.

You know all. I need not say that I communicate these things to you in great confidence.

I shall exceedingly regret if the Whig leaders are so infatuated as to refuse to come in. They may have a great part of the government now, and probably the whole at no distant period. Every object for which they have been struggling would be furthered by their accession to office, and their holding back will probably have the effect of throwing everything into the hands of the intolerants.

We had a grand christening yesterday at No. 4.[2] Not only the Duke but, as a most distinguished and extraordinary honour, the Duchess graced the ceremony. Her behaviour was most amiable and engaging. He (although exceedingly affable) is a little pompous and condescending. She is quite unaffected and unpretending, and only desirous

[2] Of William Frederick Scarlett, now third Baron Abinger.—ED.

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to appear a lady among ladies. She sang, and mentioned how the old King liked to hear his children sing, he having five daughters and four sons who were all musical. Loo and Fred came to pay their respects to their RR. HH., and were received with great distinction.

The Duchess told Scarlett that the King said to her a few days ago: 'Mary, Mr. Scarlett is a great friend of yours, is not he? Do you think he will join us? Should I like him?' *Duchess.* 'Sir, I am very intimate with him. He will do nothing inconsistent with his principles; but I am sure you would like him very much.' *King.* 'Well, we shall soon see.'

The Duke congratulated me on the certainty of my having a silk gown immediately. I suppose this will be so, and this is all the promotion I shall ever have. But it is whimsical to think that it was upon the cards that I might have been Solicitor-General. If the King had not insisted on having an anti-Catholic Chancellor, Scarlett might have been taken in preference to Copley, and then it would not have been more than five to one against my being appointed Solicitor-General. But there will be a change of Ministry before there is any further promotion; and, besides Canning's own partisans and favourites, there are Brougham, Denman, Williams, &c. as Whigs to be provided for before I can be thought of. I shall have interest and excitement enough in seeing whether my silk gown makes me look taller in London. On the circuit it will rather degrade me, as I have been there the unquestioned leader in *stuff*.

Brooks's: Monday, five o'clock.

They say the Duke of Devonshire is returned, and that Lord Lansdowne and the Whigs certainly come in; but I have not heard particulars from any authentic source. I *believe* that the arrangement is made. I rejoice in this exceedingly.

Plunket has resigned the Rolls, because the bar exclaimed against the appointment. Adieu!

Temple: Wednesday, April 25, 1827.

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Dear George,—I can tell you nothing more about Lord Lansdowne's negotiation. Brougham said to me this morning, 'I shall hate the word *negotiation* for the rest of my life. I could have got better terms for them in half an hour than they have been haggling about so long.' The probability is that he will come in, but I should not be surprised if the treaty were to break off upon some such foolish punctilio as who shall be leader of the House of Lords.

In the meantime you will be pleased to hear that at all events Scarlett is Attorney-General, with the approbation of Lord Fitzwilliam and all his friends. A letter was received from Lord Fitzwilliam this morning, advising him to accept the offer, and saying that he may *rely upon a good reception at Peterborough.* He immediately went to Canning to announce his acceptance of the office. Canning received the news with great joy, and no doubt it is a matter of some importance to him, independently of the gratification he may enjoy from their private friendship.

If Lord Fitzwilliam had withheld his consent, Scarlett would have been placed in a very embarrassing and mortifying situation. He was strongly urged by his Whig friends to accept, whatever Lord Fitzwilliam might think of it; but these very persons might afterwards have blamed him, and, if Canning's Government should be shortlived, the Whigs might have said he had deserted them. Unless he was to be returned again for Peterborough, I should have advised him to decline the offer. But now it is every way safe and auspicious. Besides, his consequence with Canning is much greater as representing the Fitzwilliam interest. He is much pleased himself, and the ladies of the family (to whom I first communicated the intelligence) are still more delighted.

The splendour of the Great Seal is enough to blind one to all the inconveniences and annoyances which it would bring along with it to a man not reared in the Court of Chancery. But there is no other office so desirable for Scarlett as that which he has obtained. He had made up his mind to refuse the Rolls. His appointment will give great satisfaction.

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From his professional eminence and honourable character and career, there has been a general regret that men so much junior, and so much inferior to him, should be put over his head.

We had a call from 'Lady Copley' yesterday at the very hour when she was in the act of being transformed into 'Lady Lyndhurst.'[3] I look upon a silk gown as a matter of course, 1, from my station in the profession; 2, from Copley's regard for me; 3, from his friendship for Scarlett; 4, from the interest of the Attorney-General. In truth the first reason is quite sufficient.

Court of King's Bench: Friday (May 4 or 11).

. . . I wrote a few lines to Copley (*pro formâ*) about the time when the seals were delivered to him. I heard nothing till yesterday, when I happened to be in the House of Lords. He came to the bar and, beckoning to me, said 'he had not sent any answer to my letter as he wished to answer it in person, and that I should probably hear from him in two or three days, but that this was a confidential communication.' He was exceedingly gracious, and meant this as an announcement that I was to have my patent forthwith. I understand that there are a number of blank patents in the Crown Office. A great difficulty now arises with regard to Brougham. The King having consented to his having a silk gown, he declares that he will not accept it, and that he shall consider himself ill-used by Government if any are made upon the Northern circuit. He pretends to say that his motives for supporting the new Administration would be liable to suspicion if he were to accept anything that could be construed into a favour. What his real motive or intention is God only knows. He talks upon the subject like an insane person. Copley likewise spoke to him in the House of Lords yesterday, and he announced his resolution neither to become King's counsel nor to take a patent of precedence, but he agreed to have a conference with Copley to discuss the matter. Brougham seems to think that Canning entirely depends upon him,

[3] Sir J. Copley, Master of the Rolls, succeeded Lord Eldon as Lord Chancellor.—ED.

and that he may play what fantastic tricks he pleases. I offered to waive my seniority and, as far as I was concerned, that he should march in at the head of the batch. He declared that he would not accept of a patent to have pre-audience of the Attorney-General. This *embarras* may cause some delay, but I have little doubt that I shall be called within the bar in the course of next week.

Scarlett has been re-elected for Peterborough. His appointment as Attorney-General has given great satisfaction. Even Lord Eldon has said that the Crown is now most fitly represented. I saw the old gentleman yesterday, shorn of his honours. He looked dejected and melancholy. I rather relented, and I did not feel the pleasure at his fall which I had anticipated.

Cockpit, Whitehall: June 2, 1827.

Dear George,—Here I am waiting for an appeal from Ste. Lucie coming on.

The three Chancery men have been sworn in King's counsel. Brougham has his patent of precedence in his pocket, but, acting in the same strange unaccountable manner he has done, he keeps it in his pocket and still acts without the bar, in his stuff gown. He now says he wants to see whether anything can be done for Denman, and declares hopes are still entertained that the King may be softened. Our patents are said to be in the Crown Office, but I am well informed that nothing will be done till term comes round again. The delay is quite immaterial to me. I am in the state of one morally sure of good fortune arriving. Therefore the sum of my enjoyment may be increased by its being deferred.

Plunket is sitting at the table now. He goes by the name of 'the lord in waiting.' He is to be Chancellor of Ireland when the King will consent. His present situation is rather ludicrous. He was a fool to give up the Rolls. Leach, the present Master of the Rolls, is sitting opposite to him. He is in great hopes of being made a peer. Next him is my neighbour and old friend Abercromby, the new Judge Advocate and a Privy Councillor.

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Wednesday, June 13. Half-past five.

Dear George,—You may give your dinner. I have this moment been sworn in as King's counsel, and received my patent from the Chancellor. Yours,

J. C.

Court of King's Bench: June 14, 1827.
(From within the Bar.)

Dear George, . . . Here I sit among his Majesty's counsel learned in the law! I wish you had seen the swearing in yesterday. We were in the Chancellor's private room in the House of Lords. They made us kneel down and swear that we did not believe in the damnable doctrine of Transubstantiation. I could hardly preserve the gravity becoming such a *solemn* ceremony. There was a general laugh when, on reading poor Twiss's patent, it turned out that he was expressly told by the King that he was to have *no wages*, whereas our Royal Master allows the rest of us 40*l.* a year. This exception in Twiss's patent is to preserve his acceptance of the office from vacating his seat in Parliament.

What do you think of the loss of the Corn Bill, and the coalition between the ultra-Tories and the ultra-Whigs, the extreme right and the extreme left? We are secure till about next Easter, but things are not on a very satisfactory footing. The appointment of Lord Goderich to lead in the House of Lords was a great mistake. He has performed very badly and he has no *authority* whatever. Had Lord Lansdowne at once taken an office, and been made leader of the Lords, all would have gone on smoothly. It is well understood that, soon after the prorogation of Parliament, Canning resumes his old office of Foreign Secretary, remaining Premier with all the power and patronage belonging to that ideal office. Lord Dudley goes out altogether. Lord Lansdowne will be put at the head of the Treasury, and Huskisson probably Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The King has still a strong hankering after the Duke of Wellington, and he is the formidable opponent of the new Ministry. About a fortnight ago, the King again offered him the army, which he refused, and he says he would rather serve under Lord Grey than under Mr. Canning.

Grey's conduct is, I think, very atrocious. He is doing what he can to ruin a Government which he knows would do a great deal for the cause of liberality, that he may restore to power men who he knows are pledged and devoted to the cause of bigotry. The Duke of Wellington's conduct I applaud, although it is to be wondered at and lamented that so great and able a man should not have more liberal principles.

The King's refusal to receive the address of the City of London gives some alarm, but the truth is that he has a strong dislike to the Corporation of London for their conduct in the Queen's case, and he hates the trouble of receiving them and returning an answer. I hear there is to be a levée soon, when I shall have the honour of kissing the royal hand.

The Earl of Warwick or the King-maker (Brougham's new appellation) still supports Ministers, but how long he will continue to do so, no one can tell. He greatly overrates his influence.

When I showed Freddy my patent yesterday, with the Great Seal dangling from it, he thought it was a new toy and asked if I had bought it for him.

Stafford: Thursday, August 1827.

Dear George, . . . You will be very much afflicted by the death of Mr. Canning.[4] It is a sad blow, every way. The reign of intolerance is restored. An entire change of Ministry is expected. Copley told Scarlett on Monday that he thought the King would turn out the Whigs; that he, Copley, would probably remain, as Lord Eldon might be contented with the office of President of the Council. The only chance is that the King may think he will have less trouble from making Lord Lansdowne Premier than if he were to send for Mr. Peel.

Scarlett has been here.[5] I had the honour to be opposed to him. The cause was really an undefended one, and I made as good a fight as I expected. I have been extremely lucky on the circuit, getting all the verdicts that were to be gotten. Louise Scarlett came here with her father. They intended to have toured about for some days, but Scarlett was forced

[4] He died August 8, 1827.

[5] At the Stafford assizes.—Ed.

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to set off for London the moment he had finished his speech. He is very much affected by Canning's death. There was an intimate and steady friendship between them. Scarlett expects to be turned out. This he will bear with an equal mind, but his case is rather a hard one. For the honour of being Attorney-General a few months, he has given up the Northern circuit, which was worth 5,000*l.* a year to him. Still there is no reason to regret that he took the office. He had gone the circuit long enough.

22 Wellington Square, Hastings: September 18, 1827.

Dear George,—Here we are fixed for the vacation. I confess I look with some longing across the water, but this summer we must be stationary. I have had great delight in showing Loo and Fred the sea, and helping them to pick up pebbles and shells on the beach. I enjoy exceedingly the intermission of the wrangling of the bar. But when the proper season returns, I suppose I shall contentedly return to them. Now is the time when it is to be determined whether I was only fit to be a special pleader. I look forward to the crisis with apprehension, but not with despair. Frederick Pollock, my great rival, has acquired immense glory on the Northern circuit by getting ahead of Brougham. Unfortunately the Oxford circuit is very obscure, and the public know nothing of it or me.

Court of King's Bench: November 3, 1827.

Dear George,—I am going on as well as I could reasonably expect. At Guildhall I had more than Brougham and as much as Pollock. . . . Alexander's peerage was refused that there might not be a vacancy in the office of Solicitor-General, by Tindal becoming Chief Baron. Ministers were afraid of the *embarras* of Brougham pressing to be appointed, and the King resisting. I do not see on what ground he could be passed over. He supports the Administration, he is at the top of the profession, and there is nothing that can be openly urged against his character.

If Lord Goderich[6] were a man of more vigour, Ministers

[6] Lord Goderich became Prime Minister on the death of Canning.—ED.

would go on very well. The King cordially supports them, and continues very hostile to Peel and the ultra-Tories. The ultra-Tory opposition is contemptible, and the discontented Whigs are not at all formidable. But I doubt very much whether Goderich can hold the helm long. . . .

My friend Copley, I am sorry to say, performs rather indifferently. He is said to be very idle and remorseless. I have heard nothing lately of poor Lord Eldon. He must rather be tired by this time of partridge shooting, and, when the first day of term comes, he must feel very melancholy.

Court of King's Bench: November 13, 1827.

Dear George, . . . I wish I could say anything to amuse you, but we are only talking of Navarino,[7] of which you know as much as I. I was rather prepared for a battle by Peter Scarlett's letters, which represented the Turks as quite obstinate. The Reis Effendi, some months ago, told Stratford Canning that the times for sending ambassadors to the Seven Towers were gone by. However, we are rather uneasy about poor Peter.

I am sorry to say Lady Scarlett is seriously ill. . . . She is a most kind-hearted, amiable creature, and her loss would be a heavy blow to the whole family.

I continue to enjoy my rank much more than I expected. The very convenience of sitting where I now am is to be envied. Instead of being jostled and elbowed by stuff gowns and serjeants from the Common Pleas, here I sit in state—at this moment no one within a yard of me on either side. When I present myself at the door of the court the usher says, 'Make way.' A lane is formed, I sail in, strike my flag to the Chief Justice, and take part in the line of battle as a first-rate. You will suppose me as bad as J. P., who now, having been fifteen years a judge, has unabated delight in being stared at by the little boys when he is trumpeted into the assize town, or walks up the nave of a cathedral to the sound of the organ. But what I speak of in my own case is solid comfort.

The King, though well affected to Ministers, is very

[7] The battle of Navarino was fought on October 20, 1827.—Ed.

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troublesome about appointments. He has more power and influence than constitutionally he ought to have. Lord Goderich has no authority and is no check upon the King.

November 23, 1827.

Nothing for me but hard work. No luck. Yesterday I intended in praying judgment to have fired off against 'John Bull.' I was with Scarlett, and had for the first time in my life written a speech, concluding with a quotation from Shakespeare. As Scarlett proceeded, it was likely to come in as nicely as could be, and I had framed a few extempore sentences to introduce it—when Mr. Attorney chose to extinguish me by concluding in a manner that rendered it impossible to say a word except that 'I could add nothing to what had been urged by my learned leader.'

We are all quite well at No. 9. Mary and I are studying algebra together, and are making great progress in equations. Loo has begun to learn French regularly under a Madame Graille, just imported from Paris.

CHAPTER XVI.

DECEMBER 1827—JUNE 1830.

Resignation of Lord Goderich—The Duke of Wellington's Administration—Scarlett ceases to be Attorney-General—Real Property Commission—Speaker Manners Sutton—Law of Prescription—Sits for his Portrait—Dinner at the Duke of Gloucester's—Dinner at Mr. Secretary Peel's—Catholic Emancipation—Death of Lady Scarlett—Report of the Real Property Commission—Offer of a Puisne Judgeship—Illness of King George IV.—Holland House—Duchess of Gloucester—Death of George IV.

Brooks's: Saturday, December 27, 1827.
Half-past five.

Dear George,—We are all in a bustle here. They say Lord Goderich has certainly resigned.[1] I believe there is no doubt of the fact. Nobody knows anything of the consequences. Lord Goderich felt himself quite incompetent. There has not been any quarrel between him and the King, or between him and his colleagues. Some pretend that Lord Lansdowne must now be Premier, and he certainly must, or resign, for he could not remain in with any dignity or usefulness under another chief. Others pretend that the Duke of Wellington will be sent for, and that the old Tories will be restored. My private opinion is that the King will not consent to Peel and Lord Eldon coming back, and that he would rather submit to a Whig being at the head.

Every frank in the room is exhausted by similar despatches. Perhaps you may think this worth 1*s.* 2½*d.*

Court of King's Bench: January 21, 1828.

Dear George,—As yet I know nothing, but I am afraid you may think I ought not to be longer silent. The present state of affairs is very distressing, and the result, whatever it may be, must be deplored. This much is certain—that the

[1] He did not finally resign till Jan. 7, 1828.—ED.

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Whigs are all out, and that Canning's friends remain in.[2] This is exactly the combination of circumstances which I dreaded and deprecated. A pure Protestant and ultra-Tory administration I should have been very well pleased to see. This would have led to a combination among all the Liberals, who would ere long have been again in office, with power to carry their measures into effect.

Nothing as yet is decided with respect to Scarlett. I rather conjecture that he will have the option of remaining in if he likes, although this be mere conjecture, and I think Wetherell will be very ill used if he is not restored. If the option is given, I know not how it will be exercised. He cannot *stay* without a rupture with Lord Fitzwilliam and the whole of the Whig party. He will go *sine spe redeundi*, and with the certainty of seeing young and obscure men put over his head. Huskisson is a great friend of his, and will try to negotiate his stay. Stanley has resigned the situation of Huskisson's under-secretary, and there will not be a Whig to give any countenance to the defection. All that could be said is that Scarlett was not put in by Lansdowne and the Whigs, but by Canning, and that he is therefore justified in acting with Canning's friends. He says, I believe sincerely, that he would be well pleased to hear that he was dismissed. I saw Wetherell on Saturday evening. He seemed very much depressed, and had not received any communication. His friend Lord Eldon certainly does not come into office any more. Huskisson refused to sit in the Cabinet with him. Huskisson has obtained a pledge that Canning's policy, foreign and domestic, will be persevered in. At Brooks's Huskisson is scurrilously abused for separating from the Whigs. I had a call from Copley on Saturday evening, but there is no consequence belonging to it. When the servant announced to me that Lord Lyndhurst was in the hall, and wished to see me privately, I thought he had come to me about Scarlett, but it was merely to see whether I could

[2] On the resignation of Lord Goderich the Duke of Wellington formed a new Administration. Lord Dudley, Mr. Huskisson, Mr. Grant, and Lord Palmerston were among the friends of Canning who 'remained in,' but they resigned the following May.—ED.

assist him in negotiating the resignation of an old judge. I took him into the library, and had some talk with him in the tone of former confidence. He said he thought the new Government would be very satisfactory to the public, and would be very strong in both Houses. He intimated an opinion that Brougham had done a great deal of mischief. Indeed my private opinion is that Copley's dread of Brougham led mainly to breaking up the Government. If Lord Holland had come in with Brougham in his train, Copley would have been in the hands of the Whigs, and would have held the Great Seal by an insecure tenure.

At the very instant when I write to you, Scarlett has received a note from the Chancellor wishing to see him immediately, and he is gone. He says he shall ask a day or two to deliberate. From what Huskisson said I believed the offer would be made.

Court of King's Bench: January 26, 1828.

. . . Scarlett is out, or as good as out, and I am glad of it. He could not have remained in with credit. It is mortifying, but does not amount to a calamity. We may, and I hope shall, still be respectable and happy. I have been clear for the resignation, and have regretted that it has been so long delayed. Copley requested on Wednesday when we were at his levée, that at all events Scarlett would hold the office for a few days. As soon as he leaves the court to-day, he is going to the Chancellor to bring the matter to a conclusion. Brougham advised him to stay—Denman to go—Lord Lansdowne said that with a view to a judicial office he might stay—Lord Holland rather thought that he might not. But what is strongest is that Lord Milton is furious against the present Government, and declares that no one with any particle of Whig principles can support it, and therefore that, if his continuance in office would be an adhesion to the Government, he should immediately retire.

Court of King's Bench: February 14, 1828.

. . . I am more and more pleased that Scarlett is out. I do not see how Huskisson and Dudley can continue in. Poor

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Husky is in a very bad way. There was much mutual courtesy between Scarlett and the Duke when they met and parted. The Duke said the King was particularly sorry to lose his services, and the King has sent him a private message to the same effect. Were there now a vacancy in the office of Chief Justice of the King's Bench, I believe it would be offered to him, but things may take a new aspect every moment.

Court of King's Bench: May 5, 1828.

Dear George, . . . Mary and I dined with the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester on Wednesday, with a very splendid party.

The distinction which has most flattered me of late was having a case sent for my opinion by the Court of Session in Scotland. I have often answered cases for the parties to be used in the Court of Session, but this was the first referred to me by the Court *ex mero motu*. This feeling shows how true a Scotchman I am, and how unsophisticated I continue, though living so long in a foreign country.

I am likely to have a mark of confidence here which perhaps you will set little value upon. You have heard of a Commission to be appointed for the reformation of the Law of Real Property in England. I am asked to belong to it. Being in the House of Lords about three weeks ago, the Chancellor wrote me a note to inquire if I had seen Lord Tenterden, and if he had made any communication to me. He had not then, but next day he took me into his private room at Guildhall, and said he was desired by Mr. Peel to propose to me to become a member of the Commission; that they were very anxious for my services, and the only doubt was whether my business would leave me sufficient time to attend to it. Lord Tenterden advised me to take a day to consider Scarlett and others to whom I mentioned the matter strongl urged me to accept, and I next day intimated my acceptance accordingly. On the first day of term the Chancellor, at his levée, expressed his satisfaction. But from that day to this I have not heard a word more upon the subject. I believe that great difficulties have occurred in the nomination of the other commissioners. I should be much pleased if I were

nominated, and the others were such as it would be creditable to co-operate with. I make no doubt that my name was first mentioned by Copley. It is pleasant that he should think of me on such an occasion, and that no veto should be put upon his recommendation. In the course of the discussions I should gain a great deal of information, which would be of great value to me for the rest of my professional life. I say nothing of remuneration, for I told Lord Tenterden with great sincerity, and desired him to say to Peel, that I would rather that my services were gratuitous. I think a great deal may be safely done to improve the law, and much credit may be acquired by those engaged in the undertaking.

Court of King's Bench: May 14, 1828.

Dear George, . . . Lady Scarlett is again rather better, and hopes of her recovery revive. I am now to tell you a profound secret. Louise Scarlett is going to be married,—to a very excellent fellow, Currey, formerly an officer, now belonging to the establishment of the Duke of Gloucester. He is not very rich, but is one of the most agreeable, honourable, and gentlemanly men I have ever been acquainted with. The Duchess was informed of the circumstance yesterday, and immediately with her own hand wrote her a very long, kind and beautiful letter, praising Currey and her, and expressing her satisfaction at the prospect of having her for a neighbour in the country.

I have heard not a word more about the Commission, except an accidental hint this morning. Tindal took me into the library of the House of Lords to consult me about the construction of an Act of Parliament. There to our surprise we found the Lord Chancellor. *Chancellor.* 'How is the Commission going on?' *Campbell.* 'I have heard nothing of it these three weeks. I suppose it has gone to sleep.' *Chancellor.* 'No, no! Don't you think Campbell a very fit man to put at the head of it?' *Tindal.* 'Oh! very fit. The appointment would give universal satisfaction.' This all in a semi-quizzing tone. There are great difficulties in selecting the conveyancers who are to be appointed.

I still relish the notion of becoming a Solon. I think

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Lord Tenterden has been more civil to me ever since he delivered Peel's message.

You will be glad of the result of the debate on the Catholic question, although it will produce no immediate good effects. On Saturday I was one of four benchers of Lincoln's Inn who dined there with the Speaker, a brother bencher.[3] I asked him if he had prepared a speech to usher in his vote, should the House be equally divided. He said that he had, and he was so good-humoured as to tell us what he meant to say. It seems that *qua* Speaker he would have been at liberty to vote against the question, according to his private sentiments. You know that there are some occasions when the Speaker is bound to vote in a particular way, whatever may be his own sentiments, as for inquiry, against a tax, &c. Sutton says, however, that Abbott, the late Speaker, is thought to have been wrong in supposing that he was bound to vote for the impeachment of Lord Melville.

I had the promise of admission at all times under the gallery by sending in my name to the Speaker.

I ought to have been at Lincoln's Inn chapel last Saturday, and I should have been introduced to Walter Scott, and had the honour of showing him our Inn.

Court of King's Bench: May 22, 1828.

Dear George,—On Saturday last I received a letter from Mr. Peel, of which I give you a copy.[4] I could only express my gratification at this distinguished mark of confidence, and my readiness to contribute my best exertions to further the objects of the Commission.

My puisne judges are very much to my mind, and I

[3] Manners Sutton.

[4] Whitehall: May 17, 1828.

Sir,—His Majesty has been graciously pleased to direct the necessary steps to be taken for the appointment of a Commission to inquire into the state of the law regarding the transfer of real property.

Having conversed with the Lord Chancellor on the subject of the Commission, I beg leave to express a wish on his part and on my own, that you would allow me to propose your name to his Majesty as the first in the Commission. I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

ROBERT PEEL.

make no doubt we shall go on very agreeably. I give my first Cabinet dinner on Saturday.

Yesterday I had a conference with the Chancellor respecting the terms of the Commission. We are to inquire 'into the law of England respecting Real Property and the various interests therein, and the methods and forms of alienating, conveying, and transferring the same, and of assuring the titles thereto,' and to suggest such alterations and improvements as we shall think fit.

It is impossible to deny that this is a considerable distinction. I am the only Common lawyer selected, and I am put at the head of a Commission which excites a good deal of interest in Parliament and with the public.

I must bid adieu for some time to all thoughts of Parliament. There has been nothing said or hinted to me on the subject, but there has been a sort of understanding that no M.P. should be appointed, and the Commission must fully occupy every moment of leisure I can snatch from my business at the bar. What I should like is to come into the House to carry through such Bills for the improvement of the law as we may recommend. But this is an idle dream. Life is rapidly wearing away.

Monday, June 9, 1828.

. . . We have at last got our commission under the Great Seal, and we are to open it to-day at four o'clock with all due solemnity. 'Successful ambition' brings many pangs and mortifications along with it. I am to be tied by the leg during the whole of the long vacation. The Commissioners have resolved to remain in London August, September and October, and to meet daily. Thus, even if Lady Scarlett's health would have allowed us to make out our visit to you, it has now become impossible. This is a great disappointment to us all.

[Thus he speaks in the Autobiography of this appointment.—ED.]

. . . I particularly rejoiced at the opportunity I should have of being trained in the law of Real Property, in which,

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hitherto, I had been rather deficient; for I had never studied with a conveyancer, and the great bulk of the cases which I had had to argue were of a commercial nature, and respected personal rights and obligations only. I had associated with me the four men the most skilled in the profession as Real Property lawyers—Brodie, Hodgson, Tinney, and Duckworth; and three others were added, Duval, Tyrrell, and Sanders. I set to work systematically *ab ovo*, as if I had never read the second volume of Blackstone, or Littleton, or his commentator, and worked with such assiduity that, in dealing with tenures, I did not require the caution necessary to my fame when dealing with Latin quantities, and I could speak with boldness and freedom before lawyers, whom we examined, of the efficacy of a fine, and the operation of a recovery, and the peculiar magic by which they respectively barred estates tail. I now got that insight into the law of Real Property which afterwards enabled me to deliver my argument in the Scarborough case.

Although we all joined in our public discussions, one particular subject was specially allotted to each commissioner, on which he was to write in our Report to his Majesty, and to draw propositions as to the foundation of legislative enactment. I had the important subject of 'Prescription and Statutes of Limitation.' The statute 3 and 4 Wm. IV. c. 27 is the result of my labour. I read every case to be found connected with the subject in our Reports, from the Year Books downwards, and I inquired how it had been treated in the Roman Civil Law, by the modern continental nations, and by the different States forming the American Union. Our own law of prescription I found the most barbarous and anomalous that ever existed in the world,—a man with a bad title being, under certain circumstances, able to defraud the true owner by an adverse possession of five years, and, under other circumstances, there being no security in a *bona fide* possession of centuries, fortified by a long train of descents, purchases and marriage-settlements. I proposed the general rule that a possession as owner for twenty years shall be conclusive evidence of ownership, which was established by the enactment that every claimant must pursue

his legal remedy within twenty years from the time when his title or right of entry accrued.

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We presented our first Report to his Majesty on the 10th of March, 1829. I wrote the 'Introduction,' as well as the head 'Prescription,' the rest being written with great ability by Tinney, Hodgson and Brodie. Sir Robert Peel, soon after, told me that he had carefully perused the Report, that it was so framed that he thought he perfectly understood it, and that he was desirous the suggestions it contained should be carried into effect. It was likewise very much approved of by the profession; and on points of Real Property law it is now cited in Westminster Hall with text-books of authority. The Commission continued three years, and we published several other reports, of which I had only the general superintendence, but which were equally well received, and it has been universally admitted that we faithfully discharged our public duty. The Common Law Commissioners, consisting of Parke, Bosanquet, Patteson, Alderson (afterwards made judges), and Serjeant Stephen, gained equal credit.

July 3, 1828.

Dear George, . . . What with the Commission and my private practice I have been working very hard. I have not been on horseback for a fortnight. The Commissioners meet thrice a week between four and six. On those days I have no dinner, except some sandwiches and a glass of wine sent for me to the Temple. I am not at all in good spirits about the Commission. We go on very indifferently. We do not quarrel so as to obstruct our progress; on the contrary, we are very cordial, and very much agree in our views. But I am sadly afraid we shall be found wanting in industry and energy. We are all much occupied with private business, and I fear not prepared to make the sacrifices and exertions necessary for the discharge of our public duty. Unless we get on much better when the long vacation comes, I shall despair.

I am rather prosperous in King's Bench. I have just obtained a verdict that will make some noise in the medical world. The action was by the College of Physicians against a Dr. Harrison, an Edinburgh graduate, for practising as a

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physician without being admitted as a licentiate. There was nothing in any of the grounds of defence supplied me by my client; but I floored the College, notwithstanding a furious summing up by Lord Tenterden in their favour.

Temple: September 11, 1828.

Dear George,—Do not think that I forget you. I have been devoting two hours a day to you—in sitting for my portrait.[5] I did not know the task would be so disagreeable, or I fear I should not have come under the promise. But I must now go on. What costume do you prefer? I proposed my gala dress as King's counsel. Mary forbade the wig, or at least would only have it by my side on a pole. Still I thought you might like to see the tokens of my 'successful ambition,' and the full-bottom appears on the head. But there is plenty of time to have it altered according to your fantasy. So say the word.

I am here established in chambers *en garçon*, as I was eight years ago. Mary and the babes are at Abinger, and I go there only on Saturdays, returning on Monday morning. This arrangement is owing to poor Lady Scarlett's situation. She continues as she was,—obliged to undergo repeated operations,—pretty well in the intervals, but these becoming shorter and shorter.

The Commission goes on tolerably well, but we are still wanting in energy and devotedness. My time passes away as pleasantly as I could expect. I am asked out a good deal; and, in reality, I seem to want leisure almost as much as when the courts are sitting.

Court of King's Bench: December 8, 1828.

Dear George, . . . I don't hear any news beyond what you read in the newspaper. I dined yesterday with the Duke of Gloucester, and had the honour to sit next him, and to be in close conversation with him for five hours. He is a great politician, and talks of nothing hardly except politics, but he knows little more than you or I. What interested

[5] Mr. Edmonston's portrait of him—now in the possession of his nephew, Sir George Campbell.—ED.

me most was his saying that he had called in the morning on the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria, and had a good deal of talk with the Duchess as to the time when, and the manner in which, the little girl should be informed of her destiny. He says that down to this time she has no notion that she is to be Queen. I asked whether it was true, as I had heard, that Prince George of Cumberland had let her into the secret. He said the boy never had had the opportunity, and that the Duchess never allows any human being to see her daughter out of her own sight. He flattered me very much by saying: 'Camel, I suppose you would not accept the situation of a puisne judge.' He afterwards publicly put to me the question for which he is so famous, 'Camel, what is your age?' Lord Sefton's answer is celebrated, 'Sir, I am exactly six months older than when your Royal Highness last put the same question to me.' I said: 'Sir, I am more than forty and less than fifty.' You would have thought the Royal privilege had been sufficiently exercised, but he asked: 'Are you nearer the one or the other?' I got off by saying that I was afraid I had made more than half the journey between the two points. He is rather hostile to the Duke of Wellington, and, along with other members of the Royal family, seems to feel considerable jealousy of the Premier. He says the Duke of Clarence was dismissed in a very arbitrary manner, and that the Duke of Wellington did not communicate to his colleagues what he had done till above a week after. The Duke of Gloucester is a much more sensible man than he has the credit for being.

The Commission rather languishes at present, but we shall be more vigorous when the holidays arrive. I have sent a set of questions to the Bishops, which will make them cry 'the Church is in danger.' I wish to rescue the law of England from the reproach arising from there being no limitation of time as to the claims which may be set up for tithes.

I have not seen anything of the Chancellor since the first day of term. I think I forgot to send you an account of a famous dinner he gave us (the Commissioners) at Wimbledon

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during the vacation. There will be a terrible outcry against the arrears in Chancery when Parliament meets.

New Street: Christmas Day, 1828.

Dear George, . . . The Chancellor told Scarlett that Bayley is going into the Common Pleas, and that the vacant place in the King's Bench was to be offered to me. But my sentiments upon the subject remain unchanged, although my hopes are faint of acquiring much distinction at the bar, or ever having a better offer than what I refuse.

New Street: December 29, 1828.

. . . On Friday I had the distinguished honour of dining with Mr. Secretary Peel, *qua* commissioner. I expected him to be dull and formal, but I must own he was lively and unaffected, and very civil without being condescending. He talked a good deal about the new mode of providing subjects at Edinburgh, which he says is owing to the severe sentences of your judges on the resurrection men, whereby the price has been so much raised. He spoke with great glee of the bad fortune and bad management of the Russians in their Turkish campaign. Setting aside the Catholic question, he is quite a *Liberal*, and is for going in legal reform quite as far as would be prudent.

I think there is likely to be a great blow-up soon after the meeting of Parliament. If the Duke were to bring forward Emancipation, the Whigs would all support his Government; but I do not believe that he has any plan formed, and they are afraid of being jockeyed by him, if they remain quiet under pretence of giving him time to 'bury the subject in oblivion.'

Court of King's Bench: March 3, 1829.

Dear George, . . . Down to this hour Wetherell continues Attorney-General. He has told the Duke of Wellington that he will not assist in preparing, and that he will not support the Bill;[6] but he says to his private friends that he will not resign, and that he will throw the onus of

[6] Catholic Emancipation.

dismissing him upon the Government if they think fit. The Duke has certainly said to Lord Beresford and others, that no one can continue to hold an office under government without supporting the Bill, and what his motives or intentions are in this particular instance, I am at a loss to conjecture. There has been no communication as yet, that I have heard of, respecting a successor. Reasoning from probability, one would have thought that the opportunity would have been eagerly seized to get rid of an inefficient, and to appoint an efficient officer. There was a very strong report last night that took me in for a time, that the King really had *resiled*, and that there was to be no Bill. I anticipated such a convulsion as there has not been in this country for 150 years. The only difficulty will be to keep the King steady. He is very much disposed to be of the opinion of the last speaker. But he must be aware that, if he were now to change his mind, he must set off for Hanover directly. There will be an overwhelming majority in the Commons; and in the Lords, if the King does remain steady, it is said the majority will not be less than sixty. There are no symptoms of tumult in the metropolis. Lord Eldon will not be able to raise a *No Popery* mob, which he would be very glad to head.

Stafford: March 17, 1829.

Dear George,—You would see in the newspaper the death of poor Lady Scarlett. It was sudden at last. I was ordered not to come to town, but I rather wish I had gone, for I have been very wretched thinking of the scenes of woe through which Mary has been passing in my absence. She is now at Abinger with her father. For the last twelvemonth she has been entirely devoted to her poor mother. There never was a more pious child.

I have almost ceased to take any interest in public affairs. The Catholic Bill I consider quite secure. There is no longer any hope of turning the King, and, therefore, all serious opposition is at an end.

Temple: August 31, 1829.

My dear Brother,—I had almost forgotten 'St. Giles's in the Fields,' but I am very much gratified indeed to find

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that you take such a lively interest in what concerns me. It really was a considerable victory. When I concluded my reply there was a round of applause, as well as when the verdict was given. I have been rather lucky lately. I led a great cause in the Exchequer against Denman, and succeeded; another in the Common Pleas against Wilde, and succeeded; and this against Scarlett in the King's Bench succeeded—all being cases which I might have lost without discredit. But for the present I merely maintain my position, and, with Scarlett in the field, I cannot expect to do more. I am, in October, to conduct a great cause, having for my clients all the judges and serjeants-at-law. The question is whether Serjeant's Inn, where they have their chambers, be rateable to the poor as part of the parish of St. Dunstan's. It is certainly flattering to me to be selected on this occasion.

Our Commission is all confusion. The conveyancers insist on being paid. I had a conference upon the subject with the Chancellor on Tuesday, and with Peel on Wednesday. They wish that all the conveyancers should be paid, but there is a difficulty in providing the means. I expressed a sincere wish to act gratuitously. There is no pay they can give me which would adequately compensate me for the labour and trouble I have had, and I would rather have the credit of acting liberally for the public good than be supposed to have a job done for me, and be liable to Cobbett's reproach of living upon the taxes. Peel was very civil and spoke highly of our Report. I believe he had read it all. I am sure the Chancellor has never read one line of it. He does not care a straw what happens so that he keeps his place, or rather so that the present day passes over him without interruption to his pleasures; for he by no means demeans himself as a prudent man would do with a view to the stability of his own power. He is as careless of his judicial as of his political reputation. The prosecutions have silenced the scandalous libels against him, for which there was not the slightest foundation.

Court of King's Bench: November 10, 1829.

My dear Brother, . . . The Chancellor, at his levée the first day of term, asked me if I would like to be a judge. He said it was desirable that it should not be supposed that an offer to be made a judge was refused, and he wished to know whether he should consider me a candidate. I told him that I begged to be excused for the present. He well knew my sentiments before, having conversed on the subject with Scarlett. He begged me to consider the communication confidential, as he was desirous it should not be supposed that a judgeship was refused. This was in reality a distinct offer, and I might no doubt be a judge if I liked. I am perfectly satisfied with my determination, and I shall not blame myself whatever may be the consequence.

House of Lords: February 19, 1830.

Dear George, . . . Here we are again in the Tillycoultry case, of which I am very sick. I have been in six successive appeals from Scotland. We disposed of two on Wednesday and three yesterday, but the Tillycoultry is a sticker. The Court of King's Bench is now at Guildhall, and I must refuse any more.

Ministers are going on much better and are now likely to hold their ground. Brougham says that Mr. Attorney's[7] defence of himself last night was very well done and very well received. Brougham is supposed to have made rather an absurd move from Winchelsea to Knaresborough.

New Street: Wednesday night, March 3, 1830.

. . . I dined with Peel about a week ago. On Sunday I am to meet him, the Chancellor, Rosslyn, Sir George Murray, &c., at Scarlett's. A stormy session is expected.

Stafford: March 14, 1830.

My dear Brother,—I am dreadfully sick of the circuit. The whole of this day, till I am now going to bed, have I sat in my room alone (with the exception of a consultation or two),

[7] Sir James Scarlett, reappointed Attorney-General, in the place of Sir Charles Wetherell, June 29, 1829.—ED.

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but this has been my most agreeable day since I left London. I have been constantly wrangling with irregular and undisciplined opponents, before incompetent judges. A cause that ought to last a short hour lasts a long day, and I lead a life not fit for a galley-slave. But as I am the first in point of business, I am no doubt supposed to be prosperous and happy: a small illustration of the deceitfulness of appearances.

The circuit is the only thing to make me regret being still at the bar, and I know not that I should like it better in quality of judge, as I should have no particle of pleasure in being stared at and called 'My lord.' I would rather still take my chance at the bar, for though I meet with much mortification, and have a growing misgiving as to my own competency, I do not yet wholly despair. What I should like above all things, would be to be in the House of Commons, and to bring in the Bills for the improvement of the law. Let me hear from you. What do you think of the Duke of Wellington? I have a great notion of your political sagacity. He seems likely to stand his ground, although the session will be an uncomfortable one.

Lord Rosslyn was prevented from coming to Scarlett's dinner. Peel was very civil to me. I sat next Horace Twiss. 'Changed times,' whispered he to me, 'since you and I dined at the Burton alehouse in Henrietta Street.'

Court of King's Bench: April 26, 1830.

Dear George, . . . The King's illness is every way annoying to us, Scarlett being so great a favourite. It is only a question of how many days or weeks the King may last. When the Duchess of Gloucester went to see him, he said: 'Ah! Mary, I thought we should never meet again.' She persuaded him to send for the Duke of Clarence. There is no coldness, but not much intimacy, between the brothers. The Duchess of Gloucester is his favourite. He talked of still holding his drawing-room, but there is no chance of his recovery.

The new reign will produce no change in the Government. The Duke of Clarence (I must say) magnanimously

forgave the Duke of Wellington for turning him out of his office of Lord Admiral. The danger is that the Duke of Clarence will become deranged before he has been long on the throne. He was very nearly upset by his High Admiralship; and the excitement of a crown will be too much for him to bear. He will be difficult to manage for, though very good-natured, he is fond of meddling, and is very 'bizarre' in many of his notions. George IV. is the model of a constitutional King of England! And when he is missed he may be mourned. *He has stood by and let the country govern itself.*

If Mr. Attorney continues in office he will receive a handsome sum for the renewal of commissions in the new reign. He is well acquainted with the Duke of Clarence. About three years ago Jim was taken to a ball at Bushey by one of the Fitz-Clarences. The Duke presented him to the Duchess as 'a son of Scarlett, the leader of the King's Bench, and one of the best fellows in England.' The Duchess of Clarence is a very respectable and amiable person, and will adorn her high rank. The first great struggle will be in appointing a regency, which is always done when the next heir to the crown is a minor. The Duke of Cumberland would be the first person to be thought of, but he will be universally rejected, except by a few ultra-Tories. The difficulty is who is to come next. The Duke of Sussex is too much of a party man. The Duchess of Kent with a council will probably be appointed—with a council, that is to say, limiting her power to do certain acts without the concurrence of a given majority of the persons named.

There has been a report, I believe without the slightest foundation, that the Attorney-General is to be married to the dowager Lady Cawdor. I met her at dinner yesterday at No. 4, with her son, who has been married these ten years, and has seven or eight children. But the dowager is still very handsome. I do not believe that Scarlett will think of any new matrimonial engagement, but I cannot say what he may do. I am not much in his confidence, although we go on very harmoniously, with the exception of an occasional blow-up when opposed to each other at Nisi Prius.

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Court of King's Bench: Monday (May 3), 1830.

Dear George,—As you express an interest respecting the poor King, I send you confidentially the most recent intelligence I have heard from Windsor. On Saturday the Duchess of Gloucester was again there. She found him worse and considerably *enlarged*. She mentioned this to Sir. W. Knighton. He said, 'Ah! I thought this would not escape you.' The King sits up in bed supported by pillows, and he cannot lie down day or night. The Duke of Gloucester said yesterday, from all he had heard he did not believe that his Majesty would last out the week, and that he may die any hour. The great question now agitated is the Regency. It is said that the Duke of Clarence means to propose the Queen Dowager, upon the precedent of 1751; but the Princess of Wales was the mother of the Heir-apparent, whereas Adelaide is a stranger in blood to Victoria.

I dined with a gay party yesterday at No. 4—Duke of Norfolk, Lord and Lady Holland, Lord and Lady King, Lord Melbourne, &c. Lady Holland professed to take a great liking to me, and invited me to her Sunday morning levées. I have never been a 'tuft-hunter,' which I do not regret. I might easily, if I had liked, have become a hanger-on at Devonshire House, at Lansdowne House, and at Holland House; I have thought it better to grub obscurely at chambers in the Temple. Even for ultimate success in the *salon* I suspect this is the better course. Tierney used to say, 'Let a lawyer mind his profession, and if he rises at the bar, the ladies will run after him.'

Court of King's Bench:
June 7, 1830. Monday.

My dear Brother, . . . The King is as ill as can be. I may tell you, but not to be mentioned to anybody whatever, that when the Duchess of Gloucester again saw him he was very much altered, his eye sunk and glassy. He said to her, 'Mary, my mind is quite composed. I believe in the great truths of our faith. I have never intentionally injured anyone. I am prepared for what may happen.' Afterwards he was more cheerful, and talked as if he might recover, and what he should do when he came to town. But his family

entertain no hope. The people in general lament his situation. There is no one to gain anything by his death, and there are great misgivings as to the steadiness of his successor.

I think it very likely that the Law Reform Bills will not pass this session of Parliament. Our Commission is doing nothing.

I ought not to expect any luck in public matters, my domestic prosperity, which is so much more important, being so great. Hally is the nicest child of his age I ever saw. He is now full of chat and fun, and when he comes down in the morning looks round for me, and is quite delighted to play with me.

I must conclude, as I am going before a Committee of the House of Commons about the navigation of the river Clyde. This is odious sort of business, but very profitable compared with the labour required.

Court of King's Bench: Monday, June 14, 1830.

Dear George,—They say now that the King may go on possibly some weeks or months. The puncturing of the legs has drawn off the water without producing any immediate ill consequence. The Duchess of Gloucester was again at Windsor on Saturday and found the King in very good spirits. 'He *feels himself* better,' is the cautious language of the bulletins. He said he expected to be set up again in about three weeks, and to be at Ascot races. This hope is quite delusive, but it would seem that he may be kept alive some time. The Duke of York was tapped in October and lived till January, and there is a considerable resemblance between their cases.

Speculations go on, and factions are forming for a Regency.

Mary and I went to Holland House yesterday. The circle was very brilliant. *Her Majesty* was seated on her throne, a pony chaise on the lawn, and there she received her subjects who came to be presented or to pay their respects. It was a much more formidable ceremony than going to kiss the King's hand. There were a great number of ladies present, of the first rank and most scrupulous

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demeanour. However, I shall not go again for a twelvemonth, although we had a very gracious reception and the whole went off very agreeably.

Court of King's Bench: Monday, June 21, 1830.

My dear Brother, . . . Scarlett sate half-an-hour with the Duchess of Gloucester yesterday. She told him that she was going down to Windsor to-day, and that she never expects to see the King after this visit. His strength sinks rapidly, so that if he does not go off suddenly, which may happen any hour, his sufferings cannot be much longer protracted.

Nothing is certainly known of the new reign, but it is understood that it will begin without any change. Peel declares himself so disgusted with the House of Commons, that it is doubtful whether he will sit there again.

I was yesterday shut up above eleven hours with the Commissioners preparing the second Report, which will now be presented in a day or two. I fear there is no chance of my being able to get to any distance from London during the vacation. Parliament is sure to be dissolved in, or before, September, and I must try to wind up the Commission.

Temple: Saturday, June 26, 1830.

Dear George, — I suppose some way or other the death of George IV. will have reached you before this.[8] Mary was a long while with the Duchess of Gloucester yesterday, and heard from her that the event was almost hourly expected. The Duchess seemed very much affected. She took leave of the King at her last visit but one, which she described as the most melancholy day of her life. At her last visit he was rather better, but was quite aware of his situation. The Duchess said, truly, that it was rather to be regretted for himself, for his family, and for the kingdom, that his sufferings have been so long protracted. I have just parted with Currey, who learned from the Duke of Gloucester the following particulars, not of much interest, but perhaps worth mentioning. The King's dropsical symptoms had in a great measure disappeared when the pulmonary complaint came on.

[8] He died June 26, 1830.

This reduced him very much, but he retained his faculties entire to the last. Soon after three this morning he expressed a desire to be moved. He then said he felt a very odd sensation and asked if it was death. He was carried into a chair, and Sir Henry Halford was called from an adjoining room. He could only say 'Sir Henry.' In about ten minutes he expired. Sir Henry went first to Bushey. The new King desired him to let the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester know what had happened, that he expected to see the Duke at the Council, and that the Duchess should come down to Bushey, where the Duke was to join her at five. Sir Henry proceeded to Gloucester House, and next to the Duke of Wellington's. The Duke of Gloucester soon after received a letter from Peel, announcing the King's death, and requiring his attendance at the Council.

The Council met about twelve, the new King having come to town. The Privy Councillors swore allegiance to William IV., doing away with the silly report that he was to style himself Henry IX. An order has been signed for the Proclamation (this I know from Scarlett, who was present), and the streets are now crowded with people waiting to see the ceremony. His Majesty returns to Bushey to dinner. Nothing is known of the measures of the new reign. It is supposed that the Duke of Wellington will retain his power, but he must share it with others. The King's death is rather opportune; for I do not see how Ministers could have gone on for a fortnight longer. It is expected that the business of the session will be huddled over, and then will come the dissolution. We shall soon see how the cat jumps. Unless I come in ingloriously for a government borough, I see no chance for myself. Seats are said to be scarcer and dearer than ever known: 1,500*l.* a year, or 6,000*l.* taking all chances.

CHAPTER XVII.

JUNE 1830—JANUARY 1831.

State of Parties on the Accession of King William IV.—Stands again for Stafford—Is returned—At Roehampton in the Autumn, and works for the Commission—Refuses a Puisne Judgeship—Dinner at Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst's—State of the Continent—Demand for Reform in England—Meeting of Parliament in October—House of Commons Eloquence—Duke of Wellington's Speech against Reform—Resignation of Ministers—Lord Grey Prime Minister—Brougham Lord Chancellor—Registration Bill—Cupar Petitions—Lyndhurst Chief Baron—Special Commission in Berkshire—Letters from Reading and Abingdon.

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[THE following remarks on the politics of the day are from the Autobiography.—ED.]

The Catholic Relief Bill having passed in 1829, it hung in the balance whether the Duke of Wellington's Government was to be progressively *Liberal*, or, with the view of appeasing its *nusquam tuta fides*[1] revilers, was to return to the old principle of *Toryism*. In the hope of its adhering to the cause of religious liberty, and even listening to some small commencement of parliamentary reform, such as granting representatives to Manchester, Birmingham and Leeds, the Whig party approved of Lord Rosslyn, Lord Jersey and Scarlett holding office under the Duke. Old Lord Fitzwilliam, the staunchest of Whigs, was delighted to see Scarlett, his member for Peterborough, again in the office of Attorney-General.

But a coalition between the Duke and Lord Grey was found impracticable, and in the session which began in the spring of 1830, the differences which divided them were

[1] The exclamation of the Ultras when alluding to Catholic Emancipation when carried by a Tory Government.

gradually multiplied and aggravated. George IV. died, and there was to be a new Parliament. The farseeing foretold that the Duke would, in the new reign, cut entirely all connection with the Liberal side, and thought that the members of the Whig party who had joined him ought then to have left him and rejoined their own leader, as he would have been delighted to receive them. I wish to God that this course had been pursued; thereby a world of private grief would have been saved to me. But, I believe, the Whigs in office were afraid of being charged with deserting their new chief when he was in difficulties. I cannot point out the precise moment when it was their duty to resign; and by a sort of fatality they were finally severed from their own party, of whom, from mutual recriminations, they afterwards became the bitterest opponents.

Court of King's Bench: Saturday, July 3, 1830.

Dear George, . . . I have been in a fever these two days respecting a seat in Parliament. It is very doubtful whether I could get in for a government borough, or whether this be desirable. I yesterday had what I thought was a certain offer of an independent seat, and I closed with the terms, but it has gone off without any fault of mine. Another offer has been made me to-day, but it is at this moment in a complicated state, and I know not what will become of it. I met Lord Cleveland at dinner on Wednesday. He was exceedingly civil to me, and I should not have been much surprised if he had offered to bring me in, but I have heard nothing from him. All the arguments of prudence are against my coming into Parliament altogether. With my heavy business, I know not how I am to get through it, and to sit up till two or three in the morning in the House of Commons. But there can be no glory without difficulty and danger.

For God's sake do not become Radical. Why should you wish the Duke to be forced out? That he should acquire fresh strength is indispensable. But what cause of complaint has he as yet given to the public, or to any liberal-minded man?

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The Real Property Commissioners have presented their second Report, and are to have a new commission from William IV. I have stipulated expressly that if I come into Parliament I shall receive no salary.

New Street: Thursday, July 1830.

Dear George, . . . Still I meet with nothing but crosses. The great Marquis of Cleveland, the owner of five boroughs, has made me an offer savouring of fraud and not of favour. He had been told at the Treasury of some man who undertook that if two candidates would go down to an unnamed borough and were returned, the seats would only cost 2,000*l.* apiece, and in case of failure there were only to be the expenses of the contest, calculated at 500*l.* I was to be at all the risk and expense, and if I was returned I was to have the honour of being considered one of Lord Cleveland's members!

I had to-day a very tempting invitation from my old friends at Stafford; and I really believe the best thing I could do would be to accept it. Both the present members retire, and the character of the place is so bad that all other candidates are frightened away. Bribery apart, I should stand a much better chance than any other candidate.

New Street: Wednesday, five o'clock, July 21, 1830.

Dear George,—The carriage will in a few minutes be at the door to conduct me to Stafford. I know not what is my chance. Perhaps I may only show myself. . . .

Stafford: Sunday night, July 25, 1830.

My dear Brother,—I can give no information as to the probable result of this contest, and there is no use in bothering you with details. I have no reason to regret the attempt. As things actually stand, I should have been wanting to myself if I had not made it.

The Stafford election begins on Friday and will be very speedily determined. I have a great deal that is disagreeable to pass through, but I can submit to it. James Scarlett is arrived to assist me. I should have been much pleased to

have had you here, but it will be all over soon after this reaches you. I ought now to be at Worcester assizes. This is a small sacrifice compared with those which I have made and must make.

Stafford: July 31, Saturday, five o'clock.

Dear George,—On seeing the outside of this[2] you will be disposed to set the Cupar bells a-ringing! I am indeed M.P. I have had a tremendous struggle, and have gone through horrors innumerable. But I am crowned with victory. I am writing half-a-dozen letters in a quarter of an hour, and I can at present say no more.

I hope one effect of this event will be to render our correspondence more frequent. Love to all. Thine,

J. CAMPBELL.

Shrewsbury: August 7, 1830.

My dear Brother,—All the money is well spent in the pleasure my success seems to have given to the party at St. Andrews. Your graphic description of the arrival of the postman is very touching.

I will give you no particulars of my *dear bought* victory. Think nothing of the horrors I have gone through, or the troubles which I have still to encounter. It is something to be J. Campbell, Esq. M.P., not by the nomination of a peer, or the favour of the Treasury, but by my own individual unassisted efforts.

I again dined at Lord Talbot's yesterday, where I met Lord Wharncliffe, whose daughter is going to be married to a son of Lord Talbot, a friend of mine. . . . Lady Cecil Talbot and Miss Wortley received me with great distinction.

I escaped from Stafford this morning at six o'clock. I have had a sad time of it there since the election was over, —my lodgings constantly besieged by petitions.

I am consoled to find other lawyers worse off than myself. Slaney, for this place, is supposed to have spent 8,000*l.*, and there is to be a petition against him for bribery. Wilde, at Newark, must spend more, and he will be thrown out.

[2] Franked by himself.—ED.

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Lushington at Reading is not much better off. Scarlett has been very quietly returned for Malton.

A comparison between Sheridan and Campbell was a favourite topic.[3] A draper in addressing the populace said, 'Campbell may not have *all his wit*, but in every other respect he is his equal. He is more skilled in the laws of his country, and if you choose him I pledge my life he will serve you with honour, with fidelity and with *truism*.'

So that I have great expectations to fulfil!

Monmouth: August 19, 1830.

My dear Brother, . . . Mary is very desirous to pay you a visit, and it would be very agreeable to me. But I feel that it is impossible this year. Peel has written a letter to the Commissioners saying that the Commission must end in May 1831, and we are to work very hard during the vacation. They say Parliament will meet early in October. I have no plan, and very likely may not open my lips during the first session. But, that I may understand the debates, I should just like to read a little of what has been done about the Civil List and a Regency on former occasions. Unluckily for me, none of the Law Reform Bills are to be brought in next session. I have been urging Peel to have them prepared, but he won't. You may depend upon it I shall show myself quite independent, and this I should do from policy as well as principle. My great comfort is that I can attend or stay away when I please. A Treasury borough would have been the death of me.

There is a man on our circuit, Phillpotts, who has spent 20,000*l.* in being returned for Gloucester. Stafford is not quite so bad, even if I should make all the voters a present, after the manner of the 'immortal Sheridan.'

Brooks's: Wednesday, September 29.

Dear George, . . . I write this amidst the sound of horns and cries of 'Third edition of the Courier,' 'Bloody news from Brussels.'[4] I fear that things do wear a tremendous

[3] Richard Brinsley Sheridan was elected M.P. for Stafford in 1780.—ED.

[4] The insurrection which resulted in the separation of Belgium from Holland.—ED.

aspect in that quarter. The Jacobins will get the upper hand in Paris, and all Europe will be in a state of conflagration.

Besides two days I was at Ellice's, the only holiday I have had has been from Saturday till yesterday—on a visit at Abinger to receive the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester. I worked four hours this morning for the Commission at Roehampton, then rode to town and attended a meeting of the Commissioners, am here to know the news, and am going to ride back to dinner—eight miles.

I am in hopes I shall have to bring forward a Bill for the establishment of a General Register, under the auspices of Government, which would be a favourable introduction to the notice of the House of Commons and the public. The House will always listen to a man on his own subject. The Chancellor says he thinks the Government cannot go on without help, and wishes to coalesce with Grey.

Scarlett had an audience of an hour from the King at Brighton and, in obedience to his Majesty's commands, explained to him his view of the present state of parties and the condition of the country. Peter (from Paris) and he afterwards dined with the King.

The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester were, you may suppose, very gracious. He is in hot opposition. She supports Government, but very mildly—that is to say, she is very gentle in her words and manner, although I believe she is very zealous in her heart. The Duke is a foolish fellow, and is always in opposition. He wishes to be Commander-in-Chief.

Brooks's: October 11, 1830.

Dear George, . . . We were two days at Lord King's with a very agreeable party. Lord Rosslyn was there all the time. He praises your activity in the business of the county of Fife. On Saturday we went to Abinger. This morning I joined the fox-hounds, as they threw off at a covert near the London road, but I was soon obliged to make off for the Temple. One day this autumn I had a regular run. Robert Scarlett is become a very keen fox-hunter.

I do not find any news stirring. It is understood that

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the Duke meets Parliament without any reinforcement. Much is counted on Brougham's indiscretion. I have no plans whatever for myself. I shall support the giving of members to the great towns, and the reform of the Scottish representation. I know not any further plan of parliamentary reform that can be prudently hazarded. You cannot generally alter the right of voting without a complete *bouleversement*, and making the House of Commons greatly too strong for the other two branches of the Legislature.

I have heard nothing more about the Register, but I think I shall contrive to bring it forward, with the approbation of Government. I have only seen the Chancellor once, the day I came from Burwood. He then was desirous to know what Lord Tenterden thought of registration. Lord Tenterden has expressed a favourable opinion. Sugden, the Solicitor-General, opposes. Scarlett does not wish to have anything to do with it. So that it will probably come to me, which would certainly be a piece of luck, and I mean to make an effort to be the *promoter* of some other Bills about Real Property, founded on our first Report, which will meet with little opposition. I have to apprehend Sugden's jealousy.

I should like first to make myself known in the House as a reformer of the law, and if I were to succeed I might try my hand at politics.

Lord Tenterden sits on Monday, and my mode of life will be sadly altered. I have a great love of idleness, and shall be sincerely sorry to be again in harness.

Brooks's: October 23, 1830.

Dear George,—I have now merely to say that the Chancellor has gone through the form of offering to make me a judge of the King's Bench. I received a note from him to-day stating that he wished to recommend me to the King for the appointment, if I would accept it. From what has before passed between us, I think he must be aware that I should decline. To become a puisne judge after my election for Stafford before taking my seat! No! if I had been prepared for this I should not have gone through the horrors of a borough election.

I have not yet returned an answer. I shall see the Chancellor at dinner, and ask him if he wishes to have an answer in writing. I am going to sleep at Roehampton and shall remain there till Monday. I have had a hard week's work.

Brooks's: Monday, October 25, 1830.

Dear George, . . . We had a pleasant dinner at the Chancellor's on Saturday. Two Cabinet Ministers, Bathurst and Rosslyn, present—the rest under-secretaries of state, &c., among others Planta, the Secretary to the Treasury, and Holmes, the whipper-in of the House of Commons. I desired them not to send me their circulars or ask me to attend. They allowed that they have no claim upon me. Planta says that without Stafford I had no chance of getting in, as they have continued to be pressed for seats for official men. Peel has still two brothers, beaten candidates, unprovided for.

The Chancellor appointed me to come to him to-day at four to speak about the Real Property Bills. When I arrived he had just been summoned to attend a Cabinet Council. I took him in my carriage to Downing Street. He said he thought my reasons for declining the judgeship very sufficient. The subject of the Bills is to be considered by the Cabinet to-day, and the Chancellor is to let me know the result. I said to him that, if any member of the Government or the law officers were inclined to bring forward the Bills, I should not interfere, otherwise I should bring them forward myself. The Chancellor said Sugden was the only objection, but there was an apprehension that he might consider himself slighted.

[Extract from the Autobiography.]

Never was any session of Parliament looked forward to with greater expectation than that which began on October 26, 1830. There was then proceeding one of those movements in the moral world which return at irregular intervals, which can often as little be accounted for as earthquakes, and the effects of which can as little be foreseen. The elder branch of the House of Bourbon had ceased to reign in France, and, under a new dynasty, a form of govern-

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ment of very equivocal aspect, but at first sight resembling a republic rather than a monarchy, had been established by an ebullition of popular resentment. Holland and Belgium (united by the Convention of the States of Europe in 1815) a mob at Brussels headed by a printer had dissevered; and the Belgians, erecting their country into an independent kingdom, had called a new sovereign to the throne. The Germans began to remind their rulers of the promises made them of representative government when, rising as one man, they not only drove Napoleon beyond the Rhine, but pursued him to Paris, and compelled him to seek an asylum on board an English ship of war. Spain showed a determination to throw off the shackles which that bigoted sovereign Charles X. had tried to impose upon her, and gave earnest of the love of freedom and independence which has enabled her to baffle all the manœuvres of the Citizen King who succeeded him. Poland was once more erecting her front, and called upon Europe to preserve to her that separate national existence under the Czar of Russia, guaranteed to her by the Treaty of Vienna. In England the ferment was felt, and there was a general and strong conviction that something must be done to improve our institutions, and to rescue us from the reproach that our representative system had become corrupt and inefficient, and that, with the theory of a balanced constitution, in practice our government was an *oligarchy*. Under such circumstances what was to be the foreign policy of the English Minister? And how were we to meet the demand for reform in England?

These questions were speedily solved, and it was made manifest that the Duke of Wellington's Government was to peril its existence upon an effort to assist foreign despots in coercing the Belgians, and to support without mitigation all the abuses complained of at home.

The King's speech contained the following undisguised defiance of all Liberals who might have been fondly inclined to co-operate with the authors of Catholic Emancipation: 'I have witnessed with deep regret the state of affairs in the Low Countries. I lament that the enlightened administration of the King should not have preserved his dominions

from revolt. I am endeavouring, in concert with my allies, to devise such means of restoring tranquillity as may be compatible with the good government of the Netherlands and with the future security of other States.'

This was quickly followed up by the famous declaration of the Duke of Wellington in the House of Lords, that the representative system, as actually existing, was absolute perfection and that he should consequently feel bound to oppose any alteration in it.

My part was taken, and I resolved to form a close alliance with those who were to stand up for the liberties of mankind.

October 26, 1830.

Dear George, . . . I am just returned from assisting at the ceremony of choosing the Speaker. I was sworn at twelve before the Duke of Buckingham, Lord High Steward, who sat in state in the gallery leading to the House of Lords.[5] Your old friend East moved the election of Sutton as Speaker. I stationed myself on the neutral ground, the cross bench on the left hand on entering the House, alongside Sir Robert Wilson.

I met my namesake, Blythswood. I rather think he and I are the only Campbells in the house. I had a specimen of Brougham's ascendency, for the few sentences he spoke (very indifferently) were listened to with profound silence and attention.

I am going to the levée to-morrow, not yet having paid my respects to my new master.

Thursday: October 28, 1830.

. . . I have been taking the oaths at the table of the House of Commons, and I am now a perfect member. Mr. Speaker, who is a brother bencher at Lincoln's Inn, expressed great pleasure at seeing me there.

Nothing is talked of except the attack on Brougham in

[5] The old practice was for oaths to be taken out of doors as well as in the House at the table. Members had to take the Oath of Supremacy and Allegiance before the Lord High Steward of his Majesty's Household—who used to appoint a convenient place either in the purlieus of the House of Lords or Commons for the purpose. See Hatsell, vol. ii. pp. 84–91.—ED.

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the pamphlet just published, which is ascribed to Croker. What from envy and resentment, the worthy 'knight of the shire' has a good deal to encounter.

Friday, October 29. . . . Would you have me distinguish myself by bringing in a Bill abolishing the oath against the Pretender? Considering that the descendants of the second James are extinct, the oath is useless, ludicrous, and blasphemous; but it is not for me at present to meddle with it, and I must confine myself to registration.

Tuesday, November 2. . . . I am glad you approve of my answer to the Chancellor. He is behaving very ill about the Bills, and I think I shall be driven to put a question to the Home Secretary in the House. He is frightened lest he should give offence to Sugden. Being too indolent to learn his trade, he considers the man at the head of the Chancery bar as his master. Not having heard from him, I wrote him a long letter on Sunday explaining what I proposed to do, and I have received no answer.

Things look very ill in all respects. The King's speech is very unsatisfactory. Not a word of Reform, and very little of economy—but a good deal about the 'rebellious' Belgians—as I am informed. Brougham tells me he does not mean to move any amendment, but it is supposed that the Marquis of Blandford, the ultra-Tory, will move an ultra-Radical amendment about Reform, universal suffrage, etc. The King is coming down at two o'clock. I rather think I shall be detained here (Court of King's Bench) till four, but this does not signify much, as I have taken the oaths and my seat. I fear I am now entering on a very hurried and harassing life. However, I am in good health, and I have not at chambers a case unanswered, or any business in arrear. For a time at least excitement stands in the place of sleep.

Thursday, November 4. . . . As far as politics are concerned nothing can be more calamitous than my situation, or more melancholy than my prospects. The Duke of Wellington seems disposed to establish an ultra-Tory Government which I cannot support with honour, and the leaders of Opposition are hurrying the country to confusion and

ruin. But all the facts will be before you, and you can easily enter into my feelings.

I have been in the House both nights.

. . . Nothing strikes me so forcibly as the degraded state of the House of Commons. 'Seeing what we have seen,' Peel is quite a second-rate performer, and his colleagues are much below mediocrity. There is a better speaker than Lord Althorp in every vestry in England. Brougham is certainly a splendid orator, but he gets over the ground very slowly, and does not speak to convince. The best speech has been made by O'Connell. I had only heard him once before, when I formed a very low estimate of his powers; but on the first night of the session he spoke with true passion and with deep effect. Hume is inexpressibly disgusting, and nothing so strongly shows the fallen state of the House of Commons as his ascendency. He is a low, vulgar, illiterate fellow, whom nothing can abash. Denman spoke last night, and with great applause.

There is a strong notion that the Duke will go very speedily. It is said he and Peel are both desirous of retiring. Brougham's motion for Reform on Tuesday night is supposed to be the vote which will turn them out. What is to follow? A change of Ministry under such circumstances will be a revolution. If the motion is moderate I shall vote for it. The Duke, instead of throwing himself on the people, has appealed to the Tories. He has incurred a tremendous responsibility.

Saturday, November 6. . . . The Duke seems absolutely infatuated. If he would not strengthen himself by coalition, why does he turn the people against him?

London is in a very queer state, and there are serious apprehensions that Lord Mayor's Day may not go off quietly.

Monday, November 8.—The plot thickens, and I fear we are on the eve of awful events. On coming to town this morning I heard the appalling intelligence that Ministers will not let the King go into the City on Tuesday. Whether there be or be not reason for the alarm, it is equally bad. If Ministers mean to rule by terror, they will only hasten the crisis. I met military marching to London, and I hear

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troops are coming from all quarters. Nay, they are sending provisions and sand-bags, &c., into the Tower that it may stand a siege. The Duke of Wellington has made himself so unpopular that I really believe he would have been in danger. There is a strong feeling that Ministers must soon give way, and that Lord Grey will be sent for. Indeed, the one event would be a necessary consequence of the other, as Grey is the only man that could be tried.

Brougham has just told me his Resolution is to be of a very moderate character, and I have given in my adhesion to him. Notwithstanding the efforts to excite alarm, I think the Resolution will be carried. The Duke of Newcastle (as his cousin Clinton, barrister and M.P., tells me) says he considers the Duke of Wellington's speech a certain token that a Bill will immediately be brought in for Parliamentary Reform. This is a joke, but you cannot easily imagine how vindictive the old Tories are against the Duke of Wellington. They say they would much rather have Grey.

Alderson is the new judge going into the Common Pleas. Bayley is going from us into the Exchequer, and our two new judges, I believe, are Gurney, now sitting next me, and a special pleader of the name of Patteson.

Three o'clock.—I hear the Funds have been down at 75, that there is the greatest consternation in the City, and that the revolution is considered as begun. This I can tell you for a certain truth, that the Duke of Wellington's conduct is universally condemned, and that he has entirely lost the confidence of all parties. Law, Lord Ellenborough's brother, says to me that his brother and the other Ministers were surprised and grieved by the Duke's speech against Reform.

To-morrow is still looked forward to with great apprehension. Many think that there is a greater danger of tumult than before, and that the King's popularity is gone. Brougham says that his motion will be the first and the great trial of the strength of Government. I think Ministers will very likely resign before the day comes.

Tuesday, November 9.—. . . Ministers are very generally blamed for not letting the King go to Guildhall. The im-

pression was very strong in the House of Commons last night. I should like to fire off against the Duke myself, but I am so circumstanced that I cannot with propriety. I saw the Chancellor to-day when I was sworn in under my new patent. He said he had mentioned the matter of the Bills to the Cabinet, that it was the opinion of the Cabinet that I should show him the Bills, that the opinion of the Attorney and Solicitor-General should be taken upon them; that, if the Cabinet approved, the wish was that the Attorney and Solicitor-General should bring the Bills in; but, if there was any difficulty about that, they thought they should be brought in by me as head of the Commission. The result would be that the Bills would fall to me, but before these delays are overcome there will be a change of administration.

The Chancellor was obliged to leave me to receive the Lord Mayor, who made a most ludicrous figure, and had forgotten what is called the *warrant*, which ought to have been filed in the Court of Chancery. When the Chancellor returned to his private room he laughed very much at the Lord Mayor. I said, 'Misfortunes never come single.' However, the Chancellor seems down in the mouth, and his policy, I suppose, will now be—to be taken up by Lord Grey. Lady Lyndhurst corresponds with the great Whig leader, and I should not be surprised if, by some intrigue, Copley should again survive all his colleagues.

Scarlett's situation is now very painful, and gives me great uneasiness. What he is to do on Brougham's motion I know not. I would advise him to vote for the Resolution, and receive his dismissal if the Duke thinks fit.

There is to be no dinner at Guildhall to-day. Some say the King will go to Guildhall on the 15th. He had better first change his Minister. Turtle is at discount in the City as well as Exchequer bills.

I hear there is a paragraph in the newspapers that Mr. Campbell and Mr. Pollock refused the office of judge before it was offered to Mr. Alderson. Pollock owns to the refusal, saying he thinks the functions of an advocate more agreeable and more honourable. I cannot regret, notwithstanding the unlucky turn things are taking, that I did not consent for

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the rest of my life to wear a red gown and be trumpeted into an assize town. Quiet does not do for me, but I fear I have little to expect in public life except anxiety and mortification.

Saturday, November 13.—. . . Brougham's imprudence is almost equal to the Duke of Wellington's at this crisis, and is a sort of counterpoise to it. Many Liberals are afraid of him, and if Ministers had even remained silent about Reform they would have been powerfully supported. I have tried to get from Brougham the terms of his Resolution for Tuesday, but all he will tell me is that it will be very general and very moderate. I understand he says to others that he means to open a specific scheme of Reform, although he will conclude with a general Resolution that Reform is necessary. I continue to believe that there will be a majority on the other side, but so small and so composed as further to weaken the Ministry and to encourage the Radicals. In the struggle all men will be driven to commit themselves so deeply that moderate and safe measures will become impossible. In the 'desultory conversation,' last night, on the Irish Subletting Act, I made a few observations, proposing that there should be one law on the subject for England and Ireland. Parnell and several Irish members approved of my suggestion, and Sir Henry Hardinge afterwards talked to me on the subject. But I am so languid, and heart-broken I may say, that I am quite incapable of doing myself any credit, even if I had in me wherewithal.

There is no news here. By way of joke a report is mentioned that the King of the French is arrived in London, and will soon go down to Holyrood to join the King of France and Navarre.

The Royal visit to Guildhall is blown over. The Duke's declaration against Reform will not be so speedily forgotten. The Chancellor of the Exchequer made a wretched figure last night. The Treasury bench being battered night by night, must be soon blown to pieces. But then again Brougham's petulance and personalities and inconsistencies tell when it comes to a division.

Monday, November 15.—. . . Ministers give out that

they are to have a majority above 100. Lord Cleveland's members (with one of whom I have just been speaking) are to vote for the Resolution. The Marquis waited on the Duke to tell him. The Duke said: 'You are quite right. Be consistent.' Scarlett advises me to stay away, but I am determined to vote, and it would be right that I should state my *grounds*; but it is all quite doubtful—that is to say, my speaking; for vote I will, *coûte que coûte*. There seems no doubt that Ministers will survive this division, but how they are to get through the session I understand as little as ever. The Civil List comes on to-night. I shall go to chambers. Thank God, I am not sitting for a Treasury borough.

Tuesday, November 16, 1830.—The game is up! The Ministers are out! The division of last night[6] has finished them. No one expected it; neither side at all anticipated such a result. I was not present. That I might be able to attend on Brougham's motion to-night, I left the House at five, went to chambers, worked there till eleven, returned to the House in a cabriolet, found the House had adjourned at half-past ten. I did not know what had happened till I read the newspaper this morning. I then saw Ministers were utterly demolished, and I now know that they have all resigned. I presume Grey will immediately be sent for. Brougham says he shall still bring on his motion, but the better opinion is that it will be postponed. The Liberals are in a terrible scrape. It is utterly impossible for them to satisfy the expectations they have raised. In a short time Hume will be firing into them as he has lately done into the present Ministers.

The fires are spreading in different parts of England, and there is a very deep alarm among all ranks. I suppose the Funds will be down to-day five per cent.

House of Commons, Nov. 16, *half-past five.*—I have heard the declarations of the Ministers in both Houses that they are out. I am just come from the Lords. The Duke looked very much down in the mouth. He is quite hoarse, and could hardly get out the few words he spoke. There was a

[6] On Sir Henry Parnell's motion for a Committee on the Civil List.—ED.

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dead silence when he finished. Peel spoke with much more life, and what he said, in answer to Lord Althorp, was very dignified and was amazingly well received. 'While I was standing on the steps of the throne just now, he came in. I bowed to him, which I never did while he was in office, and he seemed pleased with the salutation. Brougham's speech was very absurd. When he told me that he meant to push on his motion, I could not believe him. What he said amounted to an intimation that he would not take office himself. If he refuses, he can only mean to head a revolution. Before Peel spoke the report in the House was that all had resigned, except the Chancellor. Peel made no exception when he talked of his colleagues. The Duke of Wellington spoke only for himself. I make no doubt that Copley will try to intrigue and to keep the Great Seal. His secretary said to me just now, 'As we did not come in with the Duke, I do not see why we should go out with him.' Everybody says Scarlett cannot be continued in office, although I cannot see the reason, as he came in at the expressed request of Lord Grey and the heads of the Whig party. I have not the most distant notion what the law arrangements will be. If Copley goes out, Leach will very likely be Chancellor. If it had not been Scarlett's ill luck that connected him with the Duke, he would now have been Chancellor as a mere matter of course. There can be no doubt that Grey will be at the head of the new Government, with Lansdowne for Home Secretary. Who is to lead the House of Commons I know not. Probably Palmerston.

Court of King's Bench:
Wednesday, November 17, 1830.

Dear George,—Grey is Minister, with a *carte blanche*. He saw the King between three and four yesterday. The King received him most cordially and affectionately, and certainly used the language of a constitutional sovereign. He said 'he gave his entire confidence to the Duke of Wellington while Minister, and he would give his entire confidence to his successor.'

Nothing further is known. The Chancellor is *out* as well as his colleagues. He took leave of the bar this morning in

a message sent by Horne. He is a bird of ill-omen, having seen the death of three Cabinets, and no wonder a new Ministry should be afraid of him.

It is said that Brougham is troubling everything. I had a long conversation with him to-day, and gave him some sound and serious advice. But he says he cannot take office without losing Yorkshire. His object is to lead the Mountain. I told him that if he did not place his glory in bringing about a revolution, he ought to go into office. He says he supported Canning though not in office. Answer, 'This is unconstitutional. You must take the responsibility of the measures you support; besides, such a connection with an administration is embarrassing and cannot last long.' He says the Great Seal is the only thing he could take, and it would then be thought his conduct was sordid. I suspect he would like to be Chancellor; but he is so much pledged about Education, Slavery, District Courts and Parliamentary Reform, that Grey can hardly place him on the woolsack without endangering the Government. However Brougham at present professes a fixed determination to take no office whatever.

I believe that nothing of law arrangements is known. They talk of Plunket for Chancellor, but this would not do well.

Thursday, November 18, 1830.

. . . There are great difficulties in forming a new administration. Brougham last night again fired a shot at them. It is said that Denman is to be Attorney-General. There is a keen canvass going on for his office of Common Serjeant, which he is expected to vacate. Bickersteth is talked of for Solicitor-General. Scarlett has heard nothing from Grey. He has not resigned, and I do not see why he should, as he can have no objection to support Grey's Government; and he accepted the office at the solicitation of Grey, Lansdowne and Huskisson, the heads of the parties now coalescing.

There is a talk of an early dissolution, as the Government boroughs are in the hands of the late Ministers. If Parliament is reformed, there will be a fresh argument for a disso-

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lution, at least if the reform goes further than a transfer of the franchise from rotten boroughs to great towns, and in that case even there might be a clamour for dissolution. So that my career is anyway like to be short.

The fires multiply and become more appalling. The combination of the agricultural labourers in the southern counties is tremendous. I fear awful times are at hand.

Friday, November 19, 1830.

. . . The office of Solicitor-General, I believe, is not actually filled up. Pepys, a Chancery barrister, is the favourite to-day. I have been talked of a little, but my supposed connection with those going out is, I believe, considered an insuperable objection, were there no other. Brougham is in a very complacent humour to-day, and seems disposed to patronise the new Government. He made a ferocious attack upon them in the House two successive evenings. I met him just now in the House of Lords, and he told me the Cabinet is nearly arranged: Grey, Lansdowne, Althorp, the Duke of Richmond, Sir James Graham, Palmerston, Charles Grant to have seats. He said he had refused the office of Attorney-General, but did not mention any other offer he had had. He wishes the seals to be put in commission. Grey told him this could not be done, but Brougham still presses it. In truth it cannot be done, for there is not the machinery. There are no judges in Westminster Hall who could be made Commissioners. I should not wonder if Copley were retained.

Scarlett's extreme bad luck, you may imagine, is very grievous to us all. Mary cares the least about the loss of the flattering prospects of the family.

Saturday, November 20, 1830.

. . . I have just had a little conversation with *Lord Chancellor Brougham*. He says Wilde is not to be Solicitor-General, but Horne from the Court of Chancery. Supposing I might think myself ill-used, he said it was necessary that by way of *appui* he should have one of the law officers in the Court of Chancery, and that it would be Horne or Pepys:

he had little doubt Horne, who, though senior to Denman, had agreed to serve under him; the matter to be finally fixed this morning. I find there was a general expectation at Brooks's, as well as in Westminster Hall, that I should have been appointed, and I dare say it would have been done had it not been for Brougham's spite against Scarlett. A man within half an hour has offered me a bet I should be appointed, as at Lord Essex's and Lady Jersey's last night, where he was, I was the favourite.

I lay awake a considerable part of last night, and my thoughts were not very agreeable. I had walked home from the Temple at one o'clock with Scarlett and Robert, whom I met by accident at the Temple gate. Sugden was with them. The late Attorney and Solicitor had been clearing off all their arrears, and setting their house in order. Scarlett has had no communication whatever from Grey, and I cannot help thinking that he is ill-used. Both under Canning and the Duke of Wellington he did everything in his power to promote the interests of the Whig party.

The riots in Surrey become more alarming. Mrs. Robert Scarlett and her children have been obliged to fly from Abinger, and the country round Dorking is all in a state of insurrection. Brougham says the first act of the new Government will be to send a Special Commission into the southern counties to try the offenders.

A dissolution is talked of on the supposition that there may be a coalition between the Wellington Tories and the old ultras too strong for the Whigs in the House of Commons. There was a meeting at Peel's yesterday. He told his friends that he should not go into angry opposition, but would watch the measures brought forward.

Brooks's, five o'clock.—I add a postscript to say that I have just witnessed the solemnity of Lord Chancellor Brougham taking leave of the Court of King's Bench. When the court was rising he bowed to the bench and to the bar, and we all bowed him out of court. It was all dumb show. I am very much surprised that he could refrain from making a speech. I think I told you in my first letter that Brougham had owned to me that he was to hold the Great Seal. When I

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hailed him as Lord Chancellor he at first said, 'Lord Archbishop of Canterbury,' but he then acknowledged his destiny, and he hypocritically affected to say that my remonstrances had had some effect in inducing him to accept office. The truth I most firmly believe to be that the Great Seal had not been offered to him when he made his two speeches in the House of Commons, and that he never refused any office except that of Attorney-General. Horne is actually appointed Solicitor-General.

This room presents at this moment a new and striking spectacle. It is filled with the new Ministers and their adherents, and great numbers are sitting round the tables writing lists of the new Ministers for their friends in the country. Such a day for Brooks's! Who could have foreseen it? Who could have foreseen the blindness and obstinacy of the Duke of Wellington? With common prudence he would now have been quite secure.

. . . The accounts from the country are more and more alarming. The barracks at Chichester have been taken by the mob.

The general notion is that the Government will not last long, but the King being sincere I know not why this should be so. It is a wise thing politically to make Brougham Chancellor. As member for Yorkshire in the House of Commons he must have soon unsettled the Government. He may be quiet enough now about Slavery and Reform, and if he is troublesome he can be turned out without much danger; for in the Lords there are no inflammable materials. I fear you may be tired of my speculations, so Adieu. .

Court of King's Bench: Monday, November 22, 1830.

Dear George,—I thank you much for your long and interesting letter. We agree pretty well, but you are too Radical. I still stick up for the aristocracy of England, to whom the country at every period of its history has been indebted for its liberties.

There is to be a transfer of the seals of office in the course of this morning, and I expect to see the new Attorney-General in his place before the court rises. Lord Brougham is to

mount the woolsack at five o'clock. I think I have given you a little peep behind the scenes in the formation of the new Ministry. . . . I yesterday called on the ex-Chancellor and found him coming out of his own door. I walked with him some distance, and he talked very freely of the present posture of affairs. He puts a good face upon it, but he is evidently much depressed. He is now reduced to abject poverty. I do not believe that he will have 2,000*l.* a year to spend. His habits and those of Lady Lyndhurst are very extravagant.

There is only one little scrap to be given away, the Solicitor-Generalship to the Queen. Brougham in disposing of this, and of offices far more important, will act without any regard to the opinion of the profession. He likes to show his power by doing what other men would be afraid to do, and this in small as in great things. On Friday he spoke at the bar of the House of Lords in plaid trousers and a tie-wig instead of the full-bottom. I told him I should go home and burn my full-bottom, and if the Lords complained of *disrespect*, I should cite the example of an illustrious member of our profession who had lately left the bar.

The House is to adjourn to-night for a week or ten days.

Court of King's Bench: Tuesday, November 23, 1830.

Dear George,—You may be tired of my daily despatches, but I will give you one more. I have just been pleading at the bar of the House of Lords before Lord Brougham and Vaux. I kept my word to appear before him in my tie-wig, and I escaped a reprimand. The full-bottom is very odious. So strict Lord Eldon used to be that I remember Wetherell, when Attorney-General, having forgot his full-bottom, appeared in a tie, and Lord Eldon 'regretted that His Majesty's Attorney-General was not present at the bar as the interests of the Crown were concerned.'

Nothing could be more whimsical than the changes in both Houses last night. It was infinitely droll in the Commons to observe who changed their seats, and where they came to. I remain on my old neutral ground.

Since I began this letter I have been called back to the

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House of Lords. After the opening of a new appeal, I witnessed the august ceremony of Lord Brougham and Vaux being sworn in as a peer. Before, he was only Speaker of the House of Lords. He went through the ceremony with much gravity. He is laughed at about Vaux. It is an absurd piece of vanity. There are various jokes about him already. *Vox et præterea nihil.* The Court of Chancery is to be called 'Vaux Hall.'

Saturday, November 27, 1830.

Dear George,—I am touched by the deep interest you take in my fortunes. With great pleasure I have read over several times the letter I received from you yesterday. I should doubly enjoy any good luck I may ever meet with by thinking how you would enjoy it.

. . . God knows how the new Ministry will go on, but, with prudence, I see no reason why they should not be steady. Grey is justly blamed for bringing in so many of his own family—at least seven: son, son-in-law, brothers-in-law, nephews-in-law, &c.

You will see my Bills in the 'Times' of to-day. Brougham was rather disposed to keep them to himself and bring them forward in the Lords. But he at last advised me to give notice of the Registration Bill in the Commons, and I think I have now appropriated to myself the reform of the law of Real Property. . . . I have had notice from the Chancellor that he wishes me to go on a special commission next month into Berkshire to conduct the prosecutions against the rioters.

Tuesday, November 30, 1830.

. . . I mean to present the Cupar petitions to-night, but I am rather afraid to go near the House, for there are four ballots, and it would play the Devil with me to be put upon an election committee.

The state of the country becomes more appalling. The damnable custom of paying wages out of the poor rates, which has prevailed for twenty years in the South and West of England, is one great cause of the mischief. Society seems entirely dissolved. I tremble for the fate of our children.

Friday, December 3, 1830.

. . . I presented last night the Cupar petitions against slavery, waiting two hours to my great inconvenience that there might be no delay. I mentioned the lively interest I took in the petitions as they came from my native place, and, though the petitioners were not my constituents, I was connected with them by the ties of early acquaintance and friendship. I particularly touched on the tender feelings of the ladies, and in compliment to them I moved that their petition should be printed, notwithstanding the general understanding that, on account of the enormous expense, slavery petitions should not be printed. The House with great good humour agreed to my proposal. You may prepare a paragraph upon the subject for the 'Fife Herald.' I looked over the signatures and was surprised to know so many, and that the subject should have attracted the notice of writers, doctors, ministers, farmers, &c. &c.

. . . I have been working in Scotch appeals, and to-day was obliged to return papers with eighty-four guineas, not being able to attend at the bar of the House of Lords on Monday or Tuesday.

Wednesday, December 8, 1830.

Dear George, . . . I wished to have given you some account of the dinner on Sunday at Brougham's, but it has all gone out of my head. I only recollect that I was reminded of the saying of Chancellor Oxenstiern, 'See, my son, with how little wisdom the world is governed.' Brougham himself has more genius than wisdom. As to the others, I take them not to be at all above mediocrity. I wish I had a bit of land to raise potatoes upon in Scotland, for land in England will soon be all eaten up by the poor rates; but there is little chance, except in case of public convulsion, that I should be ever induced or permitted to return to live in my native country.

Friday, December 17, 1830.

Dear George,—You will see by the newspapers that I have made my motion.[7] I have not lost my character, I

[7] For leave to bring in a Bill to establish a General Register of Deeds in England.—ED.

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believe, although I have not gained anything beyond a little notoriety, which, if without disgrace, is an advantage. I had ill luck in a motion coming on when I expected to be called to, respecting the borough of Evesham. This lasted till past seven o'clock, when, unless there be something very inviting, members go to dinner. There was a great dispersion, which damped me exceedingly, and I by no means did the thing so well as I should have done had it come on two hours earlier. However I did not break down, and the whole went off as well as I could expect. Except Brougham, no one probably would have had a more favourable hearing upon such a subject. The newspapers can give you no notion of my speech, as it could not be intelligible to the reporters from its technical details. I mean to publish it in a pamphlet.

I have the satisfaction to think that for the rest of life there is nothing, in civil life at least (although I may be obliged to fight in the field), which can put me much into a funk. I recollect nothing like last night since the first time I was to say prayers in the Hall of the New College, St. Andrews. I remember pacing backwards and forwards till the bell tolled eight—and then my heart died within me.

If my blood were up I would care no more about speaking in the House of Commons than before a jury. But the *genus demonstrativum dicendi* has always been disagreeable to me before all audiences.

Saturday, December 18, 1830.

Dear George,—I find I gained a little more credit, though probably not much more, by my Register speech than I was aware of. Last night in the House of Commons several members, with whom I was not acquainted, accosted me, and said they did not suppose the dry subject of registration could have been made so interesting, and that they were strongly impressed by my arguments.

I am going to Reading on December 27, and shall be there, I suppose, near a week.

Alexander, the Chief Baron, will not resign without a peerage, and Copley's job[8] is for the present at an end; but

[8] Viz., to succeed him as Lord Chief Baron.—ED.

unless there should be a coolness between Lord Grey and Lady Lyndhurst, he will have the refusal of any judicial place which may become vacant, either in the Exchequer or King's Bench.

Special Commission, Reading: December 28 1830.

Dear George,—Here we are upon a very tiresome job. Heaven knows when it will terminate.[9] We have not even the excitement of a little personal danger, for the town is as quiet and dull as can be. The counsel for the prisoners are singularly stupid men, and I have just been obliged to caution one of them against putting questions to hang his client.

Lord Brougham has got two men at the bar here into a ridiculous scrape. He told Maule and Malkin they were to be junior counsel for the Crown. They came last night, when the solicitor from the Treasury said he had no instructions from the Attorney-General or Lord Melbourne to retain them, and they have this morning returned to London. This is like Brougham's conduct to Lord Lyndhurst in offering to make him Chief Baron when there was no vacancy in the office.

I have nearly a sinecure. While Gurney is opening the case to the jury, I shall only have to look at the proof of the first witness.

Ireland now excites the most painful interest. They say there is not a man in Ireland whose property is under 500*l.* a year who does not wish for a dissolution of the Union, that is, separation and the independence of Ireland. On the next general election no candidate will have any chance who professes himself a Unionist, and O'Connell's nominees will represent Ireland, unless open rebellion should previously break out. If O'Connell would have accepted the office of Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, it was a dreadful blunder not to appoint him. He would have been extinguished for ever, and if he had misconducted himself as a judge, he might easily have been removed. But every successive Government has played into his hand.

[9] Special commission to prosecute the rioters in Berkshire.—ED.

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Crown Court, Abingdon:
Thursday, January 6, 1831.

A.D. 1831.

Dear George,—You are right in supposing that there is no interest in these proceedings to me. But Government and the public attach importance to them. When in town I met Sir James Graham and George Lamb, the under-secretary, who inquired very anxiously into the temper of the juries and the disposition of the people. The cases here are very trumpery, and it is impossible to *execute*. In my opinion none of the poor devils should be put to death, for, after all, machine-breaking was their object, and the taking of money, which is called robbery, is merely incidental. No personal violence was offered or seriously intended. Now my criterion as to capital punishment is this: would I have shot the man in the commission of the offence? . . . I am inclined to say that no case of forgery should be capital. What do you think upon this subject?

I expect to finish here to-morrow. In public I am doomed either to have painful excitement or tiresome dulness. But I had three happy days with Mary and the children in London.

CHAPTER XVIII.

JANUARY 1831—OCTOBER 1831.

Brougham's enmity to Scarlett—Speculations as to the coming Reform Bill—Dinner at Edward Ellice's—Dinner at Lord Chancellor Brougham's—Introduction of the Reform Bill—Leaves the Circuit at Shrewsbury to vote for the Second Reading—Majority of One—Brings in Bills for the Amendment of the Law—Dissolution of Parliament—Re-elected for Stafford—Letter from Lord Brougham—Silk Gown for Tancred—Bill against Bribery—The Cholera—The Drawing-Room—New Parliament—Speech in the Debate on the Reform Bill—Moves an Amendment—Coronation of William IV.—Scotch Reform Bill—Dinner at Lord Althorp's—Reform Bill thrown out by the Lords—Speakers in the Debate.

Wednesday, January 12, 1831.

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Dear George, . . . Alexander has this morning announced his determination to resign, and I suppose Copley will be Chief Baron forthwith. It is said to be arranged that when he resumes the Great Seal, Brougham is to be Chief Baron, and so alternately, like councillors in a Scotch corporation. As things now stand, we should have Copley here for Chief Justice in case of a vacancy. Thus all hope of Scarlett's promotion is for ever at an end.

Saturday, January 15, 1831.

. . . I have got Lord Melbourne to write a letter to the Real Property Commissioners, which I dictated, and my colleagues will see I have some influence with the new Government. Brougham, however, retains his enmity to Scarlett and all connected with him. I do not wonder that Brougham felt mortified, for, being paramount in the House of Commons, when he came into the King's Bench he was inferior to many, which he probably ascribed to Scarlett, who if against him always beat him, and if on the same side never allowed him to interfere. Just before the change, Scarlett twitted him

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bitterly as the reviewer of his own pamphlets and speeches. If Brougham had magnanimity, he would forget all these offences; but, though very popular in his manner and really good-natured, I believe him to be very resentful and even malicious against anyone who clashes with him. We continue very good friends. He is now Treasurer or President of Lincoln's Inn, and dines there occasionally. I do not hear a word of the Government plan of Reform. I believe Althorp is for going a great deal farther than Grey.

Wednesday, January 19, 1831.

. . . Lord Lyndhurst was down upon his knees yesterday before Lord Brougham, literally, when sworn in Chief Baron, —a curious scene, considering that within three months Brougham asserted in print that the Duke of Wellington would make a better Equity judge than Lord Lyndhurst.

I met Brougham at dinner yesterday at Lincoln's Inn, and we had a great deal of laughing about the Cupper election, the word being sometimes in the House of Commons pronounced Cupper and sometime Kew-par, Brougham preferring the latter pronunciation. He says Jeffrey is quite secure.[1]

Saturday, January 22, 1831.

. . . No one can tell anything of the Government plan of Reform or its probable fate, but all seem to agree that *quâcunque viâ datâ* Parliament must be dissolved.

I rather believe the proposal will be to disfranchise a certain number of boroughs where the population is below a certain number, the franchise to be transferred to the large towns, and in the remaining boroughs the right to be opened to all householders paying a certain rent, outvoters to be cut off—with minor regulations.

I am going to dine on Wednesday with Edward Ellice, the Secretary to the Treasury, Grey's brother-in-law. He does not know much about it, and I rather think he does not bode well for the present Government. [Written on the margin of the letter: 'He afterwards had more to do with carrying the Bill than any other man.']

[1] Jeffrey was returned to Parliament for the Perth burghs.—ED.

Thursday, January 27, 1831.

. . . There was a large party of politicians at Ellice's, but I heard nothing. I sat next Wood, Lord Grey's son-in-law,[1] with a son of Grey on the other hand. I believe they know very little, but I should conjecture that a reform will be proposed which will most likely be rejected by the House of Commons. Then will come the tremendous crisis—dissolution or change of Ministry, either leading to revolution.

Saturday, January 29, 1831.

. . . I met Brougham on Thursday at Lincoln's Inn. He took me aside and said he wished much I would keep myself disengaged for Saturday, February 5, as he wished me to dine with him to meet Lord Grey and Jeffrey with a very small party. On going home I found I was engaged to dine with Judge Bosanquet. When Brougham's card came I was in a great *embarras*. I stated it to Bosanquet, who said I must meet the Prime Minister. Grey has not been in the habit of coming to Brooks's for some years, and I am not at all acquainted with him.

Brougham says Ministers are to support the Register Bill. It would be great glory for me if I could carry it, in my small way.

Wednesday, February 2, 1831.

. . . The Duke of Gloucester a few days ago asked Lady Lyndhurst whether Lord Grey had promised to make her husband Chief Justice of the King's Bench. She said, 'Lord Grey offered me the place of Chief Baron of the Exchequer that I might give it to my husband, and did not promise the other office, but said he was very sorry it was not vacant that he might have offered it to me.' Times are changed. Grey assigned as his principal reason for opposing Canning, that he had made Copley Chancellor, saying that if he had made Scarlett it would have been a different thing.

Sunday night, Quarter to one, February 6, 1831.

. . . The Chancellor's dinner went off very pleasantly, but nothing particular passed. Present: the Duke of Rich-

[1] Now Lord Halifax.

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mond, Lord Grey, Lord Melbourne, Lord Essex, Lord Lyndhurst, Master of the Rolls, Attorney and Solicitor-General, King's Advocate, Lord Advocate, Dr. Lushington, and John Williams. I never was more amazed than when Lord Lyndhurst was announced. To have thought three months ago I should have dined with him at Lord Chancellor Brougham's! He put a good face upon it, and he and I rather approached each other on our former footing of familiarity. Grey seemed very cheerful and was quite unaffected—in spite of the debate on the Civil List, and the approaching election of the Duke of Nemours to be King of Belgium.

I have worked above ten hours to-day. I dined at Scarlett's, where I met Lord Rosslyn, but he said nothing of Fife. Rogers the poet and Mackintosh were of the party —both very agreeable.

I have a tremendously busy week before me, and I look to it with some apprehension.

Wednesday, February 9, 1831.

. . . I really could have told you nothing of the Chancellor's dinner worth relating. Brougham did not wait for Grey before he ordered dinner, and the Premier came in as we were eating our soup. I was not introduced to him, but hearing my name mentioned, he very unaffectedly asked me to drink wine with him. We were at a distance from each other, and he went off soon after we returned to the drawing-room. But I stayed pretty late, and Brougham and Copley talked of Best and our old friends with their wonted licence.

I have put off the second reading of the Register Bill till the 4th of March, but I apprehend that Parliamentary Reform will occupy the whole of the week from the 1st of March, and I leave London on the 5th. We are to be a dismal time upon the circuit, the gaols being very full, although there will hardly be any civil business. I wish I could cut the circuit altogether.

Court of King's Bench:
Tuesday, February 22, 1831.

Dear George,—O'Connell came up to me in the House of Commons last night and complimented me on my speech

on Friday against the Marquis of Chandos. This is a little alarming, but I do not regret my ebullition.

At present we are sitting at Guildhall and I can hardly give any time to the House. The Court sits till near six o'clock, sometimes later. I have four, five, or six consultations in the evening, and I have to read briefs, which, if printed, would make a folio volume.

My notion of perfect happiness, is, having nothing but politics to attend to—a good cause—and associates entitled to perfect confidence. Unfortunately for me, my time is wasted by professional drudgery. I have no cause, and no associates. You may think it pusillanimous to sacrifice Parliament to Nisi Prius, but you must recollect a man cannot take a portion of business and no more. He must play the whole game or give it up entirely. Then my station in the House of Commons depends very much on my station at the bar. Many, there, look with a foolish respect to an eminent counsel.

I have been writing during a speech of Pollock's which draws to a close. I am rather agreeably circumstanced, being junior to Scarlett, instead of fighting him, which is to me every way disagreeable. It is an odd change that, instead of a powerful patron as he might have been expected to be, he turns out to be an overwhelming rival.

Sunday night, February 27, 1831.

. . . I must still say you are much too Radical for me. Anything which amounts to the formation of a new Constitution I shall oppose, as I hold the formation of a new Constitution to be an impossibility, and there has as yet been no instance of it in the world. A Constitution may be modified and improved, but it must spring from time and accident, not from design.

I have received a copy of a Cupar petition for Ballot, with a request to support it, but I shall certainly oppose. As yet I am a decided enemy to Ballot. It would have a feeble effect in checking bribery, but it could not at all check undue influence, except in as far as it promoted falsehood and hypocrisy. I should certainly like to make a short

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speech on Lord John Russell's motion, but all the House will wish to speak, and I am appalled by the prospect of repeated efforts in vain to catch the Speaker's eye.

[On the 1st of March Lord John Russell introduced his long expected Reform Bill.—ED.]

Wednesday, March 2, 1831.

Dear George,—You must be Radical indeed if Ministers have not satisfied you! We are quite appalled! There is not the remotest chance of such a Bill being carried by this or any House of Commons. You may anticipate the consequence.

I am again in a very embarrassing situation as I am personally concerned. I was prepared to support any moderate measure, but this really is a revolution *ipso facto*. It is unquestionably a new Constitution. I am quite in despair and shall take no part in the discussion. I could not do so advantageously or creditably. Had the measure been practicable, I would have supported it *totis viribus*. Going so far it does not go far enough. The old Constitution being gone, we might have had something much more perfect.

The sensation produced in the House, as you may suppose, was great beyond all example. The violence of the plan rather lessened the alarm, for people felt that it could not be carried.

Scotland ought to be highly pleased, and as far as Scotland is concerned I entirely approve. But all this might have been done without overturning the existing Constitution of England.

I am invited to-day to meet the Duke of Wellington at Scarlett's. I am not sorry that I have a good excuse to be absent. There is no leader with whom I can associate myself, and I care not how soon I am *hors de combat*.

House of Commons, five o'clock.—I know nothing more, but I write you a single line. The House is now on private business. The general sentiment is that the measure goes a great deal too far. It is applauded by the Radicals and *some* Whigs, but is very distasteful to a great

part of the Whig party, and I do not think there is a possibility of its being carried.

Grey did well for his personal consequence to make it so strong. The Civil List and the Budget will now be forgotten. As far as Parliamentary Reform is concerned he has given a good pennyworth; but, by so committing the House of Commons against the country, he has incurred a tremendous responsibility. Even out of doors the measure will be a good deal opposed, for all corporations are to be annihilated, and they will make a considerable clamour.

I took a place this morning soon after eight, but I have no notion of speaking. Scarlett called and asked me to meet the Duke of Wellington in a manner that I could not resist. I shall remain in the House till half-past seven, go to dinner, and return. If it had not been for the Duke's declaration against all Reform, he might have taken up the cause of *moderate* Reform, and again been Minister; but I consider him as for ever extinguished.

Thursday, March 3, 1831.

. . . The general belief is that the Bill must be thrown out on the second reading. I expect Ministers will then resign and anarchy will begin.

I feel inclined as a choice of evils to support, and even to speak in favour of the Bill.

I was absent from the House two hours last night to meet the Duke at dinner. He was very good-humoured and unaffected, and laughed like any ordinary man at the dismay of the borough patrons.

I returned to the House as soon as the ladies had withdrawn, among whom was the pretty and pensioned Mrs. Arbuthnot.

Grantham Election Committee: March 4, 1831.

Dear George,—Here I am serving upon an Election Committee. But this is a piece of good luck, and the only one I have met with for a long time. The case is settled and will be over in half-an-hour, and then I am exempted from serving on election committees for the rest of the session. I might have been fixed for six weeks. But what small

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considerations are these compared to the great question of Reform!

I went down last night fully resolved to speak, but circumstances arose which altered my resolution, and I did not offer myself. . . . Baring made a great impression, and Peel's speech was undoubtedly very fine. The speaking last night was all *against*. Palmerston made but an indifferent hand of it, and exposed his cause by conceding in substance that this was a new Constitution. If I had spoken, it would have been to try to prove that it is the old Constitution of old England, and would be *restoration*, not *innovation*. Considering that the three great features are disfranchising rotten boroughs, giving members to great unrepresented towns, and confining the qualification for boroughs to householders, this might be argued with some plausibility.

Library of House of Commons, five o'clock.—. . . The sensation in the public mind is great beyond anything in my time. No event, foreign or domestic, can be compared to it for effect. I am afraid that, after all, the measure is a new Constitution and that the revolution is begun. With the shopkeepers and farmers it will be very popular. Not so with the populace. Indeed, if it were to be a final adjustment, it would rather be aristocratical, and would give an immense preponderance to the landed interest. But people would not be satisfied till universal suffrage and the ballot were tried.

Temple: Saturday, March 5, 1831.

. . . I bitterly repent not having taken a part in the debate. But I am not altogether without remedy. I have made up my mind to leave the circuit and come up for the second reading of the Bill *coûte que coûte*—all considerations of whatsoever nature being disregarded.

The measure takes very much with the country. Jeffrey got off very well last night, but rather showed himself to be a very clever man than a very great orator.

Worcester: Tuesday night, March 8, 1831.

. . . I continue very much distracted. Had the business finished here to-day, as I once expected, I meant to have

run up to town, expecting to find the debate still going on. I must now look to the second reading. I still consider the Bill dangerously violent, but I apprehend less danger from passing than rejecting it. I expect to-morrow morning to read a speech of Scarlett's, and to hear that he has resigned his seat for Malton. He wrote to Lord Milton on Sunday to tender his resignation. This is all quite right, and when he is out of Parliament his position will be improved. It is much better that every tie between him and the Whigs should be dissolved.

If he and I are on opposite sides, it will be after the example of father and son in the Scottish civil wars.

Worcester:
Thursday night, twelve o'clock, March 10, 1831.

Dear George,—I wonder if you could do what I have done to-day. I rose before seven and I have never left the house, or seen any human being except a servant, the whole day. You lead a nice easy idle comfortable joyous life. I worked fifteen hours in court yesterday. I have to-day been upon the Report of the Real Property Commission. But I can think of nothing seriously except the Reform Bill. I shall leave Shrewsbury Saturday the 19th, and be in my place Monday the 21st at all sacrifices. Ministers certainly have the country with them, but whether they would gain numbers upon the disfranchisement question by a dissolution is attended with some doubt.

I go to Stafford to-morrow: a horrid prospect for me, as you may imagine. If the Bill passes, the constitution of the borough will be altered. Now the right is in freemen; then it will be in the ten-pound householders. About 500 would be added to the constituency of a better class.

House of Commons: Monday, March 21, 1831.

Dear George, . . . I left Salop on Saturday night, returning a great bag of briefs. This I should not mind if I could do any good when I come. I shall have no opportunity of speaking.

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House of Commons: Tuesday, March 22.

. . . You will see by the papers that the debate was adjourned. It is well understood that the division will be to-night. No one can certainly tell the result, but my own opinion is that the Bill will be lost, and there will be an immediate dissolution.

If the House divides I shall set off to Hereford to-morrow morning. I was only four hours in bed last night.

New Street: Wednesday morning, Four o'clock, March 23.

Dear George,—I am just returned from the House. You have heard the division—302 for; 301 against—so I carried the Bill by going up. But I did not get a hearing though I offered myself seven times. In two hours I set off for Hereford.

Hereford: Thursday, March 24.

Dear George,—I hope you may not pay postage for this letter, but it is very uncertain whether Ministers, with a majority of one, will go on with their Bill before the present House of Commons. I believe they would much sooner have lost it by a majority of one, and then they might have dissolved with great *éclat*. They will now be a good deal hampered with Committee. Of course I could learn nothing before I left London.

The division was not so exciting as out of doors might be expected, although the most important and critical division that ever took place. I stayed in with the Ayes. We at first believed that we had it, for as the Noes went out they were said to be (but they were not then counted by the tellers) 298. We were first counted by the tellers and found to be 302. But when the Noes began to come in they reported that they had counted themselves in the lobby, and that they were 309. Alexander Baring told me that he himself had counted 305 go out. For some time I had not the smallest doubt that the Bill was lost, and Parliament dissolved. Then came the report that the Noes had exaggerated their numbers, and the solemn announcement at the table, 'The Ayes who remained were 302. The Noes who

went forth were 301.' (Cheers, cheers.) But I have seen much more anxiety and much more exultation upon the giving of a verdict. The men of different parties were mixed together laughing and joking, although not only the country, but they individually, had such important interests at stake.

Scarlett spoke very well indeed. He was immediately to resign.

Ministers, notwithstanding all their blunders, are now secure. Reform has been a grand *coup d'état* for them. But for this measure they would have been out with ineffable disgrace. Budget and all is forgotten. It was curious to see how Twiss and such men had put on airs as if they were again in office. But they are irrecoverably gone. Peel himself is evidently very much cast down, for he cannot stem the torrent, and it is doubtful whether he can ever regain his consequence. Had the Bill been thrown out by any considerable majority, he would immediately have been Prime Minister. The Tories are quite prepared to give up the Duke of Wellington and acknowledge him for chief. In the reformed Parliament he must struggle for a seat, as Tamworth is half disfranchised.

. . . Good night. I have not yet been to bed. I slept a good deal in travelling, and I always find that excitement stands in the room of sleep.

Monmouth: March 27, 1831.

. . . The King I believe is quite firm, although all the women about the Court are against the Bill. I had a letter yesterday from Mary, in which she says she had been calling on the Duchess of Gloucester, who praised Sir James Scarlett's speech. 'Then,' says Mary, 'she looked very kindly at me, saying, But I hope, my dear, *you* will not be angry with us, for I know Mr. Campbell is on the other side, and I have no doubt it is because he really thinks the measure wise and advantageous for the country.' The *chance* of the Bill being carried by the present Parliament is the *certainty* that it would be carried by a new Parliament, and some who are hostile may yet be disposed to prolong their existence for a few months.

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I had a compliment paid to me by the inhabitants of Hereford, out of which I might have made a flaming paragraph in the newspapers. Above 300 respectable householders assembled, came to my lodgings, and gave me nine cheers for having carried the Bill.

Temple: Thursday, April 7, 1831.

Dear George, . . . I arrived at Erlwood[3] on Tuesday morning, and had two very delightful days observing the opening of the buds, and listening to the lark and the thrush. The nightingale has not yet been heard.

I was told at Erlwood that the Duke of Gloucester demanded an audience of the King—not as a relation or friend, but as a Peer of Parliament, and stated to him his apprehensions from the Reform Bill. The King said: 'Duke of Gloucester, instead of being offended, I am obliged to you. You have done this as you do everything in a very gentleman like manner.' From which the Duke infers that the King will not agree to a dissolution!

Thursday, April 14.

. . . Ministers have got into a mess about the sixty-two members, by which number the House was to be reduced, and the anti-Reformists are in spirits.

. . . I am going to move to bring in some Bills for the amendment of the law. I shall get no one to listen to me, and shall say very little.

Friday, April 15.

. . . I got off well last night with my Bills, and was complimented by Peel, and extravagantly by O'Connell. However (as might be expected) the newspapers hardly mention such an unpopular subject. I was obliged to give up the second reading of the Register Bill for to-day, but Althorp promised me another day and declared that Government supported the Bill.

Tuesday, April 19.

. . . You will see the debate last night[4] was adjourned. The Tories say they had a majority in the House. I suspect

[3] His brother-in-law Sir Edmund Currey's place, near Bagshot, Surrey.

[4] On General Gascoigne's motion for a resolution that the numbers of the House of Commons should not be diminished, carried next day by a majority of eight.—ED.

Ministers did not feel very strong, for they encouraged the adjournment. I think Gascoigne's motion will be carried. . . . Altogether it is bad work, and the excitement is too strong and too painful.

House of Commons, Wednesday, April 20, *quarter-past four.*—It is said to be well understood that there will be an immediate dissolution, and I believe so. Ministers, as I apprehended, have managed it badly. They go to the country on very bad grounds. Those who voted with Gascoigne will have rather a plausible case to make out.

You will see that I spoke last night. I did not break down, but I cannot say much more. I rose very early after a dull speaker, not hoping to get a hearing at a more favourable hour. I wish I had entered into the general merits of the Bill, as others did who followed, for I had some good remarks to make upon it not yet touched upon, but I confined myself almost entirely to Gascoigne's motion.

. . . Denman tells me, what I expected, that they are to urge the King to an instant dissolution. They would like to delay a little, but they are afraid the King might waver, and that persons would get round him to frighten him.

Friday, April 22, two o'clock.

. . . The King is coming at half-past three to pass the Civil List Bill and to prorogue Parliament. The dissolution will be to-morrow if not to-day. The division last night shows that Ministers never can have a majority in this Parliament. . . .

House of Commons, four o'clock.—Parliament is prorogued and will be dissolved to-morrow. I heard the King's speech after witnessing a most disgraceful row in the House of Commons, for which I refer you to the newspapers.

There is dismay in the heart of many a one; but all put a good countenance upon it, and so do I. In the House of Lords I found myself standing between Peel and Lord John Russell, and I said jocularly to Lord John, in his next Reform Bill I hoped there would be a clause for establishing a better communication between the two houses, as in the narrow passage I had been squeezed against a door, and the glass of

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my watch was broken. Peel said this was a case for a compensation clause, whatever might become of the proprietors of the boroughs in Schedule A.

It was not known till one o'clock that the King was coming to-day.

There will be terrible work at some of the elections. Reform touches us little at Stafford, and ought rather to be unpopular. But my constituents look to more immediate objects. I find it is expected that I should stick to Stafford, and I should be accused of great pusillanimity if I withdrew. I am acting against all prudence.

It was worth while to pay a few thousands to be present as a member to-day, when Peel was interrupted by the Black Rod, and I now have a more lively notion of various passages of English history.

The King looked very ill, and after the Reformed Parliament has been elected we shall have a demise of the crown.

Stafford: Saturday, April 30, 1831.

Dear George,—I am again M.P. for Stafford. The return is made, and member I must remain till I am turned out by a committee. Bribery and treating might be proved enough to unseat the whole House of Commons; but there is not the remotest danger, for by immemorial usage such things are done here with impunity. I will amuse you by and by with some of the humours of the place. Final state of the poll:—

Campbell 556, Gisborne 522, Hawkes 416.

The chairing is just going to begin. Mary follows in our carriage and four horses decked with blue and scarlet ribbons. She has been very popular in Stafford, and received a good many votes sitting in the Hall by the Mayor. The common mode of giving a plumper was to vote for Mr. and Mrs. Campbell.

Having dined with my friends I shall set off for London, travel all night, and shall be in King's Bench on Monday morning. It would rather have been disagreeable for me to have shown myself there had I been thrown out. My enterprise could only be justified by success.

The procession is ready to start. The band is playing 'The Campbells are coming,' and I am sent for.

Monday, May 2, 1831.

. . . Mary and I started amidst the cheers of the populace, and, travelling all night, reached New Street between three and four yesterday.

I had a note this morning from Brougham which I copy, that you may see the exultation he feels at the turn which the elections are taking.

My dear Campbell,—I am very thankful indeed for your welcome information: not that I had the least doubt about yourself, but I was alarmed at the nearness between your worthy colleague and the common enemy. Your note last night relieved me most opportunely. All goes on and everywhere beyond even *my* expectations, which were not cold and confined. Three sets of Scotch burghs rescued as brands from the fire. After this anything else would be a sinking. But I must add what justifies one even more, and particularly as it fulfils my confident predictions. I yesterday had a letter from Lord Anglesey, in which he says, such is the effect of the dissolution and elections, he shall be able to do without either Insurrection Act or *more troops* (which a week ago he had asked, and it is in answer to what I had written in reply to that demand). He adds that nothing can be better than the behaviour of the *agitators*. Of course he only speaks for a month or two, but that is enough. Ever truly yours,

H. BROUGHAM.

I do not wonder that his head should be turned, for never was such luck as now attends them. The difficulty is the House of Lords. There certainly was a large majority against the measure, and nothing but fear will now change them. The Bishop of Norwich cannot find another bishop to hold his proxy, the rest being all the same way.

Scarlett has accepted a seat from Lord Lonsdale, and has openly leagued with the Tories. Robert is going to Cambridge to vote for Goulburn and W. Peel. I regret this, although I advised Sir James to accept Lord Lonsdale's offer, as nothing can embroil him more with the Whigs, who hate because they have wronged him.

Court of King's Bench: Monday, May 16, 1831.

. . . My old friend Tancred has been very active as a Reformer, has written a pamphlet on the subject, and been a

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candidate at Weymouth. As a reward, Brougham is going to give him a silk gown, although he had declared Tancred's entire want of business to be an insuperable objection. When I spoke to him upon the subject, he said in his sarcastic manner, 'I am afraid Tancred has *no business* to have a silk gown.' I am exceedingly glad on Tancred's account that the thing is now to be done, but I must own it is a job.

Scarlett sent a message to Sir James Graham touching certain expressions used from the hustings in Cumberland by Sir R. Wilson, and has had an apology. It is said there is to be a duel arising out of the Northamptonshire election, between Lord Althorp and Cartwright. Peel demanded an explanation from Hobhouse.

The new Earl of Munster has agreed to give his father his proxy for eight months. If this new peerage is to be endowed by the public, it will cause some outcry notwithstanding the King's popularity.

I am going to write to Brougham about bribery and corruption. If the laws remain as they are, there will be more corruption than ever at such a place as Stafford; for this being the only class of boroughs which may be bought, the price is likely to rise enormously. If Ministers will not undertake to bring forward the subject, I will take it up myself.

Saturday, May 21, 1831.

. . . I am just returned from a consultation with Brougham, Lord Lansdowne, and Lord John Russell, on bribery and Reform. They were obliged to attend the cockpit (the Privy Council for appeals), and our conference did not begin till half-past four. I am ordered to prepare certain clauses to be introduced into the Bill, or to make a separate Bill. This, of course, is a profound secret. I enclose Brougham's letters.

Brougham says that Grey and the whole of them are now very eager to take up the subject.

Monday, May 23, 1831.

. . . I told Brougham yesterday that the measures against bribery must be made the subject of a separate Bill, as they were to extend to the whole of the United

Kingdom, and for other reasons. At his levée to-day he said they agreed, and that Lord John Russell would announce that the Bill was prepared by me, and would be brought in as soon as the Reform Bill had passed. I cautioned him not to mention my name publicly as connected with putting down bribery, as it might be my ruin at Stafford, it being almost as dangerous as for the member for Coventry to bring in a bill to forbid the wearing of cockades. He said that Denman, as Attorney-General, must be announced as the author, for Lord John Russell could not undertake it himself, there being so much law in it. I must make my election between any *éclat* and advantage there might be in bringing in the Bill, and the odium I should incur with my constituents.

Ministers are seriously afraid of the cholera morbus. Lord Lansdowne told me on Saturday he had just been signing an order for all rags imported from the Continent being soaked in some mixture before they are landed. He mentioned a report that a case had occurred at Dover, but which was not believed. If it breaks out in London in July, it will make short work with Reform.

Lord John Russell called upon me yesterday. Brougham is very slippery, and no reliance can be placed upon him.

Saturday, May 28, 1831.

. . . I am just come from the Drawing-room. Mary was the handsomest woman present. She looks amazingly well in her Court dress and diamonds. The diamonds come from her poor mother. The Duchess of Gloucester and the Landgravine, who were stationed close to the Queen, were very civil to us. The Duchess said she knew me immediately, notwithstanding my costume—the same I am drawn in.

I am going to dine with H.M. Attorney-General,[5] along with Sir James Scarlett. Habit reconciles one to these things. This day twelvemonth I dined at No. 4 New Street with the Attorney-General. Scarlett bears the reverse with magnanimity, although he has had great mortifications to encounter.

Notwithstanding the squeeze, the Drawing-room was a

[5] Denman.

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very fine sight. There never were more pretty women assembled together, and they were tastefully as well as magnificently dressed.

Monday, May 30, 1831.

. . . I had a long interview yesterday with Lord John Russell, who talks like a man of sense, and sees the difficulties and objections he has to encounter.

Nothing beyond an intimation will be given touching bribery till the English Reform Bill has passed. I have just been talking with Wetherell, who laughs very much at Brougham's notion that the Bill will pass in three weeks.

Brougham, somewhat irregularly, was at Denman's dinner on Saturday. I told him that his forcing the Horse Guards was nothing compared to his coming to a bar dinner. He has been in some trouble about charges of writing in the 'Times.'

Tuesday, June 7, 1831.

. . . There are rumours that Ministers do not pull well together, but I do not believe a word of it, although Brougham may make Grey a little uneasy, and Grey may not like Brougham's system of puffing himself in the newspapers and making himself appear Prime Minister. The Court of Chancery is constantly crowded by people coming to look at Lord Brougham. All persons from the country, after mounting the Monument and visiting the lions in the Tower, come to see Lord Brougham.

Tuesday, June 14, 1831.[a]

. . . I am just returned from the House of Commons, where Manners Sutton was unanimously re-elected. I should have liked exceedingly to have made a speech against him, for his conduct in the last session was anything but impartial. His praises were chiefly sounded by the Opposition, who presented rather a formidable array. They profess great determination, but they cannot fight long with spirit and without hope.

I found myself in a most alarming situation on Saturday

[a] The new Parliament met on the 14th of June; on the 24th Lord J. Russell re-introduced the Reform Bill.—Ed.

at the dinner given by the Merchant Taylors' Company, surrounded by inveterate ultra-Tories, and anti-Reformists. Wetherell undertook for my safety on condition that I would protect him in the House of Commons on the first day of the session.

Court of King's Bench: Thursday, July 7, 1831.

Dear George,—I am now sitting within a few inches of Cobbett, who is firing at the jury over my head. He is telling them that Scarlett was a mild and liberal Attorney-General, and that Denman is a base tool of the bloody Whigs.[7]

You will see that we divided this morning between four and five. Majority for second reading, 136. I spent three very disagreeable days. I had the influenza upon me; I was each day engaged in special juries at Guildhall; I had no appetite to speak, and I knew my friends would be disappointed if I did not; I have not had more than two or three hours' sleep any one night since Sunday; I was obliged first to get up before seven to go to the House of Commons for the purpose of taking a place from which it is possible to speak; then into the City; next to contrive to get away in time to be at prayers in the House of Commons a quarter before four, that I might save my place, and, after getting home, to read briefs for the following day. My plan was to lie by for Pollock, Knight, or Pemberton, King's counsel brought in to oppose the Bill, and to try to follow. But none of them spoke the first or second day. Pollock was twice up, but not called to. The others did not attempt. Lord Althorp having announced the intention to divide the third day, I was determined to speak as soon as possible, for if I waited till late I should have no chance,—although to speak early is generally unpleasant, as the House is thin and inattentive. At half-past five I somewhat impudently took possession of a vacant place on the Treasury Bench, very near the Speaker. I rose twice without effect. The

[7] Cobbett was tried before Lord Tenterden and a special jury July 7, 1831, for a libel published in his *Register* of December 11 previous. The jury could not agree, and was discharged, which amounted to an acquittal. —Ed.

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third time he called out, 'Mr. Campbell.' I advanced to the table—the same position from which Lord John Russell speaks. The novelty of my position at first appalled me. I had Lord Althorp, Stanley and Graham alongside. My mouth became parched, and I was in great jeopardy; but I rallied and got through without disgrace. I spoke about an hour without breaking down or being coughed down. I can say no more, but this is something, and better than if I had not spoken. Jeffrey, who was close by, said if he had not known the turn of the House of Commons, he should have been surprised that I had not more applause, as it was a very able speech, but he had learned that nothing is much applauded unless personal attacks. He said they will listen to reasoning, but they will not applaud it. The House divided without any other lawyer speaking. I magnanimously procured a seat for Serjeant Wilde, and did what I could to assist him in getting a hearing. He offered himself, but William Brougham was preferred. I do not believe the Tories can now make much of a stand, but there must be a great deal of time spent in the Committee, and I expect to find Parliament sitting when I return to town.

Salop, August 1, 1831.

Dear George, . . . If I find I can strike in with effect I will run up from Hereford. I have ordered a notice to be given for me 'that no vote shall be gained in a borough by renting a tenement if the rent be reserved oftener than quarterly.' This is a very important point. Ministers, after their blunder about the half-yearly reservations, are afraid to put any qualifications on the right, which would produce something like universal suffrage.

Thursday, August 18, 1831.

. . . The Bill has got into a slough from which I know not how it is to be pulled out. Althorp, like Bottom the weaver, will play all the parts himself. I was last night going to answer Sugden, but his lordship preferred arguing the law himself. So I went to sleep.

I am summoned to a consultation at Lord John Russell's at two, to be attended by the Attorney and Solicitor-General, Wilde and some other friends. I have been preparing some

amendments of the clause which I think would gain the desired object, but I know not whether they will be adopted.

I find my position very irksome: I can neither attack nor defend. The embarrassment of Scarlett's opposition is likewise very distressing to me.

We were last night very nearly 'reformed with a vengeance from without.' A flash of lightning filled the House in an alarming manner, having knocked down one of the pinnacles of the Abbey.

Saturday, August 20, 1831.

. . . I am invited to-day to meet Sir Robert Peel at Abinger. He is to be there till Monday, but I shan't go.

I have been at several consultations with Lord Althorp. He appears there to more advantage than in the House. He seems to me to know more law than some of his legal advisers.

Friday, August 26, 1831.

. . . About ten last night, when the House was crowded and in a good disposition to listen, they had come to my amendment, when Hunt got up and insisted on dividing. A stupid debate arose, and he would divide, though what he asked was granted. When he said 'Divide,' I knew I was gone. Accordingly I was called to in the midst of such confusion as you may have witnessed in a playhouse when the doors are opened on a night of great expectation. This continued for near ten minutes. At last I got silence and fixed the attention of the House. Peel said it was a speech 'marked with great ability;' and I have been a good deal privately complimented upon it by men on both sides. You will see nothing of this in the newspapers, partly from the lateness of the hour, partly from the confusion, and partly from the nature of the subject. My friends of the press are unwilling or incompetent to follow a train of reasoning, although they give personal observations and party declamation with great accuracy and spirit. . . . I should mention that Ministers were very civil to me about my amendment. Althorp said publicly that I had very cordially supported the Bill, and Johnny Russell, when I was proceeding to act as teller, said I had fought them with great spirit.

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Smoking Room, House of Commons: Thursday night, August 30, 1831.

. . . Here I am while the House is dividing on the amendment for preserving the rights of freemen. I cannot support it, and I have not the courage to speak or vote against it, lest I should give offence to the virtuous and independent electors of Stafford.

Thursday, September 1, 1831.

. . . After my smoking-room epistle to you, I returned to the House and, that I might have some explanation from Lord John Russell, I seated myself on the Treasury bench, where I continued two hours. They were all exceedingly civil to me, deferred to me on each point that arose, and made me speak twice in the 'conversation' that was proceeding. . . .

Walter Campbell of Islay last night desired to be introduced to me. He said I was the first Campbell that ever spoke in the House of Commons more than a quarter of an hour. He and I are the only two of the clan in this Parliament. It is a curious fact that all Irishmen are eloquent and Scotchmen very rarely. I partly ascribe it to our not speaking the English language in our infancy and boyhood, and something to the genius of the country lying in a different line. . .

Thursday, September 22, 1831.

. . . You will see the Bill has passed the Commons. I am just going to assist in the grand solemnity of carrying it up to the Lords.

I was not in bed till past six, and at ten I was at the bar of the House of Lords. I have since been attending a meeting of Scotch members to which I was summoned to consider the Scotch Reform Bill. I made a little speech upon the right of Scotland to an additional number of representatives. But I really believe from what I now hear, that, for the present at least, the matter is not of any importance. The Lords will throw out the English Bill on the second reading. At least the assertion is so strong that I begin to credit it.

Peel made a very good speech last night, and would have made you hesitate about carrying *this Bill* into a law. God knows what is to become of us.

. . . I never had better health than now, and am not in the slightest degree knocked up,—the effect of temperance. I eat a mutton chop about three, and have nothing more, except a cup of tea, till next morning at breakfast.

I do not know why Scotland should be dissatisfied with Jeffrey. He does all he can for his native country. Cockburn is come up. He has great professional reputation, but I should not think him likely to be a good hand at drawing a Reform Bill. The Bill has been a good deal altered. If the English Bill be thrown out by the Lords, Parliament will be prorogued immediately, but Ministers will not resign. Great apprehensions are entertained of mobs in Scotland.

Saturday, September 24, 1831.

. . . The Scotch Bill was read a second time last night. Jeffrey made an excellent speech. The debate was an exceedingly bad one, and strongly illustrated the necessity for Reform, that a cleverer set of men may come from Scotland.

We Scotchmen had a meeting with Lord Althorp yesterday. I was ordered to be Coryphæus. I mention such matters to soften your mortification by my bringing you no *éclat* in the House. . . . Jeffrey asked me to speak to Lord Althorp about the mode of conducting the Scotch Bill,—that it might be committed *pro formâ*, amended, reprinted, and then recommitted, as he could not prevail upon him to adopt this course. I recommended it at the meeting, and you will see that it is to be adopted. Althorp observed a mysterious silence about the additional members, but I know we are to have more than fifty, probably fifty-three.

I am to assist to-day at the grand dinner to Lord Althorp and Lord John Russell. Lord Althorp has invited me to dine with him on Saturday.

Sunday, October 2, 1831.

. . . The dinner at Althorp's was as dull and stupid as could be: thirty-two members of Parliament at table. There

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is no compliment in being invited to such an entertainment, and I don't see the object of it. This is not the way Sir Robert Walpole got votes by dinners and stories. But I could not complain, for along with some scampish company we had lords and county members. When we returned to the drawing-room I had a little talk with Althorp about the Reform Bill. He said, if it be thrown out he will not sleep the worse the night this event happens, and I believe him, for he is a fellow of most miraculous equanimity.

Some say Brougham is to cut his colleagues and come forward with his own plan of Reform. This is nonsense, though he has never talked very respectfully of the Bill, but I think there is great danger of his causing a blow-up in the Cabinet before Parliament meets again. He is a most irregular, unmanageable fellow, and there are great complaints against him by men in office. If he could sacrifice his colleagues to his own personal ambition, he would, without hesitation or remorse.

Wednesday, October 5, 1831.

. . . Lord Harrowby spoke well last night. The Duke of Wellington indifferently. Little attention is paid to our Scotch Reform. After what took place with Althorp I was obliged, reluctantly, to vote and speak against Sir George Murray's motion. I had a great squabble with Croker which is not mentioned in the newspapers. He talked of my brief. I denounced him as a nominee of a peer with a brief, and a fee too. He retorted that no one would give me a brief to support the Bill, and that my advocacy of it was not worth a fee. I shall be shown up in 'John Bull' on Sunday. He is a very clever fellow, and has a great ascendency in the House, and had much the best of it. But I shall lie by for my opportunity to give him a rub. He had been very civil to me in the early part of the night about the Register. My fortune would be made with the public if the gentlemen of the press would report what is said about the Law Reform Bills. But they hardly deign to mention even the names of the speakers.

Saturday, October 8, 1831.

Dear George,—Long before this reaches you, you will have heard that the Lords have thrown out the Reform Bill by a majority of forty-one. I was present in the House of Lords, standing on the steps of the throne, during the division between six and seven o'clock this morning. I did not get to bed till past seven. All still remains quiet, and there will be no immediate disturbances in the metropolis. But the crisis is most appalling. Had the majority been under twenty, a creation of new peers might have set things straight; but the experiment would now require a batch of fifty or sixty, and such an addition, were it submitted to by the peers who support the Bill (which I doubt), would entirely destroy the order. We have just been holding a meeting of members of the House of Commons and, after two hours' deliberation, have agreed to a resolution to be moved by Lord Ebrington to support Ministers and Reform. The majority in our House will be very staunch, and the Lords seem most doggedly obstinate. No one can suggest any mode of getting out of the difficulty. There have been various deputations already from various bodies in the metropolis to Ministers, asking what ought to be done. The suggestion is—to recommend addresses to the King, praying him to continue his Ministers and to carry the measure by all constitutional means.

If Grey were to go out, I believe there would be a general convulsion. But what is Grey to do? From some of the speeches made at the meeting to-day, he will be urged to violent measures from which he will shrink. He is in danger of either losing the confidence of the strong Reformers, or of setting all moderate men against him. The Tories are now so insane as to talk of coming in and dissolving Parliament. I do not think there is the remotest chance of this being tried. If it be, my part is taken. I cannot think of another contested election for Stafford, and the Whigs will either bring me in for a close borough, or I retire from Parliament. No offer of any sort from the other side, however tempting or however specious, would make me hesitate for one moment.

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My political career is likely to be very obscure and very brief, but it shall be steady and consistent.

Last night was most interesting, and I feel a gratification in being so close an observer of such great transactions. I was in the Lords the whole night from five in the afternoon till near seven next morning, except twice that I went into the House of Commons to divide. Lord John Russell was standing or sitting by me a great part of the time, and we criticised the different speakers together. They were almost all lawyers, whom I very intimately knew. Wynford performed indifferently. Brougham was magnificent, and Copley clever. There is now a complete breach between him and Grey, who must now repent his *coup d'état* in making him Chief Baron, instead of offering the office to Scarlett, as he ought in fairness to have done. Copley must consider the Whigs in a bad way, for he vilified Grey and the whole of them. Grey's reply was admirable, and the conclusion of it threw me into tears. The division, I should think, took three quarters of an hour. I never was present at a division of the Lords before, as strangers below the bar are turned out. The Contents (Reformers) went below the bar and were told as they returned. The Non-contents, who had remained, were told by tellers with wands, as we do in the House of Commons. Then came the proxies, which were called over by the clerk, and the lord who had the proxy said 'Content' or 'Not content.' 'Arthur Duke of Wellington hath the proxy of John Duke of Northumberland.' '*Not content*,' etc. etc. Nobody knew to the last what the exact numbers would be. Stanley told me, while the division was going on, that the utmost majority Ministers, at that moment, calculated upon was sixteen in the House and seventeen proxies, making thirty-three. I have not heard who the peers were that they had calculated upon and who deceived them. I stood in a group with Grey and Lord Holland for some time after the division. The latter was a little excited, but Grey was tranquil and smiling, as if they had been dividing on a road Bill. There was no cheering, as with us in the Commons upon a great division, and no stranger would

have imagined that a measure was decided that might occasion the land to be deluged with blood.

It is supposed that Parliament will be prorogued in the end of next week, although some say we cannot separate consistently with public safety.

Brooks's, five o'clock.—I write you two lines more in compliance with a wish expressed here that everyone should make known, where he has any influence, the tone it is thought most proper to be taken in the country,—that there should be petitions and addresses expressing confidence in the present Ministers and a determination to carry Reform, but to avoid any injurious expressions to the Lords, who, it is said, if they are treated uncontumeliously, may yield after having once shown their power. As I anticipated, the notion of making *quant. suff.* of peers won't do. Lord Cawdor, a staunch Reformer, has just said to me, 'I shall make no objection to sixty new peers if I can be made a commoner.'

There has been a Cabinet Council, and it is said Ministers all remain in. A prorogation is resolved on. If the King remains steady (which is not doubted), and Ministers stick together (which is more doubtful), things may ultimately end well. . . .

[Extract from the Autobiography.]

I was present during almost the whole of the debate in the House of Lords, and could not but admire the great talent displayed in it—exceeding, I think, what I had witnessed in the Commons. Macaulay's speeches on the Reform Bill were the most delightful to listen to of any I have ever heard in Parliament; he was so full of new and brilliant illustrations, and he got over the ground so rapidly, that there never was a moment of tedium or satiety for his hearers. The only fault was that he sometimes snatched you away too suddenly from images you would have wished to dwell upon, although it was to present to you others not less interesting; and in listening to him you seemed to be like a traveller passing through a rich and picturesque country by railroad. The

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fervour of Stanley was very stirring, and his exposure of the historical misrepresentations of Croker was in the highest style of eloquence. But, with these exceptions, I cannot say that the House of Commons produced any displays of oratory worthy of the occasion. Lord John Russell was merely plain, simple and argumentative. Lord Althorp's reasoning consisted of saying 'I think' and 'I am of opinion' that so and so is the case, and he attempted nothing more. Peel was equable and plausible; but if he did believe, as he pretended, that the measure was death to the Constitution, he never opposed it with that energy and depth of feeling that might have been expected from the first man in the House of Commons, standing forward to save it from destruction. Croker assailed the Bill like a maniac, Wetherell like a mountebank, and, every member thinking himself obliged to speak to please his constituents, there was a greater aggregate of bad speaking than was ever before known in any deliberative assembly. In the Lords, with the exception of Lord Wynford, there was nothing very tiresome, and, with the exception of Lord Tenterden's declaration 'that he as Chief Justice of the King's Bench represented all the corporations to be disfranchised by Schedule A,' nothing very absurd, while there was a succession of fine speeches for and against the Bill, constantly rising one over another in excellence.

The Duke of Wellington assailed it in a forcible, straightforward manner, showing his deep conviction that it was unnecessary and mischievous, and he was ably supported by the manly reasoning of Lord Mansfield, by the appalling denunciations of Lord Carnarvon, by the carefully perfected periods of Lord Dudley, and by the reckless assertions of Lord Lyndhurst. On the other side, Lord Brougham, Lord Lansdowne and Lord Plunket showed the superiority of stupendous intellectual powers in a good cause. But the great object of admiration was Lord Grey himself. At the close of the debate I saw him, turned of seventy, rise long after midnight, and, without a note, refer to and answer all that had been urged by the most formidable of his opponents during that and the four preceding nights, carrying the war with infinite spirit into their quarters, and concluding with

a noble vindication of his own consistency, and an awfully solemn declaration of his determined purpose, whatever might be the result of the decision, to persevere in the cause of Reform till he saw it triumphant.

Brooks's: Monday, October 10, 1831.

. . . All remains tolerably quiet. There are now 20,000 men, calling themselves parishioners of Marylebone, assembled in the Regent's Park. Some apprehension is entertained from them, but upon the whole there is the prospect of all going on well. No run on the Bank. The Funds not seriously affected.

There has been a terrible row at Derby, but that is the only disturbance of which news has yet arrived. A report was spread in the morning that 100,000 men were marching from Birmingham, but peace will be preserved there.

Hot work in both Houses to-night. The King is said to be firm, but I have not heard anything authentic since the division.

I find Grey will be urged violently to make peers, a measure which to the necessary extent I believe to be impracticable. There is great danger of his losing the confidence of the Radicals. However, without leaders they cannot be very formidable.

House of Commons, half-past six o'clock. . . . The House has been called over. Ebrington has made his motion and Goulburn is now speaking. There is a very full attendance and it is expected there will be as great a majority to support Ministers as upon the Reform Bill. The Lords are up, and I am told nothing particular passed. Lord Grey went down to Windsor and is not returned.

Brougham gives out that the King has authorised an unlimited creation of peers.

There is a great crowd in Palace Yard. I heard the Duke of Wellington hooted, but I apprehend no danger to the public tranquillity.

Tuesday, October 11, 1831.

. . . The vote of last night decides that Ministers remain in, and I think that the Reform Bill will be carried.

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The Tories had a secret hope (which they disclaimed) of coming in. They are now exceedingly depressed. There is no hope, or chance, or possibility for them. There may be a Revolution, or anarchy, but no Tory government. The King remains steady. Grey was at Windsor yesterday and received a *carte blanche*. The violent creation of peers may be unnecessary. Everything will now remain quiet. The crisis is over. I probably shall not write again till I am at Abinger Rectory.[9] I shall have a fortnight's repose.

I am sick of the House of Commons, and hope it will not meet again till after Christmas.

[9] He had taken Abinger Rectory for the summer.—ED.

END OF VOL. I.

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